

THE LAST YEARS
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY



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EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.

THE LAST YEARS
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A CONTINUATION OF

"FRANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "RUSSIA AND TURKEY IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY," "EUROPE IN AFRICA IN THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY," "ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,"
AND "SPAIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"

BY

ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER



SECOND EDITION

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1901



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PREFATORY NOTE

IN closing this last volume of my Nineteenth Century series, I should like to thank my critics and my readers for much kind appreciation; among the latter I have made some real friends.

It would be hard to convey to others an idea of the many difficulties I have had in bringing together the numerous subjects contained in this volume, especially what in it relates to the last two or three years. In general, a writer of history has the work of some predecessor to serve him as a guide line, but I had to buy contemporary books of travel and adventure, to borrow others from the shelves of libraries, and, above all, to pick my recent facts out of piles of magazines and newspapers, American, English, French, and Italian. I was limited as to space, and pressed for time; the manuscript of the book had to be ready a month or more before the close of the century.

The part of the book that relates to France (1892-1900) ends with the complete political calm which followed the opening of the Exposition. Of the Exposition itself I have said nothing.

"Russia and Turkey" has been brought down almost to the present day. Most earnestly my readers, I trust, will hope for the recovery of the young Czar.

England is coming triumphantly out of her great struggle in South Africa. Her people, heart and soul, have backed her administration. We hope that she may prove herself as triumphant in the work of reconciliation as she has been in putting an end to organized opposition; for, as the two Republics no longer have any government or any political leaders, the guerilla warfare still carried on seems purposeless and cruel. The reception of Mr. Kruger by the municipality of Paris and by applauding crowds in France is due, in the first place, to long-cherished racial jealousy of England, aggravated by her recent sympathy with the accused in the Dreyfus affair, and by a wild desire among the dangerous classes in France to do anything that may harass or embarrass their own present government.

I closed my account of the war of the United States with Spain when the remainder of the history became American ; that is, after the surrender of Santiago and Manila and the signing of the protocol by which Spain shifted the burden of her colonies on to the shoulders of a younger, stronger, and more progressive nation into whose affairs I have nowhere presumed to permit myself to intrude.

Many personal friends and many readers to whom I am a stranger have asked me why "Germany in the Nineteenth Century" was not included in my series. They point out that Germany is a most important factor in European politics, and ought not to have been left out of my review of the closing century. The answer I have to make to these remonstrances is that I gave in "Italy in the Nineteenth Century" a full account of the making of the present German Empire and its history up to the battle of Sadowa, and also in "France," up to the close of the Franco-Prussian War. The history of Germany since 1888 has been the personal history of the Emperor William. I do not like to write of people or of things I have failed to understand, and the Emperor William was to me an enigma that I could solve only by an hypothesis which I had no right to put into print without evidence to sustain it.

During the past five years I have greatly changed my opinion of the Emperor William, and I could now write his history without fear of bearing false witness against him, but by using up my material in my volumes upon Italy and France I had made it impossible to write "Germany in the Nineteenth Century." I should no longer have had the advantage of the most picturesque passages in the history of modern Germany, because I had already told how the Empire was made ; how King William of Prussia received the offer of the Imperial crown in the Prefecture at Versailles, when flushed with victory ; of Prince Bismarck, who was Germany incarnate, both in his strength and roughness ; of Sadowa and the annexation of Hanover ; and of the probable future of the present North-German Empire. The rest of the history would have been an account of factional struggles in the Reichstag and the Reichsrath, of studies in the many-sided character of the young Emperor, and of guesses as to his dimly foreshadowed designs in Asia Minor and China.

I now regret that I put it out of my power as early as 1892 to use material which would have added greatly to the interest of any attempt I might have made to write of Germany.

I have said nothing of the present situation in China. Events

in the Flowery Kingdom developed themselves when my book was becoming too large to admit more than a brief notice of them, and any reader can find what he may want to know upon the subject in recent periodicals and newspapers.

I regret also that I had no space to tell the story of Samoa, which interested me very much, and concerning which I had a chapter already written.

There is another subject I have not touched upon; I mean the late struggle in the Church of England between ritualism and the simpler forms of public worship. I did not think any discussion of this controversy was appropriate in a book of historical narrative; moreover, I have lived through several such crises. Evangelicalism and Puseyism were watchwords of two parties in my early days, and I have seen excitement in the Church calm down with a residuum of more fervent personal piety and of more lively zeal in the great struggle which, as "one army of the Living God," all Christians ought to carry on, not against each other, but against the common foes of their great Master. I could wish the Twentieth Century might see a Missionary Union among Christians, by means of which all denominations, putting out of sight their disagreements upon minor matters, and holding fast the fundamental doctrines of our faith, might together carry Christianity to the heathen. In that work they should be unencumbered with differences of opinion as to Church organization, adult or infant baptism, the office in the Church of departed saints, and other matters which now divide those "that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Such things need not distract the minds of the ignorant, to whom Christianity should be presented in simplicity as the message of glad tidings sent to all of us from God.

E. W. LATIMER.

BONNYWOOD, HOWARD CO., ST. DENIS P. O., MD.,

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Part I

FRANCE

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THE LAST YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Part I FRANCE

CHAPTER I

PRESIDENT SADI-CARNOT

THE misfortune of France in its parliamentary system of government is that that system does not seem to adapt itself to the character and wants of the body politic. It is otherwise with the internal administration of the nation, which, late observers tell us, seems in all essential respects to meet the needs of an orderly and frugal population. In the Chamber of Deputies, — the governing body that has in charge the “politics” of France, — two great parties have been lacking for many years to oppose each other. The Chamber is broken into “groups,” — into eight groups, if we may sort them roughly, — whose lines of separation are so indistinct that they run one into another. A parliamentary majority composed of two, three, or four of these “groups” can support or overthrow a ministry. Prior to 1887, when M. Grévy resigned (or was deposed), there had been, for practical political purposes, something like a “Republican party,” and something like a “Conservative party” to divide the Chamber: thus Republicans of every shade would on occasion unite to oppose the Conservatives, by whom I mean those not in sympathy with

Republican institutions, — Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Clericals. But there has since been no settled majority acting under recognized leaders in support of a distinct policy, neither has there been an organized opposition to oppose or modify the views of the majority. Jealousies and private interests now lead to changes of ministry, though it is perfectly well known that the new ministry will pursue very much the same policy as the old.

In this way, from 1891, when my "*France in the Nineteenth Century*" was written, to 1896, there were eight ministries; even in the troubled reign of Louis Philippe, the same number lasted twelve years, from 1835 to 1847. For the most part, the Prime Ministers (called sometimes the Presidents of the Council) have been Moderate Republicans, or, if of the Radical faction, tenure of office has tempered their zeal by a sense of responsibility; but no French Ministry can continue in office unless it conciliate the Radicals, and it has, therefore, to gain their favor by the distribution of places and patronage.

All accounts from those who have studied popular feeling in rural France agree that public sentiment in the provinces is not Radical, but rather is Conservative. The peasantry and the tradespeople (whom, in the words of Mr. Bodley, I have called "an orderly and frugal population") desire above all things stability and quiet. They willingly leave the turmoil of politics to those paid to take part in it, and would probably accept any government that promised them peace and security; but in their hearts still lingers the Napoleonic legend; their preference would be for a strong ruler of whom they might be proud. As there is no present prospect of such a man to govern them, they content themselves with voting for the deputy likely to promote their private interests, or those of the district he will represent in the Chamber. It is the same thing in Italy, and will probably be the same in any parliamentary system confided to the working of a Latin race.

The President of the French Republic may be said to be its figure-head. He controls no policy; that of his

government shifts with the Cabinet imposed on him. M. Grévy took no personal interest in the home affairs of France; M. Carnot, for six years, rigidly abstained from politics, though before his election he had been a party leader and an accomplished statesman. As President he devoted himself to the task of making his office respectable by his charities and private virtues. He had begun life as a hardworking, painstaking civil engineer in the newly acquired province of Savoy, one of the trophies of French victories in 1797, — victories due largely to the genius for the organization of the armies of the Revolution displayed by his great ancestor, Lazare Carnot. Savoy was lost to France under the Restoration, but was restored to her, during the second Empire, by Napoleon III. When the Emperor's memory is execrated for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, surely the acquisition of Savoy and Nice should be entered in his favor on the page of history as a *per contra*.

The fall of General Boulanger in 1889 caused consternation through the ranks of all parties in France, for men of all opinions, anxious for change, had secretly or avowedly supported him, — Legitimists and Bonapartists, extreme Radicals¹ and even Socialists; while in the country at large the showy leader on his prancing horse appealed to the strongest passion in the French heart, which is to follow the lead of a dazzling or all-conquering hero.

The collapse of General Boulanger, succeeded by his melancholy suicide, shattered the Monarchist party. The Comte de Paris had never been personally popular with his supporters. He had not the dash and spirit necessary in France to win the enthusiasm of a glory-loving people. His repudiation of Orleanism in favor of Legitimism, shown by his reconciliation with his cousin at Fröhsdorf and in other ways, had alienated the advocates of Constitutional Monarchy; while his profitless and vulgar trafficking with a military adventurer forfeited the attachment of the

¹ The same factions, *minus* the Socialists, whose place is occupied by the Clericals, were Anti-Dreyfusards in 1899, and now call themselves the Nationalist party.

better class of thinking men, whether of the Orleanist or the Legitimist party.

Thanks to the well-organized system of local administration established in France by Napoleon,¹ under prefects, sub-prefects, and *maires*, the private life of Frenchmen in the provinces goes on with order and tranquillity, whatever may be the form of government, or whoever in Paris may preside over the destinies of France.

Let me not be misunderstood when I say that *patriotism*, as we employ the word, is not a virtue of the French people. They will follow a leader with enthusiasm and fidelity, they will make any sacrifice in support of a popular idea; but they have not the patriotism which has a single eye fixed on what is for the good of the fatherland and its whole people. Before the Revolution the spirit that animated French armies was loyalty to the King; afterwards enthusiasm — not for France, but for the Republic; lastly, fidelity to their great leader Napoleon. If another war should break out in the coming century, its rallying cry will be *pour la revanche*. The good of France would be forgotten in chauvinism, as it is now in personal interests or in insane attachment to some prevalent idea.

The elevation of M. Carnot to the Presidency, together with the course run by Boulangism during the years from 1885 to 1891, has been told in a former volume.²

Mr. Bodley, in his valuable book on modern France, says that "the years that Carnot was President of the Republic were unexampled in France, even in times of revolution, for the bitterness of political passion and the

¹ This system, the credit for which is usually given to Napoleon, the great master of detail and organization, was first suggested in 1756 by M. d'Argenson. He proposed that France should be divided into departments, with the appointment of local mayors and magistrates in the smallest villages; he recommended the establishment of uniformity of weights and measures throughout the country, the institution of tribunals of commerce, the holding of agricultural conferences, and the establishment of free education. — M. FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD: *Nineteenth Century Magazine*.

² "France in the Nineteenth Century," by E. W. Latimer.

ferocious license of the press. The Decorations scandal, the Boulangist movement, and the Panama affair filled the entire period with scurrility and recrimination."

Of the two former I have already written, — of the remaining subjects of general interest during the Presidency of M. Carnot there remain the Panama scandals, and the received opinion among the French that their country had secured the Russian alliance, in pledge of which they hailed with wild enthusiasm the presence of a Russian fleet in Toulon and of Russian officers in their capital; lastly, the tragic death of M. Carnot, June 24, 1894, a few months before the ending of his Presidential term.

A tide-water canal to cut the Isthmus of Panama had been projected as early as May 1879.¹ One milliard two hundred millions of francs expended in its construction would, it was calculated, pay the investors seven per cent. M. de Lesseps visited Panama in 1880, and reduced the estimate. He held out hopes that the work would be completed in eight years from that time. All classes of Frenchmen, inspired by the success of the Suez Canal, hastened to put money into what seemed a national enterprise. Not capitalists alone, but peasants, tradesmen, and thrifty men of moderate fortune, invested one milliard three hundred millions of francs (\$251,000,000) in the undertaking. It

¹ My brother, Preble Wormeley, was asked, in 1850, to furnish to Mr. William Aspinwall of New York, plans for a ship railroad to transport vessels across the Isthmus of Panama. Ships were to be raised by something called, I think, "camels," but I had no knowledge whatever of the plans, nor could I have understood them. My brother sent them to England to get the professional opinion of Mr. Brunel, in whose office he had been educated as a civil engineer, and who had the highest opinion of his talents and his character. Mr. Brunel entirely approved the plans, and they were handed over to Mr. Aspinwall. My brother died shortly after (Jan. 10, 1851) after a very brief illness, and I never heard any more of the ship railroad or of the plans. May I be forgiven for liking to record that my brother, cut off at the age of twenty-six, when life seemed full of promise, had already distinguished himself at King's College, London, in 1842; he carried off every prize the College had to give that year.

was understood that two contractors had engaged to do the work for five hundred and twelve millions.

In 1892 most of the money paid for shares in the Company had disappeared, and only a small part of the work had been accomplished. Immense sums had been paid for newspaper puffs, parliamentary influence, and hush-money, and the directors, by the aid of bribery, had floated loans. In 1886 permission was sought from government to raise more money by a lottery. Numbers of petitions were signed throughout France in favor of this scheme, but the Chamber of Deputies rejected the bill. Lesseps then proposed other means of raising money. The promoters of the Canal, who dreaded the collapse of their scheme, went deeper and deeper into secret transactions with journalists, lobbyists, and legislators. Meantime engineering experts, sent out to survey the proposed route, reported that a tide-water canal was impracticable.

The lottery scheme was subsequently revived in 1888, but M. Tirard, then Minister of Finance, refused to entertain the project until a canal with locks should be substituted for the tide-water system, which engineers and contractors alike had pronounced impossible. To construct these locks, M. Eiffel, the man whose name is associated with the Eiffel Tower, was employed to furnish machinery of four hundred and fifty thousand horse-power, and was paid thirty-three millions of francs for the same. After this the Lottery Bill was passed, and a loan was authorized by the Chambers.

To float this loan Baron Joseph Reinach was intrusted with six millions of francs, but all possible exertions failed to secure more than six hundred millions of francs, with which Charles de Lesseps promised to complete the Canal in three years.

When the crash came in 1892, it was found that the money raised for the Canal project had been one milliard three hundred millions of francs, while the sum expended on construction had been only five hundred millions, and four hundred and forty millions, it was calculated, had been

consumed in extravagant salaries and in the profits of contractors ; there remained, therefore, three hundred and sixty million francs unaccounted for. Considering the multitude of investors throughout France in the five-hundred-franc bonds of the Canal, it is curious that at first the financial troubles of the great enterprise seemed to inspire little terror in the minds of the general public. People looked upon the affairs of the Canal as a matter to be settled by Parliament, and no personal interest in what simply concerns Parliament seems of late years to excite much interest in rural France.

But the suicide of Baron Joseph Reinach, the financier, to whom the affairs of the Canal had been intrusted, gave an individual interest to the affair. Dr. Cornelius Herz, who had been in a sense Baron Reinach's partner, and Arton, then their intermediary in all transactions which involved payment of money to journalists or legislators, were at once sought for by the police.

Toward the close of 1892, Baron Reinach had had a fierce quarrel with Cornelius Herz, who in their last interview threatened to make compromising revelations. A few hours later the Baron was found dead. No inquest (or what in France is its equivalent) was held, and the official report of his death was that the deceased died of apoplexy. This turned all eyes in France on the affair in which Reinach had been implicated. Among his papers were found lists of deputies and journalists, who had received money for bolstering up the Panama enterprise ; and Herz, who fled to England, carried off with him much more precise and important evidence of parliamentary corruption.

Dr. Herz was the son of a Bavarian Jew. He had taken advantage of the United States naturalization laws to obtain our citizenship, and as an American *savant* he had received from the French Government of the Republic a high position in the Legion of Honor.

Great subsidies were paid to journalists¹ for supporting the Canal interests in Parliament. In France newspapers

¹ In the year 1882, 1,320,000 francs.

receive little pecuniary advantage from advertisements. In England and America they thrive on what they receive from them, for their subscription lists barely pay their publishing expenses. In France, as this source of revenue is not available, journalists look to the sums paid them to support schemes, or causes in which their patrons are interested. According to the French code of right and wrong, it was legitimate business for journalists to write up the Panama lottery scheme, and to receive money for doing so.

In 1888, when Boulangism was a menace to the Republic, M. Floquet, then Prime Minister, and M. Rouvier, who was Prime Minister the year before, forced the Panama Company to hand over to the Government fifty thousand francs to be used, not for piercing the Isthmus, but for combating the "enemies of the Government" on matters wholly unconnected with the Panama Canal. For this act Floquet afterwards defended himself feebly before the Chamber at the close of December, 1892, when he pleaded that the superior interest of the Republic, imperilled by the party of Boulanger, justified the levy of such a subsidy for the good of France.

"The good of France!"—that formula seems of late years to have been made to cover a multitude of sins. It had been theoretically supposed that the fall of the Second Empire meant the fall of corruption and of all other vices; the Republic was to bring in integrity, patriotism, self-abnegation, and all the austere virtues.

Alas! the Parliamentary system (at least among the Latin races) carries out this programme less and less, year after year.

The tragedy of Joseph Reinach, "driven to death, it was said," writes Mr. Bodley, "by menaces and demands of blackmail," roused the public, "and then succeeded a period the like of which had never before been witnessed in a great capital, save in a time of revolution." It is curious to look through the pages of Paris newspapers at the close of 1892; they are full of the most clever, bitter caricatures, aimed against the integrity of deputies, minis-

ters, and the leading men of France. The very air seemed full of denunciation. "Is any man honest?" was the burning question of the day.

At the close of "France in the Nineteenth Century," I gave an estimate of the opinion entertained of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps by foreigners, of his character, and of the services he had rendered to his own country, and to the world. To him Renan said when he took his seat in the Académie, April 23, 1885, "After Lamartine you have, I think, been the man the most beloved of our century." But no one in high places is safe in France from the ruin wrought by a political cyclone.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles in 1805. His father had been Consul in Egypt in the days of Mehemet Ali; his grandfather had also been in the diplomatic service.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was educated with a view to making diplomacy his profession, and from 1825 to 1854 he filled various high diplomatic positions in Spain, Egypt, Italy, and elsewhere. He was cousin to the Empress Eugénie, their grandmothers having been sisters. In 1854, having quitted the diplomatic service, he felt himself at liberty to carry out a project which for ten years had been ripening in his mind.

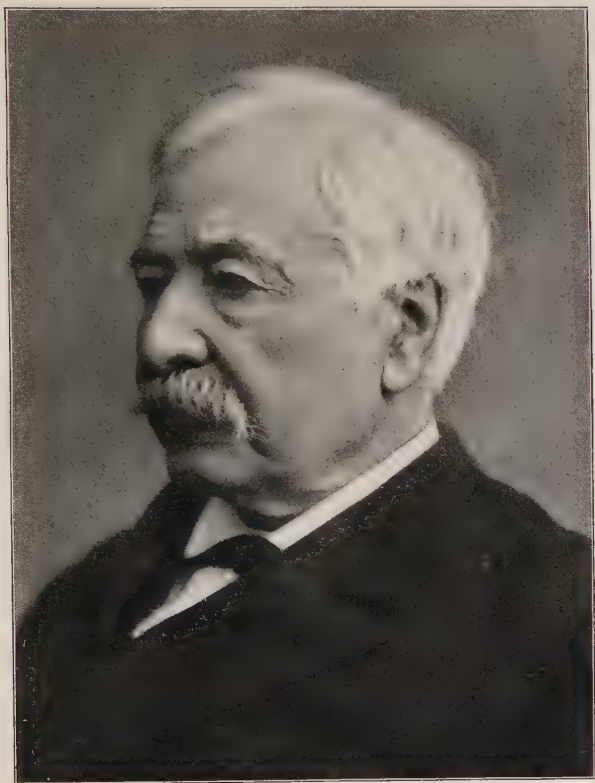
He went to Egypt, where his plan for piercing the Isthmus of Suez was approved by Said Pasha, who had just been appointed Viceroy. A survey was made by eminent engineers, who pronounced that the Red Sea and the Mediterranean had the same level. This was disputed by engineers in England, among others by Stephenson, a great authority on railroads in Great Britain. On political grounds Lord Palmerston was a prominent opposer of the scheme. But M. de Lesseps visited England, and succeeded in winning the confidence of Prince Albert, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Clarendon, and others. A capital of two millions of francs was raised, and in 1859 the work was begun. Said Pasha himself took a large number of shares, which sixteen years later were purchased from his successor by the English

Government. England thus became the largest shareholder in the Canal, which has since proved of inestimable service to her in her relations with the East and with her Indian empire.

In November, 1869, the Canal was opened with imposing ceremonies, the Empress of France leading the procession of royal and distinguished persons. In "*France in the Nineteenth Century*" I gave a full account of the brilliant proceedings of that day.

The man who had thus achieved a triumph for France on the eve of her misfortunes, was loaded with honors by his countrymen, and stood prominent among men of enterprise in the eyes of the world. His activity did not, however, cease; though he had passed the age to which the Psalmist limits the working powers of man, he promoted an enterprise to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, and he looked favorably on the scheme to submerge the Desert of Sahara, and thus convert it into an inland sea. But there was another isthmus left to conquer, and he could not be at peace while its difficulties were unsubdued. In 1879, in an evil hour for himself and France, he began, as I have said, to organize a company to cut a tide-water canal through the Isthmus of Panama. His great name commended the project to thousands of people of small means; but in ten years little or no work had been accomplished, and the company was reduced to bankruptcy.

At the close of 1892 Ferdinand de Lesseps and the other directors of the Panama Canal were indicted for breach of trust and misappropriation of funds. The old man, who was lying paralyzed in his country home, had known nothing of the disreputable methods adopted by his son in the vain hope of saving the enterprise, nor did he ever know that he himself had been condemned to five years' imprisonment and a heavy fine. This sentence was quashed on technical grounds by the Court of Cassation. Young Lesseps and some others suffered fine and imprisonment. But all painful intelligence was, as far as possible, kept



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

from the aged father, who died, let us hope, peacefully, at his country home near Paris, Dec. 7, 1894, at the age of eighty-nine.

The following extract is part of an article upon his death, by M. Émile Ollivier, published in the "*Figaro*," Dec. 8, 1894: —

"He died without suffering, without any last words, without a groan, indeed, after the terrible misfortunes which had not spared him, nor those who were his nearest and dearest; life seemed to fade out of his frail body, already enfeebled by incessant toil and by the cruel reproaches heaped upon him by his fellow-men in return for all that he had done for them.

"One of the actions due to the weakness of a government only anxious to satisfy public clamor, or rather public delirium, was, permitting to be brought against such a man a charge of fraud and abuse of confidence. Such words in connection with *his* name are sacrilege!

"*He* a swindler! *He!* the most disinterested of men! A man who cared little for gain, who lived with the frugality of an Arab and the simplicity of a patriarch!

"It may be said, indeed, that he did not give sufficient oversight to the details of his counting-room; but he never forgot what was due to honor.

"His second enterprise was not less important or less hopeful than his first, which connected the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. It would have realized for France equal profit and renown. But between the execution of these projects lay a difference. The Suez Canal was undertaken under the protection of an enlightened and generous viceroy and a French emperor, both deeply interested in the work, both ready, if necessary, to offer the great Frenchman encouragement and assistance.

"When he undertook the Panama Canal, he engaged in it with shameless greedy speculators indifferent to national interests, ready to grab at anything that might serve themselves. These men have ruined both his work and him. The Viceroy gave him millions like a Caliph in the Arabian Nights; the speculators robbed him of millions like highwaymen.

"To the last moment, in spite of everything, he believed in the ultimate success of his Panama enterprise, and, like Benvenuto Cellini when he flung into the fire of his furnace his furniture and all else that he could lay his hands on, that his statue, his

bronze Perseus, — “my poor dear Perseus,”¹ he calls it in his memoirs, — might come out, complete, perfect, and beautiful, so Lesseps, at the last, accepted every assistance that was offered him without too closely examining whence the money was to come.

“But the dreadful moment arrived at last when he perceived that the great work would not be accomplished, and that it had swallowed up the savings of the poor who had had faith in him, and trusted him, — the poor, of whose confidence and affection he had been more proud than of the patronage of kings.

“I saw him for the last time in his little study in the Rue Montaigne. He was sitting before a fire with a blanket over his knees. At the sound of my voice he rose, and said ‘Ah! there you are! I am glad to see you. You are coming to breakfast, of course.’ Then he sat down again without waiting for my answer, without another word, and resumed his gaze into the fire.

“They told me that he sat thus for hours, and that his thoughts were of the poor, who had given what they could ill spare to realize his project. He seemed to see them crowding round him as he gazed into the embers; and when, brought back for a moment to reality, he had welcomed me as an old friend, he relapsed into his painful reverie as before.”

Eleven persons were prosecuted in all for criminal complicity in the Panama affair. Six of these had at one time or another been Cabinet Ministers. One of them, M. Baïhaut, ex-Minister of Public Works, had the courage to plead guilty; for which he was bitterly reproached, not only by his colleagues, but by the public, which considered he had shown want of patriotism by admitting the truth. He defended himself by saying that he was by education a civil engineer, and had considered the money he accepted as a fee for a professional opinion.

Nothing was brought to light concerning the disposition of the greater part of the deficient funds. “Nothing was clear but that millions had disappeared, and that the persons punished could account for only a trifling sum.”

It was thought that Arton and Dr. Herz might have

¹ The statue stands now in Florence in the Mercato Vecchio, in the Loggia dei Lanzi.

thrown light on the affair, in which probably they were deeply implicated, but both had escaped; Herz went to England, whence he was not extradited, as certificates from his doctors pronounced him so dangerously out of health at Bournemouth that his life might have been forfeited by his removal. He is reported to have said: "Baïhaut's real crime was his confession; for there is many a colleague of his in the Chamber who ought to be his colleague in Étampes jail."

French honor was, however, supposed to be satisfied by the exposure and punishment of a very few; and the Panama scandal, which at one time seemed likely to involve so many high officials in disgrace, was hushed up as speedily as possible.

In 1897, however, the case was again opened. Arton, who had been extradited, promised to give the names of the deputies and high officials to whom he had paid money. Dr. Herz promised the same thing, if a committee would wait on him at Bournemouth. Some arrests took place in consequence of Arton's revelations, and an investigation was ordered, but the matter was suffered to drop quietly. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, who was public prosecutor at the time, did his best to put obstacles in the way of investigation.

Strange to say that while in 1892 and 1893 dramatists, journalists, and caricaturists found no subject so popular as the general suspicion of parliamentary corruption, it played very little part in the provincial elections. When a candidate for re-election whose character had been smirched during the Panama investigation presented himself to his constituents, they appeared to take little heed of the great Panama scandal. They re-elected him on the ground of his services to themselves, or to their part of the country. The ordinary French elector is apathetic with regard to matters that do not affect his private interests. And yet, says Mr. Bodley, "The French as a nation are remarkable for their integrity, which, combined with self-denying industry, is of a high order."

Other events in France most interesting to foreigners in 1892 were: first, the publication of an Encyclical addressed to French Catholics by Pope Leo XIII.; secondly, the activity of Anarchists; and, thirdly, the rapid changes of Ministry.

When the year began, M. de Freycinet (classed as a moderate Republican) was Prime Minister, but by February 18 his Cabinet was outvoted in the Chamber on a bill concerning the relations of Church and State. President Carnot found it very difficult to induce any leading statesman to form a Cabinet, but at last the task was undertaken by M. Loubet. That ill-starred Cabinet — which from that day to this has brought trouble into the lives of almost all the men included in it — contained M. de Freycinet as Minister of War, and M. Rouvier as Minister of Finance.

In the early part of 1892, a body of French Bishops and Cardinals published a complaint concerning the situation of French Catholics in the Departments. They enumerated a number of wrongs that the Church and its clergy suffered from the State. Among other things they complained of the divorce law, the secularization of the schools, the exclusion of religion and the religious orders from charitable institutions, the enforced military service of seminarists (young men studying for the ministry), and the control of church buildings, not by churchwardens or vestries, but by the municipalities. They added that in accordance with the orders of the Holy See, and with Catholic traditions, they would refrain from opposing the form of government that France had chosen, but Catholics were enjoined, when laws were passed which violated their consciences or encroached upon ecclesiastical rights, to oppose them by a firm resistance.

This brought out in February an Encyclical from the Pope explaining the relation of the Church to Civil Government. French Catholics were exhorted loyally to accept the Republic, and to abstain from overthrowing it or enrolling themselves among its enemies. The Pope reminded them that the Church had always upheld Civil Government

as the corrective of anarchy and disorder. He urged Catholics to stand by the Concordat framed in 1891, even if all its provisions did not meet their views. But the Minister of Justice and Public Worship in the Cabinet, in which M. Ribot had succeeded M. Loubet as Prime Minister, by no means met half-way the Pope's conciliatory counsels. Law proceedings were begun against pious Clericals, which almost amounted to religious persecution and engendered among Catholics very bitter feelings. Besides this, ardent Legitimists and Clericals refused to believe that Pope Leo could have meant what he said, and continued to hold themselves pledged to restore Monarchy in France. This, on May 3, brought a letter from the Pope to the French Cardinals, enjoining them — and all French Catholics — to recognize unreservedly the existing government; and His Holiness added: "The men who would subordinate everything to the previous triumph of their respective parties, even on the plea that that triumph is fittest for the defence of religion, would, by a perilous perversion of ideas, place politics, which divide, before religion, which unites."

This brought a large body of Catholics over to the group called Moderate Republicans. These new recruits were called *Les Ralliés*. They deserted from the doctrine that for twenty years had been held by ardent Catholics in France; namely, that, to be a good Christian, a Frenchman must support the cause of Legitimism. This doctrine died a sudden death, slain by the Pope's Encyclical. Its demise was a severe blow to the Comte de Paris, who had hoped to rally his followers by the cry of "Church and Throne!"

While these things were in progress, Anarchism became rampant in France. Anarchism differs from Socialism in that it aims to destroy all government and all existing institutions. Socialism, on the contrary, would invest the State with complete power over everything belonging to society.

Anarchists in France may, it is said, be roughly divided into four classes.

First, those belonging to the Anarchist Federation. This is an association containing many ex-Communists. Its objects are political. Its members will join any party opposed to any government, and lend it their votes and influence, but they do not employ violence.

The second and third are the Leagues of Internationals and Anti-patriots. These include political refugees from all nations, — Italians, Germans, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Belgians, Irishmen, and Spaniards. Their principal object is to promote mutiny in armies, and insurrection generally.

Fourthly, there is the Cosmopolitan League. This is an organization which employs dynamite and assassination. The most advanced group of these people call themselves Independents, and act accordingly. They are divided into small bodies not exceeding twelve.

On May 1, 1892, a bomb was exploded before the house of a fashionable lady, a princess residing in the Faubourg St. Germain. Two weeks later an attempt was made to blow up a judge who had recently presided at the trial of some Anarchists, and about the same date a bomb was thrown into a barrack full of soldiers. Other similar outrages were attempted, especially against judges who had sentenced men convicted of disorder. Dynamite had for some time been stolen in small quantities from government stores in various parts of France. All through the month of May judicial and official circles in Paris lived in a state of terror. The worst outrage took place in the Rue de Clichy, where a house was wrecked and several persons injured. These attempts were traced to a man known as Ravachol. He had already murdered an old man in the provinces, and with his plunder — thirty thousand francs — had eluded the police. He was at last betrayed by a confederate, and arrested in a *café*. This *café* was promptly blown up by his accomplices, and the proprietor, who had assisted at Ravachol's arrest, was severely injured. Ravachol was guillotined, but his sentence was for the murder committed a year before.

In November, 1892, fell the Loubet Cabinet, and the re-

mainder of the year was kept in excitement concerning the Panama scandal.

The year 1893 opened with public excitement occasioned by suspicion of every one who held a high position. The French public when in delirium has "treason on the brain."

After the trial of deputies, senators, ex-ministers, and others accused of connection with the mysteries of the Panama affair, there was a new Cabinet, the Premier of which was M. Charles Dupuy. A lull fell on French politics for a few weeks, during which time excitement was supplied by the "*Cocarde*" newspaper, the former organ of Boulangism. Its editor announced that he had purchased from one Norton, a man employed at the English Embassy, copies of private letters that had passed between Sir Thomas Lister of the Foreign Office and Mr. Austin Lee of the English Embassy, which letters disclosed the names of journalists of high character, deputies and others, who were engaged in plotting with English agents for the overthrow of the French Government. The Prime Minister and the Minister for Foreign Affairs had been shown these letters (that is, their copies) and had accepted them as genuine. But when, in the Chamber, M. Millevoye, a Boulangist deputy, read aloud a French translation of the documents, their clumsy imitation became evident. They contained such a jumble of ignorant allusions to French politics and international affairs that no diplomatist could possibly have written them. Their style, too, was not that of an English gentleman. M. Millevoye was hooted from the tribune; and the Chamber, by a vote of 389 to 4, passed on to the order of the day, "regretting that it had wasted time in listening to such calumnies."

We may do well to remember that this epidemic of forgery, and of stealing false papers from a Foreign Embassy, began in the autumn of 1893, the very time when in the Intelligence Department of the War Office subordinates were engaged in similar atrocities.

A senator brought in a bill to suppress public indecency

in Paris. The shop windows on the Boulevards displayed abominable pictures, and all accounts tell us that Paris (at no time remarkable for public propriety) had never been so bad even under the Second Empire. Among other reforms that the senator who took public decency in charge was desirous to carry out, was the suppression of a certain ball, called the Bal des Quat'-z-Arts, annually given by the students of the Latin Quarter. This entertainment was especially patronized by the art students, and its details were arranged by them. These students, professionally familiar with denuded females, probably looked on the public and artistic exhibition of their "models" with much less sense of its indecency than that which horrified the unartistic Philistine.

The ball took place at the close of June, and the "models" and managers were prosecuted for the exhibition. The students were indignant at the interference of the police with what they maintained was a private entertainment. A riot took place in the Quarter, during which a young man had his skull fractured by a metal match-box, thrown by a policeman. This roused the students to fury. They assembled before the Chamber of Deputies, calling for protection against the police and the restitution of their right to carry on their entertainments in their own way. They also clamored for the deposition of the Prefect of the Seine, or the resignation of the Prime Minister; the Chamber refused to take any notice of these demands, and the students renewed the rioting. On the second day the socialists and roughs in Paris, eager for a fray, took the part of the rioters against the Government.

Here is a letter I received at that time. The writer was an art student, who had been absent from Paris since the beginning of May.¹ He was returning by way of Munich and Strasburg, and thus writes of his arrival in Paris on the morning of July 9, 1893:—

¹ This letter gives a graphic picture of Paris in an *émeute*. I saw the city in similar frenzies in May, 1839, and February, 1848. — E.W.L.

"Here I am back again in the old place. The journey up from Munich was a very pleasant one, and not too fatiguing. When I got to Paris (Tuesday, 5.30 A. M.) the first thing I saw was newspaper kiosks and other street buildings in ruins. I asked my *cocher* what it meant, and he said, '*Une petite légèreté des étudiants.*' The *concierge*, however, gave me a full account of the matter.

"How curious that our Bal des Quat'-z-Arts should have started these riots! Tuesday afternoon they buried the chap who had been killed, and in the evening I had my first experience of Paris in a state of excitement. I came down to dinner and was just starting from this street, the Rue de Ste. Placide, into the Rue de Rennes, when I saw a crowd at the other end, by St. Germain des Prés, and saw several kiosks in flames. I stopped to see the excitement, and I could see all very well, being on Montparnasse, and looking down. The mob had made a barricade, and had *rifled* a gun shop, and were quite happy and satisfied, when suddenly the Garde Municipale charged up the street. I wish you could have seen the people run, and the shopkeepers put up their shutters! I made for Léon's restaurant, and just got there as the military came past, using their swords pretty freely. After I had had my dinner, I walked down and looked at the barricade. It was made of an omnibus, two tram cars, and several *fiacres*. The mob stopped all the *fiacres* coming from the Gare Montparnasse, and made their occupants descend. If the *cocher* made any fuss, they killed his horses. I saw three dead ones. The French are brutal to horses. There was fighting that night and the next day, but things are getting quiet now. Still, I think July 14 may bring trouble. It is always worse on hot days, because the men drink all the afternoon, and in the evening they go forth and fight. Apart from this, I have had a very quiet week. Julien's is nearly deserted."

The Socialists took advantage of the *émeute* originated by the students, and assembled in force round their Labor Exchange. Up to 1889 the word "Socialist" was meant to define all those who aspired to ameliorate society in favor of the working classes. Every man in France who gave his attention to social questions willingly accepted the name of Socialist. It was the same in England, where Charles Kingsley and Maurice were proud to be classed as Christian Socialists.

"All advocates of social reform," says M. Yves-Guyot, himself a Socialist before 1889, "worked for freedom of the press and the right to hold meetings." They also demanded from the Government some change in the laws relating to trades unions.

A law was passed in 1884 authorizing syndicates of labor under certain restrictions, but no sanction was given to trades unions unless they would join the syndicates, which were in a measure responsible to government. This the trades unions refused to do, but kept up their organizations, which were in fact illegal.

The Cabinet, when the student riots began, was on the point of taking steps to compel trades unions to conform to the law before the 5th of July. Members of these unions assembled round the Bureau de Travail, or Labor Exchange, and determined to resist. By this time Socialism had become a political party, whose aim was "to secure the intervention of the state in all contracts for labor, always directed against the employer and to the exclusive profit of the laborer."

The Government, as we have seen, called out the military and dispersed some thousands of people congregated around the Labor Exchange. At this point the students abandoned their allies. The fight was between the labor unions and the police, who were assisted by the military.

On July 6, the Government closed the Labor Exchange, a large and very expensive building, where leaders of the riot had their headquarters. Then the affair was over, that is to say, so far as street fighting was concerned; but the quarrel was kept up in the Chamber of Deputies.

The attention, not only of Paris, but of all France, was soon after turned to what was considered a great national triumph,—the friendly visit of the Russian fleet to the harbor of Toulon, in return for the visit paid to Russia by the French fleet at Cronstadt in 1891.

This return visit had been delayed because of Alexander III.'s personal antipathy to French politics and French morals. But at last a visit paid by two of the

Grand Dukes to M. Carnot at Nancy during the manœuvres of the French troops dispelled the Czar's fears that Nihilists domiciled in France would take advantage of the occasion for an outbreak of violence or assassination.

France had deeply felt her European isolation. She felt that the Triple Alliance — that of Germany, Austria, and Italy — was a menace to her power and influence, and she eagerly welcomed the prospect of an alliance with Russia, the nation that *à priori* would have seemed least likely to attract the sympathy of a newly made republic; but from the day when the French fleet visited Cronstadt, and was received with fêtes and rejoicings, the French public looked eagerly for an official enunciation of the word "alliance."

When the Russian fleet appeared at Toulon, its reception was magnificent. The city was adorned with French and Russian flags; enthusiasts flocked to it from every part of France; women dressed themselves in the Russian colors; addresses of welcome and assurances of brotherly regard were made by public bodies. The French people seemed in a frenzy of self-congratulation, accepting it as certain that the visit of the Russian fleet prognosticated that the long isolation of France had come to an end, and that she had secured a powerful friend and political sympathy.

The Russian Admiral and sixty of his officers were escorted to Paris by the President of the Republic and by the President of the Municipal Council at Toulon. The distinguished position occupied by the latter personage on this occasion was one of the queer ironies of fate not uncommon in French politics. He had once served in the galleys at Toulon as a Communist convict, and had been subsequently conspicuous by a eulogy that he pronounced upon those Nihilists who had so cruelly slaughtered Alexander II.

Paris, like Toulon, went mad over the presence of the Russian officers; the tricolor and Russian flags adorned the streets; houses and signs were draped in yellow and black,

and the streets were alive with the same colors. Everything was done that could be done to fête the naval visitors, and to rejoice over their coming ; enthusiasm and fraternity were the watchwords of the day. And when, after a week, the officers returned to their ships, they were loaded with presents for themselves and the Imperial household. The Russian press was inspired with delight at the prospect of this new alliance ; and the Czar, unwilling to damp the enthusiasm of two nations, sent the following despatch to President Carnot : —

“At the moment when the Russian squadron is quitting France, I am anxious to express to you how much I am touched by, and grateful for, the warm and splendid reception which our sailors have everywhere found on French soil. The testimonies of warm friendship which have been once more manifested with so much eloquence will add a fresh link to those already uniting the two countries, and will contribute, I hope, to the strengthening of the general peace, — the object of their efforts and of their most constant wishes.”

To this telegram from the Czar, President Carnot in corresponding terms made a cordial reply.

The privilege of all French ports and navy-yards was accorded to the Russian fleets, in common with the French navy, and it is said that financially the *rapprochement* of the two nations was beneficial to them both.

On one of the last days of the year 1893 an Anarchist named Vaillant, sitting in the Strangers' Gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, flung a bomb at the President, M. Dupuy. Happily, a woman sitting near seized the assassin's arm and spoiled his aim ; but the bomb, being loaded with nails and scraps of iron, wounded many bystanders when it exploded. After a few moments of confusion the President of the Chamber called the Deputies to order, and the business of the day was proceeded with as if nothing had happened. Vaillant was very anxious that his trial should be considered not a political, but a social crime ; and he was in fact found guilty of an attempt to murder and of the destruction of public property. He was guillotined,

but his execution and the arrests which followed it were the signals for fresh Anarchist crimes. A vigorous campaign, especially against foreign Anarchists, was kept up by the police. Hundreds were arrested, but not one in ten was brought to trial. The mania for bomb-throwing spread even to England, where an Anarchist on his way to Greenwich with his bomb in a bag, accidentally exploded it and killed himself. One of the most atrocious attempts at wholesale assassination was that of a man who went to the door of the fashionable Church of the Madeleine during service, purposing to throw a bomb into the crowd of kneeling worshippers. Happily, the heavy leathern spring door at the entrance swung back against him as his hand was poised to throw the bomb, and spoiled his aim. Nothing was destroyed but part of the vestibule.

These murderous attempts, the arrests that they occasioned, and the trials of their perpetrators continued all through the winter and spring. In June, 1894, Lyons undertook to hold an exhibition of arts, science, and industries. To this the President of the Republic was invited; and M. Carnot, always solicitous to fulfil any semi-social political duty, willingly lent his presence to the occasion. He arrived at Lyons, and spent one night there. The next day, Sunday, he went in state to view the Exhibition. He then attended a banquet in the Chamber of Commerce, and about nine P. M. took his seat in his carriage to drive to the theatre, where a performance in his honor was to conclude the day's proceedings. While at the banquet he had dismissed the body-guard appointed to attend him by the Municipality. Suddenly a young man pressed forward, holding what seemed to be a roll of paper in his hand. He sprang upon the step of the carriage, and plunged a dagger into the President's abdomen. Bystanders seized the assassin, and with some difficulty the police prevented his being summarily lynched.

The President was taken to the Prefecture, and died soon after midnight.

The murderer, as they arrested him, shouted, "Vive

l'Anarchie ! " His trade was that of a baker. He was a native of Italy, but having fallen under the suspicion of the police at home, had sought refuge in France, where he worked for a time at Cette, a French port on the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER II

PRESIDENT CASIMIR-PÉRIER

THE tragic death of President Sadi-Carnot took place on June 25, 1894, and he was laid to rest in the Pantheon a week later. Already, as his term of office would have expired six months later (in December, 1894), lively discussions as to his successor had taken place. Some persons thought that M. Carnot had been intriguing for a second term. They were not aware that he had said in confidence to an ex-minister, whom he wished to induce to form a Cabinet, that he had definitely resolved to refuse a renomination, on constitutional as well as on personal grounds. M. Brisson, who might be ranked as a Moderate Radical, was talked of as likely to prove the successful candidate, but the ex-Prime Minister, M. Casimir-Périer, who, only a few weeks before, by a vote of the Chamber, had fallen from his high office, was chosen by the joint vote of Senators and Deputies, who gave him a decided majority.

M. Casimir-Périer belonged to a family which, for two hundred years, had been distinguished in France. Its members never boasted the possession of the *particule* (the aristocratic *de* which distinguishes the born nobleman), but they were wealthy landowners in Dauphiné. One man in the family was an archbishop in the time of Louis XVIII., another a Peer of France in Louis Philippe's House of Peers, while another was that monarch's most distinguished Prime Minister. But the wealthy Périers of our own day were classed among the *bourgeoisie*, — that class of Frenchmen equally¹ detested by aristocrats and manual

¹ A labor member of the House of Commons once related to me his experiences at a Trade Union Congress in Paris. He said that he

laborers. I think Louis Blanc first started popular enmity to the *bourgeoisie*, the only stable element in the French urban population. They are Philistines in politics, capitalists in trade, and thus form a class hateful to Socialists throughout Europe and America.

No sooner was M. Casimir-Périer elected President than all the low newspapers opposed to the *bourgeoisie* denounced him, because of his ancestral connection with "the middle-class Monarchy," — in other words, the reign of Louis Philippe. He was also denounced as one of the owners of a certain coal mine famous for strikes, and was made the object of attacks inspired by Socialist leaders. The utter depravity of the Parisian journals of the lower class then and subsequently, the abomination of their daily volleys of abuse against government, law, and justice, "is," says the "Journal des Débats," "unequalled by the worst performances of low-class journalism in other countries. Incriminating names are shamelessly applied to the highest dignitaries of state, and are echoed by vulgar tongues in *cafés* and other places of public resort, without shame or reserve, mingled with the sacred words *peuple*, *patrie*, etc."

Thus, from the day after his election Casimir-Périer found his honored name, up to that time always associated with the cause of popular liberty, turned into a reproach. Mr. Bodley says that, "beneath an exterior of resolute sturdiness, he had not the calm temperament, free from self-consciousness, of M. Carnot. . . . His habit of perusing the journals containing gross libels on his character

had gone to France entirely ignorant of the language, but to his last day he should never forget one word repeated in every sentence of the French delegates' speeches with every intonation of hatred and contempt; the word was *bourgeois*. This estimable Englishman, though representing thousands of working-men, was in appearance and in mode of thought a typical *bourgeois* from the French point of view, as dissimilar to his as the Carmagnole, with which his French colleagues terrified him, was to the pious exercises which he was wont to conduct at his Sunday-school at home. — *France*, by J. E. C. BODLEY.



CASIMIR PÉRIER.

and incitements to violence kept constantly before his eyes the causes which might render him unpopular."

A trained statesman, head of a Cabinet which had fallen from power only a few weeks before, M. Casimir-Périer naturally thought himself not only competent, but in duty bound, to have a voice in the selection of his ministers, and not to be kept in the dark as to their proceedings. The Dupuy Cabinet had resigned on the election of a new President, but M. Casimir-Périer requested them to resume their portfolios. This Cabinet contained among other names some that in 1899 became only too well known to us, besides some men who have distinguished themselves for integrity and diplomatic skill; these last were M. Hanotaux, Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, Minister for the Colonies, and M. Félix Faure, Minister of Marine. Among the former was General Mercier, Minister of War, while General Boisdeffre was about this time made head of the General Staff.

The principal event which interests the world in general during the seven months' administration of M. Casimir-Périer was one so obscure and apparently unimportant at the time that it is thus reported in Appleton's admirable "Annual Cyclopaedia" for 1894:—

"MILITARY SCANDAL. Captain Albert [*sic*] Dreyfus, an artillery officer of Alsatian-Jewish extraction, was tried on December 22, by court-martial, for treason. A letter in his handwriting had been found by a detective in the house of an *attaché* of a foreign legation, containing information and promises of information regarding the plans and armament of French fortresses. He was convicted by his brother officers, and the severest penalty applicable in time of peace—namely, imprisonment for life in a fortress, and degradation from all military rank and honors—was pronounced."

The general public accepted, with full faith in the integrity and ability of the General Staff, the verdict of the court-martial. The cry, "I am innocent!" no more reached the public ear than in former days a wail of despair came through the stone walls of the Bastille.

On a bitter cold morning, January 5, 1895, the Degradation of Dreyfus took place. Here is the scene as related by Adolph Brisson,¹ an eye-witness, who, like most other Frenchmen at that time, believed Dreyfus a traitor, guilty of delivering papers stolen from the War Office to a national enemy:—

"January 4, 8 A.M. I am off for the École Militaire. A bitter wind is blowing along the Quais. Many *fiacres* are making their way to the Champ de Mars. Along the streets officers are hurrying in dress uniforms, the collars of their coats turned up about their ears, and in all directions are to be seen the detachments—old soldiers in marching order, fresh recruits in jacket and cap—who are to be present at the performance. The civilians allowed to penetrate to the inner court are not numerous. The bulk of the crowd has had to stay without the gates. You can tell that it is rough, and ready to display its indignation.

"8.45. The last of the troops have arrived. They are drawn up on the four sides of the court, and presently Dreyfus will have to pass before them, subjected for more than half a mile to the silent scorn of these thousands of men. What a Calvary! Some hundred yards have been reserved for the reporters, who draw up in line, and toe the mark like common soldiers.

"Meanwhile the time draws near; we have seen the arrival of the prison van, which has been drawn up by the side of a building. It is he! We imagine him there awaiting the moment. He hears from afar the click of the bayonets, the tread of the soldiers summoned to be present at his torture. To what anguish must he not be a prey! Will he not wear the pallor of death when he is brought forth before us? Will he be able to stand upright? Or will he not give way for one moment? And at this thought, notwithstanding our horror of his crime,

¹ From "La République Française." Translated in February, 1898, for "Littell's Living Age," No. 2797.

² We know now what was passing in the little inner room of the École Militaire, where the victim was walking up and down muttering indistinctly an anguished monologue, crying always, "I am innocent," and then, in broken words alluding to the offer of General Mercier, a few days before, urged on him for an hour by du Paty de Clam: "Only confess that you are guilty of giving copies of documents to the German Government to get important information in return, and you shall be spared the anguish of this terrible degradation."

we are overwhelmed with pity for the unfortunate man, so cruel does his expiation seem.

"9 A.M. Barely has the first stroke sounded from the great clock of the Ecole Militaire when General Darras lifts his sabre. The trumpets sound, and we perceive in an angle of the court a little group consisting of four artillerymen commanded by a sergeant and surrounding an officer in full uniform.

"This officer is Alfred Dreyfus.

"He raises his head; his bearing is assured, but perfectly natural; he does not overdo his calmness. You would say he was making his way tranquilly to the parade-ground. At twenty paces from the General, the group halts. The General pronounces in a loud voice the regulation phrase:—

"'Alfred Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms!'

"A police adjutant at once steps forward, and the hideous torture begins. Braid and buttons are torn away; the regimental number is removed from the cap. Finally—and this is the hardest moment—the adjutant draws Dreyfus's sabre, breaks the blade over his knee, and flings the fragments at the traitor's feet. Dreyfus is too far away for us to make out his expression. He seems agitated and gesticulates. When the General uttered the damning apostrophe he raised his arm and in a voice strained and piercing cried out: 'Vive la France! I am innocent!'

"The adjutant has finished his task. The gold which covered the uniform lies heaped upon the ground; they have not even left the condemned man those red bands down the trousers which indicate his branch of the service. Dreyfus, in his jacket, now perfectly black, with his dark cap, seems already to have assumed a convict's costume. The sinister escort is once more set in motion. The traitor is to pass before our eyes, and we are impatient to see him. Here he comes. Dreyfus is more and more agitated. He continues to cry, 'I am innocent! Vive la France!' And on the other side of the gates the crowd, vaguely discerning his form, lets fly fierce volleys of hoots and hisses. Dreyfus hears these imprecations, and they increase his rage.

"As he passes a group of officers, this phrase is audible: 'Be-gone, Judas!' Furious, he turns on the speaker, and repeats with redoubled energy: 'I am innocent! I am innocent!'

"Now we can discern his features clearly, and for a moment we closely scrutinize them, hoping to find there a supreme revelation, a reflection of that soul whose inmost windings only the members of the court-martial have thus far been able to pene-

trate. That which is most prominent in the face of Dreyfus is anger, — anger almost beyond the point of control; his lips are parted, his eyes are bloodshot. We realize that if the condemned man is firm and walks with so proud a bearing, it is because he is lashed by a fury that is straining his nerves to the breaking point, and putting him beside himself.

"He passes by us: he disappears, and he leaves us bewildered and strangely moved. What is in the heart of that man? What motive power is he obeying when he protests thus of his innocence, with the energy of despair? Is he hoping to deceive public opinion, to fill us with doubts, excite suspicions with regard to the fidelity of the judges who have condemned him? And like a lightning flash this thought crosses our minds, — If he were not guilty, what frightful agony!

"But we repel this thought. Reason regains the empire over our feelings. No! we cannot, and do not, have any doubt that Dreyfus has been branded by the purest and most honest element in the French army. He was condemned without a dissentient voice. He did really sell his country!"

From this scene of torture Dreyfus disappeared to Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana, not to reappear, as it were, in public, until the heart of all the civilized world should be wrung with sympathy for his sufferings, and all men (except French fanatics) should hold him innocent.

"No trial of king or of colossal criminal," says the "Nation," "ever held the breathless attention of all classes in all countries as has that of this obscure French captain." Of his trial, his condemnation, and all else that followed it in 1898 and 1899, when the world rang with the name of Alfred Dreyfus, we will tell in a subsequent chapter.

This much, however, may be said here. Why was it necessary to get up a war scare in 1895 in connection with his trial? Why were the documents in the "secret dossier" read to his judges, but withheld from the prisoner and his counsel? All France was told that it was to avert an imminent danger to the country, that danger being a war with Germany. But we know now, on the authority of President Casimir-Périer, substantiated by declarations from Berlin, that there was no danger whatever of such a

war in 1895. "Peril to France!" "The country is in danger!" were false phrases, framed to excuse secrecy and illegality during the first trial. A court-martial could be held with closed doors, but to withhold from the knowledge or inspection of a prisoner and his counsel documents altered by the insertion of new matter, a name inserted where only D was written; to bring in a verdict of guilty based upon forgeries and inconsequent matter that the prisoner and his counsel were not allowed to examine, or even to see, — argues a determination beforehand to fix guilt upon the prisoner, and some personal motive of great weight which impelled those who prepared and pressed such evidence to shield themselves.

Whatever platitudes in connection with the Dreyfus case may have been uttered about the unsullied honor of officers in the French army in 1894, three years had barely elapsed since two French captains had been accused and found guilty of selling important secrets to foreigners. They were not Jews, nor Alsatians, and the matter, "for the honor of the army," was more or less quietly hushed up.

The French Government had for some time had in its possession a new explosive called *mélinite*, and desired to keep its composition a strict secret. A clever ordnance officer, however, named Turpin found out for himself that picric acid was the chief component in *mélinite*. He at once threatened to sell the secret to a foreign government unless that of France would buy his silence. The bargain was struck, and the French Government paid him 50,000 francs to hold his tongue. Notwithstanding this, he tried to obtain money for his secret from foreign firms, especially from the Armstrongs, the great English manufacturers of cannon. In these transactions another French captain was his agent, named Triponé. The principal and his agent came at last to an open quarrel; the matter reached the public ear; and M. de Freycinet, then Minister of War, found himself compelled to send Turpin, Triponé, and two other officers for trial under the laws against the revelation of military secrets. The court, as was legal in such cases,

heard the evidence with closed doors, and pronounced sentences which were at that time considered of extraordinary severity. Turpin and Triponé were each condemned to five years' imprisonment and to an insignificant fine. In the case of Triponé ten years of exile from France was added to the penalty. Suspicion, however, was at once aroused, that pointed to an officer in high command as the real culprit, and it was also asserted that "M. de Freycinet, then War Minister (though his own honesty was above suspicion), had been trying to shield officers so important that to bring them to justice would discredit the army." The matter was brought before the Chamber of Deputies in June, 1891; and, although the vote of the Deputies was largely in M. de Freycinet's favor, the personal support given him was so half-hearted that he lost all his usual self-command in debate, and was eager for an opportunity to resign.

A law was subsequently introduced into the Chamber inflicting much severer penalties than those meted out to Turpin and Triponé; in certain specified cases of betraying secrets, imprisonment for life was to be inflicted, or even the death penalty. It is not hard to see why M. de Freycinet shrank after this from any interference with the General Staff that might again have brought him under suspicion of wanting to defend one who had betrayed French secrets to the enemy. Turpin was pardoned, we know not by what influence; and early in 1894, when General Mercier was Minister of War, a heated discussion took place in the Chamber of Deputies, in which the Government was severely criticised because General Mercier had refused to treat with Turpin, who again offered to provide France with a new engine of war that would clear a space for miles in front of an enemy. It was to be a gun capable of hurling a bomb containing picric acid, which on bursting would scatter other bombs filled with similar projectiles.

On January 15, 1895, after a presidency of only six months, M. Casimir-Périer amazed France and all Europe

by suddenly laying his resignation on the tables of the Senate and the Chamber.

"I never concealed from myself," he said, "the difficulties of the task imposed on me by the National Assembly. I foresaw them. If a man does not refuse a post at the moment of danger, he can only preserve his dignity by the conviction that he is serving his country. The President of the Republic, deprived of means of action and control, can derive from the confidence of the nation alone, the moral force without which he can do nothing. I doubt neither the common-sense nor the justice of France, but the attempt to mislead public opinion has succeeded. More than twenty years of conflict for the same cause, more than twenty years of attachment to the Republic, and of devotion to the democracy, have not sufficed either to convince all Republicans of the sincerity and ardor of my political faith, or to disabuse the adversaries who believe, or affect to believe, that I shall become the instrument of their passions and their hopes. For six months a campaign of slander and insult has been going on against the army, the magistracy, Parliament, and the head of the state, who in this matter could not be held responsible; and this liberty of fanning social animosities continues to be styled liberty of thought.¹ The respect and the ambition which I cherish for my country do not allow me to admit that the country's best servants, and he who represents it in the eyes of the foreigner, may be insulted daily. I will not consent to bear the weight of the moral responsibility resting upon me in the condition of powerlessness to which I am condemned."

Jean Casimir-Périer (legally authorized to add the Christian name of an illustrious ancestor to his surname) was

¹ See how Henri Rochefort, the very chief of sinners, exults over his shameless vituperation of Napoleon III. when chief of the French people: "Any weapon was good enough for me to sap the respect with which they affected to surround that official dummy called 'the person of the sovereign.' Ah! that poor sovereign! I twisted and wrung him like a wet towel." And twenty years after that, he did no less for a President not to his liking.

born in Paris a year before the flight of Louis Philippe and the temporary organization of the Second Republic. He served in the Franco-German war with distinction, both on the frontier and during the siege of Paris, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor. In 1871 he went into public life as a subordinate in the office of the Minister of the Interior. Not long after that he became a Deputy, voting always with the Moderate Republicans. When in 1883 a law was passed excluding from public office all members of any family which had reigned in France, he resigned his seat, rather than vote, being unable to reconcile family duty with Republican sentiments. In 1893, he was elected to the honorable office of President of the Chamber of Deputies (that is, its Speaker), but he soon resigned this position, at the earnest solicitation of President Carnot, to become Prime Minister. This post, which he foresaw would launch him on a sea of troubles, he held only a few months. His cabinet was overthrown shortly before the assassination of President Carnot, and then the body that had rejected him as Prime Minister elected him, June 27, 1894, on its first ballot, to be President of the Republic. His opposing candidates were M. Brisson and M. Dupuy.

As I have said before, Casimir-Périer, engaged in public affairs from his youth, and recently Prime Minister, saw no reason why his experience in statesmanship should not be put to the service of his country. M. Dupuy and his Cabinet (whom the new President retained in office) thought otherwise. They did not choose to be hampered by his interference. They were not willing to stand by him when he was virulently attacked by writers in low-class Parisian journals.

Everything that could be thought of by Socialist leaders was done to stir up the Anarchists and mob of Paris against the man who had signed the death-warrants of Ravachol, Vaillant, and Henry, the Anarchist who threw a bomb into the midst of an audience listening quietly to a concert near the Gare St. Lazare.

The "scandal" that occupied public attention at the close of 1894 was not the court-martial held with closed doors on Dreyfus, in December of that year, but a scandal concerning railroads in southern France. In 1883, the Government had guaranteed payment of interest on the bonds of these railroads for a term of years, on condition that they should build certain branch lines of strategical value, not likely to be remunerative for traffic. The Minister who negotiated this matter was M. Raynal, a warm personal friend of M. Périer. By 1894, this guarantee had become a heavy burden on the Public Treasury. It began to be questioned whether the guarantee was for thirty years, which would bring it to an end in 1914, or whether it was to last until the bonds should become due in 1960. The wording of the original agreement was vague. M. Raynal wished to have it considered that the obligation of government would last as long as the bonds, but Parliament insisted that in 1914 it would have a right to reopen the matter. Meantime a great deal of money was being made by those who held the securities of these railroads, their price having advanced from two hundred to three hundred above par. All this gave rise to a great outcry against capitalists. The President's son Ernest was a young mining engineer who had some pecuniary interest in one of the companies. All kinds of false and malicious reports were circulated regarding the origin of the great Périer fortune. The friendship of the President with M. Raynal, on whom the most bitter invectives fell, was made a weapon with which to attack his hitherto unsullied character.

Added to this, he received daily anonymous letters from Anarchists, threatening with death not only himself, but members of his family.

The President was a man of sensitive temperament and of quick temper. He had not the impassivity with which General the Marquis de Gallifet, inured to abuse, stood fire from the press, the public, and deputies in the Chamber. M. Dupuy, who was far from friendly to the chief who had

proved his successful rival for the presidency, took care that he should see all the reports of prefects which spoke of his unpopularity in the provinces, and Casimir-Périer himself insisted upon reading all that reflected on him in the Parisian journals. Besides this, he who but a few months before had been head of a Cabinet in which many of his present ministers were members, felt keenly the way in which he was set aside by those who ought to have treated him with confidence, but, on the contrary, kept from him official knowledge.

M. Poincaré, the Minister of Finance, submitted to the Chamber a revised budget, of which the President had never heard. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General Mercier, the Minister of War, neglected to keep him informed of diplomatic business, especially in the case of Captain Dreyfus; while Mercier made arrangements to dismiss thirty-six thousand French soldiers from active service, and to send them back to their homes, without giving the President any intimation of what he intended to do. A letter from the Queen Regent of Spain to the President was also withheld until the Spanish Ambassador had told him of it.

The Socialists, by public meetings and through the press, began a campaign of denunciation, calumny, and invective, against M. Périer; and when one of the worst of these libellers, M. Gerault-Richard, was brought to trial, it was hard to get a jury to convict him. A few weeks after he had been sent to prison, M. Gerault-Richard was elected Deputy for one of the districts of Paris, where the electors were working-men. The Chamber of Deputies refused, indeed, to give the convict his seat, but by a very small majority.

Thus M. Périer found himself powerless, unsupported by his Cabinet and by the Chamber, his family and himself exposed defenceless to the attacks of journalism, and set at nought by his ministers.

The straw that is said in the end to have broken him down was an incident in the Dreyfus affair. The Intelli-

gence Department of the General Staff contrived (I think by a prearranged accident to the mail) to get into its hands despatches addressed to the Emperor William from his Parisian Embassy. These papers were examined, copied, and, with as little delay as possible, forwarded to Berlin. Emperor William, incensed at this outrage, complained of it with indignation to President Périer, who was forced to confess that he knew nothing of the matter, as his ministers ignored him completely.

Emperor William is said to have accepted this humiliating apology, but the transaction is also thought to have laid the foundation for the so-called "war scare," on which General Mercier insisted, to justify concealment in regard to the secret *dossier* in the Dreyfus affair.

These things could not but confirm the President's conviction that he was not in his proper place, and that it did not suit a man of his stamp to hold the Presidency of the French Republic. He is said to have hesitated before accepting the position, and to have been induced at the last moment to take office by a feeling that, after the assassination of Carnot, it was a post of personal peril. "In the face of danger," his brave mother said to him, "a Périer never hesitates."

So Casimir-Périer laid his resignation on the table of the Senate and on that of the Chamber, and retired into private life, from which he was not to emerge until summoned as a witness for the defence before the too celebrated court-martial at Rennes, in August, 1899. He fell, the victim of attacks inspired by Socialist leaders, to please every form of discontent which under the Third Republic is seething in France beneath the surface of society, from the anti-Semites and Anarchists of the *fin du siècle*, Legitimists, Clericals, and Bonapartists, to inheritors of the old doctrines of the Jacobin Club.

CHAPTER III

PRESIDENT FÉLIX FAURE

THE choice of the National Assembly on Jan. 17, 1895, fell, without turbulence or even an exciting debate, on M. Félix Faure. M. Waldeck-Rousseau (Moderate Republican) had a large vote on the first ballot, M. Brisson (Moderate Radical) had a still larger one, but on the second ballot M. Waldeck-Rousseau withdrew, and his votes went over to M. Faure, who had been Minister of Marine in a late Cabinet, "and yet," says Mr. Bodley, "it is probable that on the previous New Year's Day, even in Paris, in the heart of political life, not one person in a thousand knew him even by name."

It was like the election of James K. Polk to be President of the United States, in 1844. M. Faure had, however, been well known to those associated with him in the business duties of the Chamber. In all practical matters his colleagues had found him far-sighted and intelligent. In Havre, for which he sat as Deputy, he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his fellow-townsmen. Deputies in France are commonly selected from among lawyers, professors, doctors, and journalists; it is rare that a man of business enters a Cabinet, or is elected to the Legislature.

M. Faure represented no family in France of historical influence, like Périer or Carnot; he was no political theorist like M. Grévy; he had no military prestige like MacMahon, no world-wide reputation like M. Thiers, "but his genial manners, his correct deportment, and his blithe alertness in performing his social functions, made him a popular hero, before the detractors of M. Casimir-Périer had had time to recognize that he was of that odious *bourgeois*



FELIX FAURE.

class whose members, without rank, aspired to the influence of wealth in the community, especially in all matters relating to finance." When, however, it became manifest that the new President was becoming popular, the Socialists grew alarmed to think that a capitalist and an employer was winning good opinions from all classes of society.

They raised the cry of "Danger to the State!" before the new President had been a month in the Presidential Chair.

It was impossible to deny that, according to every meaning attached to the word, M. Faure was a *bourgeois*. His supporters found it desirable to make out that he had at least begun life as a manual laborer, a man who had earned his bread by the work of his hands. His family had had its origin in Provence; his father had come up to Paris, and was a furniture-maker on a small scale. Félix was for a time apprenticed to a tanner, and soon after his election Paris was flooded with pictures representing him in a workman's blouse, disordered, blood-stained, and very dirty.

The accusation of being a *bourgeois, pur et simple*, thus being refuted, the enemies of the new President turned their attacks in another direction. In France anything like commercial failure is supposed to reflect discredit on all branches of the family of the defaulter. A most despicable intrigue was carried on, upon these lines, against President Faure, which, when it was brought to light, only strengthened his position. An ignoble crowd of political workers endeavored to blackmail the head of the State by threatening him with the disclosure of a domestic scandal unless he retired into private life of his own accord. The scandal in question was simply that Madame Faure's father, before she was born, had committed a breach of trust, and had become an absconder. When, twenty years later, M. Faure sought to marry the young girl, she told him of these circumstances, and instead of being repelled by the shadow on the family name, he loyally and honorably refused to part from her. When

these circumstances became public, all this turned to the credit of M. Faure and to that of his excellent wife, and the result was that France gained a new appreciation of her President, as a man who, being honorable in private life, could afford to be brave in public office.

One of the first duties of a President of France and indeed of all persons placed in exceptionally high positions, according to the modern code, is to hold reviews, visit hospitals, appear at exhibitions, preside at fêtes, lay corner-stones, and make tours in the Provinces. All these functions M. Faure fulfilled with exemplary diligence and geniality. He seemed to enjoy them. He was a tall, well-made man, and his manners had the dignity of those of M. Carnot, but with more grace. He even inspired hope among the better class of Frenchmen that he might prove more than a mere honorary official, — a real head of the State, exerting a discreet but effectual influence over the Government. But circumstances were too strong for him. In spite of his brave spirit, his prudence, and his skill, he became, what his predecessors had been, little more than the figure-head of a storm-tossed ship, and he died, broken down by cares and disappointments, after four years of political worry.

For two years after he became President, little occurred in France to interest the world beyond its borders; but Parliamentary squabbles were carried on with great bitterness. Under the Presidencies of M. Carnot and M. Casimir-Périer, scepticism and violence were the dominant notes in Parliamentary eloquence. The same thing continued under the Presidency of M. Faure. The integrity of nearly every public man was called in question. The Panama scandal, and that of railroads in the South of France, were revived. It was in these years that Arton and Herz offered to make revelations, but the latter drew back at the last moment. In consequence of Arton's confessions some arrests of public men took place, but interest in these scandals was no longer intense.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs was M. Hanotaux, a

young man who had already acquired a high reputation. Speaking, in 1895, of M. Hanotaux's accession to office, M. Gabriel Monod, who, in 1898 and 1899, was a most earnest Dreyfusard, made this remark, which shows how implicitly all Frenchmen then believed in the good faith and ability of the court-martial which had condemned Dreyfus at the close of 1894. He said: "Hanotaux found himself confronted by not a few matters of importance. The treachery of Captain Dreyfus involved a grave national question, for the principal document in evidence against him had been stolen from a foreign government."

We know now that M. Hanotaux was not confronted by the probability of any immediate war with Germany, but that there were other international matters on the *tapis* that required his delicate handling.

A war was going on between China and Japan which threatened to involve European nations in disputes with one another, and the relations of France with England in Africa, both in the East and in the West, were becoming very complicated. In Madagascar, France had assumed the White Man's Burden, in opposition to the known views of M. Hanotaux; and she found that it lay heavy on her shoulders, with little glory, honor, or commercial advantage to offset the loss of money and of life it was certain to entail. In Eastern Europe there was an impending war between Turkey and Greece; an insurrection in Crete was to be assisted or suppressed, and, above all, there was the question of the Armenian massacres.

M. Gabriel Hanotaux was a self-made man, born near St. Quentin, in Picardy, in 1853. His grandfather was a shrewd peasant, who cultivated his own land. He was a prudent manager, was respected by his neighbors, and did well. His son (the father of Gabriel) became a notary public. He sent his boy to the Lycée at St. Quentin, where, patient, industrious, and kindly, he was popular with his school-fellows. He made an excellent scholar, and was particularly distinguished by his love of history. He was not apparently ambitious of advancement, but it was his

earnest desire to do everything well. When he quitted the Lycée, he was sent to Paris to study law. His father had a cousin in the capital, the wife of Henri Martin, the historian. When the young student went to see her, she discouraged him by assuring him that he could never succeed in Paris at the bar, as his provincial accent would make it impossible for him to produce effect as a public speaker; but M. Martin took him to see Gambetta, who employed him to write articles on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in his paper, "*La République Française*." He was also attached to the department of Archives, and while there he labored diligently to collect materials for an exhaustive memoir of Cardinal Richelieu, whose career, strange to say, had never, up to that time, found a competent historian. He next became a professor, and lectured on History in the *École des Hautes Études*; he also found employment at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he was soon advanced to the position of Chief Clerk. But all this brought him little remuneration, and although he lived with extreme simplicity, he found it hard to make his means meet his expenses. When Gambetta in 1881 became Prime Minister, he took Hanotaux into his Cabinet as a sort of under-secretary. In 1886, he was sent to Constantinople as an attaché to the Embassy.

Unfortunately he has never travelled, except during his connection with this mission. He reads English, but can converse in no foreign tongue, which is a great disadvantage to a statesman, especially to one connected chiefly with foreign affairs. His services while at Constantinople were of great use to his superiors, especially in what concerned the management of Bulgarian affairs. On his return to France he was elected Deputy from his own department, but all the North of France, especially all Picardy, was in 1889 wild with enthusiasm for Boulanger. A representative who stood out boldly in the Chamber against the methods and ulterior objects of *le brav' général*, was not to the taste of his constituents. In the general election that followed, public meetings to secure his re-elec-

tion were broken up by stone fights and fisticuffs. It is said that a trap was even laid to take his life. He was not re-elected, and made no subsequent effort to enter the Chamber, where indeed he had played the part of a man of business, not that of a political orator.

In May, 1894, shortly before the death of M. Carnot, he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet that succeeded that in which Casimir-Périer was Premier; and his ability in that position was so marked that the Radical successor of M. Périer begged him to retain his portfolio. M. Hanotaux did not consent. He disagreed with the Cabinet about Madagascar, and his wish was to avoid irritating England until France could concentrate her strength for one mighty effort to checkmate her in Egyptian affairs. When he returned to office, he found Madagascar annexed, and what in his opinion was an unsatisfactory agreement entered into with England, concerning French colonies in Eastern Asia. He, however, accepted these things as accomplished facts, and turned his attention to negotiations with England concerning the boundaries of French and English possessions in West Africa. In this matter he was so successful that Lord Salisbury was accused in England of sacrificing English interests to avoid a rupture with France, but Lord Salisbury was well aware that English interests in West Africa and Central Africa were as nothing compared to those in countries watered by the Nile. M. Hanotaux was always anxious to preserve the warmest relations of friendship with Russia, and he was personally a strong friend of Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador. Cecil Rhodes, after the Jameson Raid, when his popularity in England was at a low ebb, visited M. Hanotaux as he passed through Paris. "I am nobody now," said Cecil Rhodes to Hanotaux; "I am a broken man; but I may come to the front again some day."

It seems unlikely that France in the coming century will ever recover the prestige she acquired as a colonial power in the days of Louis XIV. She has not French-

men enough to Europeanize lands peopled by savages. Her young men, by whom colonies might be developed, are absorbed by her large army. She has not, as England has, capable and honest colonial administrators, trained to the work, and willing to devote themselves to national interests at the antipodes. Nor has she private companies ready to invest large fortunes in colonial development.

The French idea of colonial management is to make of each new possession a French department. Troops are sent there, Frenchmen establish telegraphs and postal service in it, and departmental methods are at once introduced; but there are few or no Frenchmen in the country except army men and officials. This state of things, the timidity of capitalists, the danger of Parliamentary interference, the difficulty of getting able and honest men to abandon the soil of France for that of distant regions, may for a long time render fruitless the enormous sacrifices France has made for her colonial possessions. This state of affairs ought to be an object lesson to other nations. But few of us, in moments of national enthusiasm, show any disposition to profit by the experience of others.

In October, 1896, the young Emperor of Russia and his wife, after their coronation at Moscow, made a European tour. They visited Paris, and were received with transports of welcome. The delirium excited by the presence of Russian naval officers in France was nothing to that roused when the Czar came to visit those who persisted in believing themselves his new allies. At a banquet at the Elysée, President Faure, in proposing a toast to the Emperor, said that "his presence had sealed the bonds uniting the two countries in a harmonious activity, and in a mutual confidence in their destinies, and that the union of a powerful empire and a hard-working republic had already exercised a beneficent influence on the peace of the world, and strengthened by a proud fidelity would continue to spread abroad its fortunate influence." The Czar replied that "faithful to an unforgettable tradition, he had come to France to visit the head of a nation to which he was

united by such precious bonds, and he begged the President to interpret to the whole of France his sentiment that the cordiality with which he had been received could not but leave on his mind the happiest influence."

A million and a half of people flocked into Paris for the occasion. France dreamed of the humiliation of Germany, and the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine. Mr. Bodley remarks, "It was said that the plaudits of the crowds were addressed to the chief of a sympathetic nation, which had taken France out of her isolation; but had it been possible for the sister Republic of America to perform that office, it may be doubted if the spectacle of the President of the United States promenading the Boulevards with his citizen colleague of France would have produced the same democratic rapture. The French saluted in the person of the Czar an autocrat, the absolute master of legions, which, at a word from him, may one day march to victory side by side with the armies of France."

It is imposed on the President of the French Republic never to attend public worship, never to pronounce the name of God in any public utterance, lest he should offend the anti-clericals, and, like every other functionary in France, President Félix Faure submitted to the terrorism of a small minority, and carefully avoided official appearance in the churches, "as if," says Mr. Bodley, "they were places of ill repute."

At Rheims, where he went to inaugurate a statue of the Maid of Orleans, whose only connection with that city was, that in its cathedral she had crowned Charles VII., President Faure, not daring to enter its hallowed precincts, took care not to reach the city until the religious observances were over.

But on one occasion — one only — during his Presidency, he made an official visit to Notre Dame.

"When the Czar of Russia came to Paris, the young autocrat profited from the curious deference paid him by the French nation to read the Republican Government a lesson in religious decorum. Though not a member of the Roman com-

munion, he expressed his desire to pay his respects to the religion professed by the majority of the people whose guest he was; and thus the President of the Republic went officially to the metropolitan Cathedral of Notre Dame, not as the chosen chief of many millions of Catholics, but as the polite attendant of a foreign potentate. The Czar plainly intimated to the French Government that only as a Christian prince did he accept its homage, and his first public act in France was to proceed with pomp to a solemn service at the Russian Church, though he had not found that ceremony necessary when visiting Great Britain or Germany. One of the most singular results of the Franco-Russian alliance was that in its desire to please its august ally, the Republican Government, which officially ignored religious solemnities celebrated by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, displayed a sudden cult for the offices of the Orthodox rite. On every birthday or other festival of the imperial family of Romanoff, the high officials of the French Republic trooped to prayers to the Russian Church in the Rue Daru."

What led to such enthusiasm on the part of France for an alliance with a nation essentially unlike itself? "The homage," says Mr. Bodley, "paid by France to Russia in the last decade of the nineteenth century is one of the most curious international spectacles ever presented to Europe, regarded either as the attitude of one great Power before another, or as that of a democracy before despotism." Not many years earlier, all France had been permeated with sympathy for Poland; but after the disasters of 1871, the absorbing aspiration of Frenchmen has been the recovery of the lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. Not that these provinces are dear to France and Frenchmen in themselves. They were not an integral part of France. The peasants of Alsace had preserved their German language. Alsatians were to Parisians what Galileans were once to Jewish aristocrats in Jerusalem. When we lived in Paris in 1839, 1840, 1841, 1847, and 1848, we had Alsatian servants, and realized that they were never considered "quite French" when brought into contact with Parisians. We have seen in the Dreyfus affair that to be an Alsatian told against a French officer

more than to have been born an Austrian. France obtained Alsace in 1697, partly through diplomacy and partly through success in war. But Louis XIV., realizing that its possession was of no great value, was ready to restore it to Germany, had it been demanded as a condition of peace, after the battle of Malplaquet.

Lorraine was ceded to France, only twenty-three years before the Revolution, its Duke receiving in exchange the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. Lorraine was, however, always more French than Alsace, and it is greatly to be lamented that the wish of the Emperor Frederick (then Crown Prince of Prussia) to leave her to France in 1871, was overruled by Von Moltke, who urged that in a military point of view Germany must hold possession of Metz, for the security of her new frontier.

To all appearance, the people of Alsace and Lorraine have not been oppressed by their German conquerors. But above all things France desires the recovery of these provinces. She counts for nothing the annexation of Nice and Savoy under the Second Empire. Her alliance with Russia seemed to Frenchmen a first step in *la revanche*; that is, in the great revenge for what she had lost. It is not to be supposed that Russia would enter into a close alliance with France which had this aim in view without, in case a new map of Europe is constructed by her help, receiving a *quid pro quo*. Russia is supposed to desire the possession of Constantinople and an open port on the Mediterranean quite as much as France desires the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine.

Once before Russia was in close alliance with France, when Alexander I. and Napoleon at Erfurt planned the division of Europe into an eastern and a western empire, but their agreement split upon this point. Napoleon would not yield to the wish of the Czar to gain possession of Constantinople.

As far back as 1889 a formal treaty of alliance between France and Russia was believed to have occupied the attention of the two governments. In 1894, President Car-

not and Casimir-Périer, who was his Prime Minister, are said to have signed a military convention, preliminary to a definite treaty of alliance. Then came the assassination of President Carnot, and the brief presidency of Casimir-Périer, during which negotiations were actively carried on by M. Hanotaux and Prince Lobanoff, his personal friend. When Prince Lobanoff died, his place was filled by Count Muravieff.

Next came the Czar's visit to Paris, then the return visit of M. Faure to Russia, whither he went, in the summer of 1897, in a French war steamer, accompanied by a French fleet. The word *alliance* had been carefully avoided until the treaty should be definitively signed, and the French people were eager to catch the first official utterance that should pronounce that word. At the final banquet given on board the French flagship "Pothuau" on August 26, before the French squadron sailed for home, President Faure spoke of "two friendly and *allied* nations, guided by a common ideal of civilization, law, and justice, uniting in a brotherly manner in a most sincere and loyal embrace." And the Czar, in reply, said: "I am happy to see that your stay among us is binding a new tie between our friendly and *allied* nations, who are both equally resolved to contribute by everything in their power to the maintenance of the peace of the world, in a spirit of justice and equity."

These words declared to the world that then, if not before, France and Russia stood united by a solemn compact in a common policy of alliance "for the maintenance of peace."

It does not appear thus far that the Dual Alliance between France and Russia, if it has its *raison d'être* in unsatisfied aspirations, will precipitate war. Both nations may, as sailors say, "Stand by," for their next opportunity. The chief result of the alliance thus far has been to gratify France, which since 1871 has bitterly felt her isolation, by drawing her back into the concert of European Powers.

Another result reached thus far by the Dual Alliance

has been to enable Russia to raise much-needed loans from French financiers.

The contracting parties in both the Dual and the Triple Alliance have indeed protested that their especial object is to preserve the *status quo* in Europe, and to maintain peace; but the French people, under the influence of their hopes, are disinclined to believe them, and indeed it seems possible that though for the present "nothing has come" of these alliances (to use the homely language of the fireside and the nursery), an opportunity may arise in the coming century when the Franco-Russian alliance may result in an attempt to fulfil the hopes with which the contracting parties have been generally credited. Meantime the Dual Alliance is by some considered a standing menace to Germany and England. France, after years of isolation and anxiety, feels tolerably safe as to the immediate future. Her whole interest during the past three years has been concentrated on two subjects,—the "Affaire," which was the popular name for the Dreyfus trial, with the attempts at revolution that came out of it, and the Exposition in 1900, the present year. The Dreyfus case will need a separate chapter, and we must say something about French Pretenders. Meantime there are persons in Paris who thought that they foresaw, in the comparatively peaceful and popular presidency of M. Faure, signs that some sort of secret understanding existed between him and the mixed multitude eager for change. History may hereafter clear up these obscure matters, and vindicate the plain dealing of President Faure, although indeed plain dealing is not a fundamental principle of diplomacy. There is reason to believe that the Marchand Mission sent across Africa, consisting of eight Europeans and one hundred and fifty Senegalese soldiers, owed its inception and support to President Faure.

Any one who reads the diplomatic correspondence concerning Fashoda loses all perception of what was right and what was wrong in the affair. This much, however, is certain, that Major Marchand's little party in the Fashoda

swamp was at the mercy of the Anglo-Egyptian army, which had conquered the Khalifa, and won the battle of Omdurman; that England could not consent to have the fruits of her dear-bought victory at Omdurman snatched from her by a party of French adventurers who had made their way to the upper waters of the Nile; and that her costly scheme for the irrigation of Egypt depended on her possession of the Nile Valley and the upper waters of the river, to say nothing of her great project for the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad, on the completion of which, an American missionary bishop has lately told us, depends the civilization and Christianization of Africa. France had been warned in good time that any attempt to interfere with the Anglo-Egyptian occupation of the Nile Valley would be resented as an unfriendly act. But the result of Major Marchand's expedition and the hauling down of the French flag raised over a ruined fort at Fashoda, put an end to M. Faure's hopes of checkmating England's aspirations in Egypt, and brought upon his country what Frenchmen were pleased to consider a humiliation.

On May 4, 1897, occurred the terrible disaster in Paris at the Charity Bazaar, in the Rue Jean Goujon, which stirred the hearts of all who read or heard of it throughout the civilized world. In Paris ladies of high rank have long been foremost in works of charity. A fair was planned by them which should combine a large number of charitable objects; and among the leaders of the enterprise were the Duchesse d'Uzès and the Duchesse d'Alençon, a Bavarian princess, widow of the Duc d'Alençon, the second son of the Duc de Nemours, a lady greatly beloved in the Orleans family.

A large frame and canvas building had been put up for the occasion. The ceiling was loosely covered with painted canvas, the walls (or rather the wooden framework of the building) were covered with the same; the interior was fitted up so as to have the appearance of Old Paris, and antique settles in large numbers were screwed down to the floor. The building had been erected on a vacant lot of

ground, and was surrounded by a high wooden paling. On one side was a narrow alley, which divided it from a tall building used as a hotel.

All fashionable Paris crowded to the Fair; the streets around were blocked with carriages. The ladies wore their new spring bonnets, all tulle and flowers that year; and it was the fashion to wear large fluted ruffs of lace or gauze around the neck, a long-obsolete custom of a former century.

At four in the afternoon, when the crowd in and around the building was most packed, a cry of fire was raised, and the great assemblage, panic-stricken, rushed to the door. There was but one known entrance; the building had been planned to prevent intrusion. On leaving the hall, the way divided into two short flights of steps leading to the great outer door.

A gasoline lamp, used in the exhibition of some views, had suddenly flared up and the flame had caught some drapery. Almost in a minute the whole building was in flames, and from the ceiling dropped blazing fragments of painted canvas on the heads of tulle and lace that thronged the hall. So rapid was the destruction that there was no time to send for fire-engines. The men-servants, outside with the carriages, exerted themselves nobly to save the victims, but of the selfishness and pusillanimity of *ces beaux messieurs* in the building, it is better to say nothing. The stories that appeared in all the papers of Europe and America of deaths and of escapes were heart-rending. In half an hour the conflagration was at an end. The great hall and the paling that surrounded it lay a heap of ashes.

A few persons made their way into the alley, and were dragged by servants of the hotel through its windows into safety. The Duchesse d'Uzès saved herself because she knew of a small side door leading into a little yard at the back of the building. The Duchesse d'Alençon refused to seek for safety, saying that the managers were bound to see all others safe before they left the hall. These

were probably her last words, for her death followed almost immediately after. She was so terribly burnt that after long search her remains could be identified only by a ring found among charred fragments of flesh and bones among the ashes. Her death was so great a shock to the Duc d'Aumale, her uncle by marriage, who was in Italy at that time for his health, that he did not survive it. There was for some time much fear that Mademoiselle Lucie Faure, the second daughter of the President, was among the victims. She had started for the Fair with a friend, but their carriage had been detained on the way, and they had not reached the building when the fire began.

Help and sympathy flowed in from all directions when the peril was over. Enormous sums of money were brought personally, as well as sent, to the bureaux empowered to receive them. Persons were informed that they might either contribute to the general fund, or designate the particular cases to which they wished their money to be applied. Among these were widows who left destitute children, or women so maimed and disabled that they could do nothing for their own support. Many of these received from charitable sympathizers sums large enough to make for them a comfortable provision.

For weeks after the fire, Parisians were fearful of entering public places of amusement, and the size of audiences on that account diminished all over the world.

There is now a handsome substantial building for the use of future fairs and charitable exhibitions, built on the spot where the disaster occurred, together with a small chapel, both erected by funds contributed by the Comtesse de Castellane, an American lady, formerly Miss Anna Gould of New York.

President Faure, besides his great disappointment over the miscarriage of the Fashoda expedition (of which I will tell more in a future chapter) was perplexed and perturbed through the last twelve months of his life by the rising excitement over the Dreyfus affair. He could foresee that its settlement would involve a crisis. He does not seem to

have been able to determine with which party the President of the French Republic ought to take sides. If he could only play no part in it, and let those who had the affair in hand bring it in some way to a conclusion, that might, he seems to have thought, be best, after all, and he would stand by to take advantage of unforeseen developments. All through 1898 trials connected with the "Affaire" were going on, — the trial of Zola and of Picquart, and the accusations of M. de Quesnay de Beaurepaire against the Court of Cassation. President Faure took no part in any of these things, nor did he notice the letters which the prisoner on Devil's Island piteously addressed to him. He was becoming worn out with worry and anxiety. Twice he had been shot at, both times by crazed fanatics, and it requires unbroken health and strong nerves to stand the strain of apprehending every day that a bullet may reach your heart before nightfall.

On Feb. 16, 1899, at the age of fifty-six, President Faure, worn out with anxiety and overwork, died in his palace of the Élysée. He had been signing decrees up to five o'clock in the afternoon, when he complained of feeling ill. His secretary placed him on a sofa, and, becoming alarmed, summoned his physician and his family. But he never rallied, and died the same night at ten o'clock. The physicians said his death was due to apoplexy complicated with disease of the heart.

He was the sixth President of France during the Third Republic. The first was Adolph Thiers, who resigned. The second, Patrice McMahon, who also resigned. The third, Jules Grévy, who resigned. The fourth, Sadi Carnot, who was assassinated. The fifth, Casimir-Périer, who resigned. The sixth, Félix Faure, who died in office. Let us hope that his successor, Émile Loubet, will safely see the end of his Presidential term.

CHAPTER IV

THE DREYFUS CASE

AT Mülhausen (Mulhouse), in Alsace, lived a Jewish family bearing the not uncommon name of Dreyfus. They were rich manufacturers, and had large factories. In 1871 the head of the family had several daughters and four sons. When, on the annexation of Alsace to Germany, a choice was offered to all persons of remaining Frenchmen or becoming Germans, Jacques, the eldest of the four, remained in Mulhouse to manage the family factories, but his three brothers, of whom Alfred was the youngest, declared themselves French. Jacques sent four of his six sons to pursue their fortunes in France, whence, by law, they were not to return to their German father's home. The firm had done much business in Chili. It had had an important lawsuit with the Chilian Government, and employed M. Waldeck-Rousseau, another Alsatian, as its agent and counsel.

In 1897 Jacques gave up business, and, emigrating to France, was naturalized as a Frenchman. Alfred had been sent to school first in Mulhouse, where one of his school-fellows was Scheurer-Kestner, afterwards Vice-President of the French Chamber of Deputies.

Alfred Dreyfus was not popular among his comrades in the French army. Like a certain young Corsican officer a century before, he was too fond of investigating everything. Nothing seemed safe from his inquiries. His brother officers were inert; he was restlessly energetic, determined to advance himself by activity and by a thorough knowledge of his profession.

In September, 1894, an Alsatian, employed as janitor at the German Chancellerie in Paris, brought to Major Henry,

sub-chief of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff, a paper torn into small pieces, said at one time to have been taken from a waste-paper basket at the Embassy, at another from the overcoat pocket of Colonel Schwartzkoppen, the German military attaché.

It is the business of military attachés to collect all possible information concerning military affairs in the country to which their ambassador is accredited and to send it to their government. They are a sort of recognized honorable spies; even the American Embassy in 1894 contained such a person, who got himself into trouble because he overstepped the limits of etiquette as laid down in professional spydom.

The document delivered to Major Henry was the famous *bordereau*, meaning the outside cover of a number of documents enclosed; the documents had been taken out, but the cover had an enumeration of their contents written upon it.

From some words in the *bordereau* it was inferred that the writer was an artillery officer on the General Staff, and, from an examination made of the handwriting of all officers so employed, it was also inferred that Captain Dreyfus was the writer; not that to a foreigner there is much perceptible difference between one French handwriting and another. The leading officers of the General Staff, General Boisdeffre being their chief, and General Mercier Minister of War, consulted M. Bertillon, head of the Criminal Intelligence Bureau in Paris. M. Bertillon was the son of a man who had invented the system of measurements now used in all countries by the police. The son was an expert in handwriting with a queer theory based on diagrams, which he afterwards endeavored in vain to explain to judges at the court-martial at Rennes, and to the judges and jury on the trial of M. Zola. The conclusion arrived at by Generals Boisdeffre and Mercier was that Dreyfus must have written the *bordereau*.

On Oct. 15, 1894, Major du Paty de Clam of the General Staff Intelligence Department sent for Dreyfus into

his private room, laying a loaded pistol within his reach upon a table, and then set him to write from dictation a letter containing phrases taken from the *bordereau*. Not unnaturally (perceiving he was under suspicion), Dreyfus turned pale, and his hand was unsteady. At once he was arrested, and without being told of what he was suspected, he was taken by Colonel Henry to the Cherche Midi military prison. There Major Forzinetti, the commandant of the prison, was waiting to receive him, for his arrest had been determined on before the test was put to him.

Forzinetti, a man of great experience in the behavior of criminals, soon came to the conclusion that this prisoner was innocent; and though forced to keep him *au secret*, — that is, to allow him to communicate with no one but the commandant himself, and those admitted by an order from his superiors, — he gave him his sympathy.

Dreyfus had an admirable wife and two little children. His moral conduct, placed, as it were, under a microscope, stood the test of examination better, we venture to think, than that of most young officers in the French army would have done.

His wife was left without the privilege of hearing from him, and for some hours knew not what had become of him. Then Major Henry was sent to search his house, and Madame Dreyfus was cautioned that if she revealed to any one her anxiety about her husband, it would bring more trouble upon him.

Nothing incriminating was found in the house, unless it were some correspondence between Dreyfus and his sister, from which a theory was afterwards set up concerning the authorship of the *bordereau*. Dreyfus had given up his keys, saying to Colonel Henry that he might search every place in his house, but he would find nothing there. This was interpreted to mean that he had destroyed all incriminating evidence.

The suffering of Dreyfus in his cell in the Cherche Midi prison as reported by Major Forzinetti seems to have been horrible. Day after day he ate nothing but some broth.

He flung himself against the walls ; he sobbed and groaned. Daily du Paty de Clam came on the part of General Mercier to urge him to confess, but nothing but the declaration " I am innocent ! " could be drawn from him. One night du Paty de Clam wished to creep into his cell, and when he was asleep flash a light into his face. Major Forzinetti refused to allow this, but afterwards at the Devil's Island it was one of the means of torture tried.

General Mercier made at first a *prétence* of wishing to save Dreyfus, hoping, I suppose, he would make a false confession ; but ten days before the court-martial he wrote a communication to a newspaper, saying, " The guilt of this officer is absolutely certain."

The court-martial took place on Dec. 19, 1894, with closed doors, which was not unusual in such cases ; but most of the documents on which the accusation was founded were withheld from the prisoner and Maître Demange, his counsel, but exhibited in secret to the judges. The chief judge declared afterwards in the trial at Rennes that he had been too tired to look over them carefully !

Dreyfus was condemned to public degradation, and to solitary confinement for life. He fancied this would be in New Caledonia, where his wife and children, if living on the island, would be admitted from time to time to see him ; but General Mercier, desirous above all things to get rid of him, induced the Chamber of Deputies to pass an especial law sending him to an island on the coast of French Guiana, — the Island of the Devil.

I have told of the scene of his " degradation," Jan. 5, 1895, as related by a press correspondent who believed him guilty. We know now that the day before it took place du Paty de Clam had visited him, and had offered on the part of the Minister of War — General Mercier — (who, we cannot but think, had personal motives for insisting on the guilt of this unhappy man) to spare him the torture of the public degradation if he would confess his guilt so far as to say that he had given certain worthless documents to a German military attaché, in return for

more important ones to be delivered to him in exchange, — a kind of transaction not unknown in the Intelligence Department. But nothing could be wrung from him. While in great agitation walking up and down a little office at the *École Militaire*, waiting for the clock to strike the hour when his degradation would begin, he said, muttering to himself: "If I would but have confessed that I had delivered documents of no value in exchange for others of importance, this would have been spared me." The officer on duty, Captain Lebrun-Renault, an honest, thick-headed man, caught these words, and imagined them to contain a confession.

To the *Île du Diable* Dreyfus was sent a month later, protesting his innocence even in his sleep.

We have seen how belief in his guilt was accepted by public men, and even by our Annual Cyclopaedia.

A year passed thus. The prisoner at Devil's Island had been forgotten by the public. His case was a *chose jugée*; and according to French military law the *chose jugée* is a thing finished and disposed of, as unassailable and irreversible as a decree of Fate. But in the spring of 1896 Colonel Picquart, a man who had never known Captain Dreyfus, succeeded Colonel Sandherr in the Intelligence Department of the General Staff. Then a *petit bleu* fell into his hands. A *petit bleu* is a sort of sealed postal card, used in Paris, which has the privileges of what we call "special delivery." It was torn, like the *bordereau*, and had never been put in the post. It had been abstracted from the German Embassy, and was in the handwriting of Schwartzkoppen. On being pieced together, it was found to bear the name and address of Major Esterhazy.

This led Colonel Picquart to make some inquiries concerning the means and character of Esterhazy.

This person, Charles Marie Ferdinand Walsin Esterhazy, belongs to a younger branch of the great Hungarian family of that name, which had settled in France one hundred years before, where some of its members distinguished themselves in the French army. In later years the father

of this Esterhazy did good service in the Crimean War. His son was born after his death, and was educated in Vienna. In 1866 he entered the Austrian service as a cavalry officer, and was wounded at the battle of Custoza. Why he abruptly left the Austrian army and joined the Pope's Roman Legion, has never been known to the public.

When the Franco-German war began, he offered his sword to the French Emperor, was made a sub-lieutenant in the Army of the Loire, and, as far as fighting went, served with some credit.

He afterwards complained that he had been called by some a *Reiter*, a Free Lance, a *Condottiere*. "It may be so," he cried; "I glory in it. With soldiers like me men used to win battles, and such as I did not abandon their comrades in the *mêlée*." These last words were probably in allusion to some personal grievance against French officers, for though he had entered the French service he hated the French army. He said its generals were ignorant and cowardly. He wished he were a captain of Uhlans, sabring Frenchmen. He gloried in a vision of Paris taken by assault and given over to be sacked by a hundred thousand drunken soldiers.

He married a French lady of good family, who had a large fortune. The fortune he spent and then threw his wife back on the hands of her relations.

With all this, there was always a charm in his personality. "He was as gifted as he was winning. He spoke nearly every language in Europe, and it is no common man in France who can speak foreign languages at all. He kept up with every discovery in science, was well read in general history, and took great interest in military affairs."

When he wanted money (and he was always out of pocket) he used his wits and the charm of his manners to obtain it. In a duel that the Marquis de Mores, a bitter hater of the Jews, fought with a Jewish officer, he offered himself as second to the latter, who was killed, that he might have a claim to favor with the Rothschilds, and get them to make him loans. He obtained the money of a

young relation to whom he appeared to be playing the part of a friend. In short, he betrayed everybody; no one brought into contact with him escaped without injury. Schwartzkoppen, by permission of his Government, has frankly deposed that he was a paid spy. There is really no question that he wrote the *bordereau*. The only reason for any doubt about it is the fact that he has *said* he wrote it. This reminds me of a conversation I heard in 1849 in the house of a leading philanthropist in Boston, who was visited by two other Transcendental philanthropists to ask him to join in a petition for the pardon of Dr. Webster, convicted of the murder of Dr. Parkman. "But he has confessed he did it," was the objection raised. "Oh! but he is such a seasoned liar no one can be expected to believe a word he says," was the prompt answer. And so with Esterhazy. It requires corroborative evidence to believe anything he said, even a confession.

Once put on the track of discovery, Colonel Picquart compared the handwriting in the *bordereau* with that of Esterhazy. He was struck with the resemblance. Without saying whose handwriting it was, he showed it both to Bertillon and du Paty de Clam, and they agreed with him that the same hand that had written those extracts had penned the *bordereau*.

Then Picquart consulted the secret *dossier* to which he had access, as it was in his department in the Intelligence Office. He found in it much gossip, much that was irrelevant, and saw that the only incriminating documents it contained would apply as well to Esterhazy as to Dreyfus.

Meantime one of the morning papers in Paris published a *facsimile* of the *bordereau*. When this appeared, M. de Castro, the stock broker of Esterhazy, was struck by its resemblance to his handwriting, and communicated the fact to Matthieu Dreyfus, the prisoner's brother.

Though the *chose jugée* could not be rejudged, the verdict of a court-martial became null and void, if it were shown that the proceedings of that court had been illegal. Maître Demange, therefore, having ascertained that an im-

portant document bearing on the case had been secretly shown to the judges and not communicated to the prisoner or his counsel, encouraged Madame Dreyfus to petition for a revision of the trial. By this time General Billot was Minister of War, and although M. Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, convinced by the proofs laid before him that Dreyfus was entitled to a revision of his case, urged his views upon the new minister, the latter was unwilling to provoke discussion of the subject, and therefore made an official statement before the Chamber of Deputies that Dreyfus had been legally and justly tried and condemned.

Thus the War Office placed itself on record as against those who prayed for a revision of the trial. Colonel Picquart, who had shown that *trop de zèle* deprecated by Talleyrand in a subordinate, was removed from the Intelligence Department (where Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Henry succeeded him) and was banished to Tunis, secret orders being despatched to the commander there that he should be sent to a dangerous post in the frontier, where the Marquis de Mores had been recently murdered by the Arabs. Of other plots to discredit and ruin Colonel Picquart while he remained in Tunis, there is no space to speak here.

Neither is it necessary to tell of the trial and acquittal of Esterhazy, nor how the battle for and against revision of the trial of Dreyfus soon engrossed the whole of French politics, entered into family relations, and sundered friendships in private life.

Esterhazy had a story to tell of a veiled lady who summoned him to meet her at night upon a bridge where she delivered to him an important document bearing on the Dreyfus case, which he was to put into the hands of the Minister of War. The "veiled lady" was proved afterwards to be no other than du Paty de Clam. But we cannot here go into side issues of the story. It is at once melodrama and tragedy.

Next Émile Zola took a hand in the affair, and pub-

lished his celebrated letter in the *Aurore* newspaper, beginning every sentence with "*J'accuse.*" For this letter, which Mr. Dooley so amusingly parodied, he was cited to appear before a civil jury; but the War Office interfered, and insisted that the inquiry must be confined to the charges made by Zola in his letter; namely, that the finding, acquitting the accused in the Esterhazy trial, had been made according to order. Maître Labori, a hitherto obscure lawyer, was M. Zola's counsel. In spite of his zeal and great ability, so many obstacles were thrown in his way that his client was convicted of libel, but the sentence was subsequently quashed by the Court of Cassation.

A second time Zola was tried on almost the same charge, but the proceedings were so unfair to the accused that his counsel threw up his brief, and Zola was condemned by default to a year of imprisonment, and a fine of three thousand francs was imposed on him. He fled into Switzerland. His household effects were put up at public auction to pay the fine. The first article offered was a kitchen table, on which some one in the crowd at once bid four thousand francs, which paid the fine and charges. The saddest part of the affair to Zola was that when he fled in haste from Paris he had to abandon his little dog, which died of grief when deserted by its master.

The next scene in the drama was that early in July M. Cavaignac succeeded General Billot as Minister of War. Cavaignac has been always considered by his countrymen as *par éminence* a truthful, honest man; when, therefore, he made a speech in the Chamber of Deputies assuring the country that he had not a doubt of the guilt of Dreyfus, or of the honorable conduct of the court-martial that condemned him, the Deputies, by a vote of 572 to 2, ordered his speech to be printed and placarded in all the 36,000 communes in France.

In the course of his speech M. Cavaignac read correspondence between Schwartzkoppen, the German military attaché, and Panizzardi of the Italian Embassy, quoting

Dreyfus by name as the source from whom certain information had been obtained. These letters he had taken from the secret *dossier*. Maître Demange, three days later, published the fact that at the court-martial neither the prisoner nor his counsel had seen or heard of these letters, — neither had the judges, as we know now.

Six weeks later Cavaignac, conceiving doubts of the authenticity of the letters he had quoted, sent for Colonel Henry, who, under pressure, confessed that he had forged them; but he insisted that he had done so for the good of his country and for the sake of his superiors. He was sent to prison in Fort Valérien, and was there found the next day with his throat cut, a razor lying beside him. As prisoners are always searched before being committed to their cells, it seemed strange that he should have been in possession of a razor. The evening before he had been visited by an unknown officer. It was thought by those who believed him to have committed suicide that the act might have been prompted by a wish that his widow should receive a lieutenant-colonel's pension, as, having been born a peasant, he had little else to leave her. After this, Cavaignac quitted the War Office, and General Boisdeffre, who had recently returned all-glorious from representing France at the coronation of the Czar, resigned his place as Chief of the General Staff. Du Paty de Clam and Esterhazy were both retired from the army.

Next the Court of Cassation undertook to investigate the Dreyfus trial. General Zurlinden, who had succeeded Cavaignac as Minister of War, was a bitter anti-Dreyfusard, though an Alsatian. He resigned when the Court of Cassation decided to undertake revision. He was succeeded by General Chanoine, whose abrupt resignation filled every one with surprise. In the Chamber of Deputies he had stood up to defend his colleagues in the Cabinet, but suddenly turned and attacked his former friends. The explanation of this strange proceeding seems to be that General Chanoine had just heard that his son had organized and led a mutiny in Central Africa, and he found that

the Government was not disposed to show him any consideration.

Again Picquart was arrested, this time on a charge of having scratched out a name in the address on *le petit bleu*, and substituted that of Esterhazy. Esterhazy's name had indeed been scratched out and rewritten in different ink, but Picquart declared this had been done by an enemy, to manufacture evidence against him. Picquart was in court, about to be tried upon this charge, when a demand for him came from the War Office, which desired to try him by court-martial; but before he was handed over, Picquart stood up and asked leave to speak. "This evening, probably," he said, "I shall go to the Cherche Midi, and now will be the last time I can say a word in public. If there is found in my cell the rope of Lemer cier-Picard, or the razor of Henry, then I shall have been assassinated. Men like me do not commit suicide."

Lemer cier-Picard was a forger and a spy, employed sometimes by the War Office, through the agency of du Paty de Clam. In December, 1897, he had forged certain documents in the interest of Dreyfus, and offered them to M. Reinach, a friend of the Dreyfus family, who, suspecting their authenticity, refused to buy them. He then sold them to Rochefort, the most bitter of anti-Dreyfusards, who published them in his paper, with head-lines, to say that "they had been bought from the Syndicate of Treason, devoted to writing up false documents." A month later Lemer cier-Picard was found strangled in his own room, and the police for three days did not make his death public.

The inquiry into the legality of the methods of the original court-martial, and the demand for revision of the trial in case the proceedings had been unfair, came before the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation. Then M. de Quesnay de Beaurepaire, who was one of the judges, accused his colleagues of being prejudiced in favor of Dreyfus and the Jews. The result was that all the Chambers of the Court of Cassation were in March, 1899, ordered to investigate and publish their decision as to revision.

Up to this time, though all England and America were ringing with the name of Dreyfus, — a name that five years before not one man in one hundred thousand had ever heard, — Dreyfus himself remained utterly ignorant that any efforts had been made to serve him, or to restore his honor. His wife's letters were not allowed to tell him anything but news of herself and of their children. Not an echo from the disturbance created throughout the world by his unhappy history reached him in his place of imprisonment.

Devil's Island is a mass of piled up rocks, without trees or verdure to relieve the eye, a barren waste parched by a burning sun. Convicts were usually allowed to walk about the island, to cultivate a little patch of ground, if anything could be grown in the rugged space allowed them, and each man had to build for himself a little hut upon the spot assigned him. But these privileges were denied to Dreyfus, who was to be kept *au secret*, being one who might reveal what was damaging to his superiors; and when the subject of "revision" was agitating France, the rigors of his captivity, supported by the authority of M. Lebon, Minister for the Colonies, were greatly increased. The authorities excused themselves afterwards by saying that a strange ship had been seen hovering in the neighborhood, and they suspected some design to escape. False letters were addressed to Dreyfus on purpose that they might be seized and sent back to France as evidence against him, thus justifying the increase of cruel precautions by the authorities. The hut in which he lived had always been surrounded by a high paling, so that his only view was a little strip of sky. The hut and its surroundings joined a guard-house with a high tower looking out upon the sea, and commanding a view of every corner of the prisoner's plot of ground. When precautions were redoubled, he was chained day and night, a light was flashed upon him when asleep, in the hope that, awaking with a start, he might say something that could be turned against him.

When at the second court-martial at Rennes a report

was read of these cruelties, and of his sufferings in the Devil's Island, Dreyfus burst into tears. The document read was a report from the Minister of the Colonies to the Minister of War, giving extracts from letters of the Governor of French Guiana describing the dread the prisoner had expressed to the doctor when he feared he was losing his reason. There had been great hopes he would die before "revision." A coffin was sent from France with embalming materials, and orders were given to shoot him at the first sign of an alarm.

At the conclusion of the report read at Rennes M. Lebon asked leave to explain. He said, "I do not dispute the accuracy of the report, but it is partial. The doctor never made any communication to me on the subject; had he done so, I should have given orders to have the prisoner treated like other invalids."

Then the President of the Court, turning to Dreyfus, asked, "Have you anything to say in regard to the deposition?" "No, my colonel," was the reply; "I am here to defend my honor. I do not wish to speak here of the atrocious suffering, physical and moral, which for five years I—a Frenchman, and an innocent man—was subjected to on the Devil's Island."

When the Chamber of Deputies had received the report of the Court of Cassation in favor of revision, a second court-martial was appointed to be held at Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, and Dreyfus was summoned from Devil's Island. A government war steamer, the "Sfax," was sent to bring him home. He was in the position he had been in in October and November of 1894 before the first court-martial. He was an accused man not yet tried. He was kept *au secret* on board the "Sfax." His wife had sent him his uniform with its lace and stripes restored, but he refused to put it on. Maître Demange, his former counsel, sent him a copy of the proceedings before the Court of Cassation relating to "revision," which gave him the first idea that any effort had been made to ameliorate his fate, or to vindicate his honor.

At the same time the most cruel blow that had yet been dealt fell upon him. He was informed that his wife — his noble, his devoted wife — had been unfaithful to him ; that she did not wish for his return to France, and had an infant child.

He had all along wondered why, when it seemed to him so simple a thing to prove his innocence, no steps had been taken by his family. He knew nothing of conspiracy, nothing of the way in which the peace of France, to say nothing of the good name of many in high places, was complicated in his trial. He had felt confident that General de Boisdeffre would stand his friend and procure his vindication. He did not know that his brother Matthieu had spent half his fortune to that end, and that his faithful wife had exerted herself so nobly in his cause that all the civilized world looked on her with sympathy and admiration ; he did not know that Ministries had been upset to secure for him revision ; that the greatest novelist in France had for his sake gone into exile ; that officers had been cashiered for maintaining he was innocent ; that the Foreign Minister of Germany had publicly declared in the German Parliament that none of the agents of the Intelligence Department had ever, directly or indirectly, had any communication with Captain Dreyfus or received any communications from him, and that the Emperor William had supported this assertion on his word of honor as a sovereign, a soldier, and a gentleman. He was left to believe that the wife he loved, — to whom he had written loving letters, confiding in her affection, though surprised at what appeared to him her want of zeal, and her tardiness to deliver him from all that he was suffering, — had not only neglected him, but had disgraced and betrayed him. This lie would stand out as the most diabolical thing in history, were it not that a similar deception had been practised about the same time on a political prisoner in Italy.

On July 1, the "Sfax" came into port at Quiberon, a small seaport on the coast of Brittany. Dreyfus was landed from an open boat in a great storm of lightning, thunder, and

rain, and taken in a landau to Rennes, where thousands of people, journalists, soldiers, politicians, gendarmes, police, witnesses, curious spectators, and revolutionists were looking out for him. He was driven to the prison and there awaited trial. He had not known that another court-martial impended. He fancied that his case had been settled by the Court of Cassation, and that after some formalities he would be set at liberty.

The judges appointed were seven officers of artillery, his own branch of the service; and seven men of the French army never could have been placed in a more trying position. We must always remember in considering the Dreyfus case that the object of this trial was not to find out whether Dreyfus was guilty or not guilty, but to condemn or to vindicate the members of the General Staff, — some of the highest officers in the army; and that this was to be done by the judgment of subordinates, trained by lifelong military discipline to look up to them. The guilt or innocence of Dreyfus was a side issue in France. To us in England or America it seemed the one thing for which the court-martial had been assembled. But Frenchmen feared that on the issue of this trial depended the fate of their Republic, the tranquillity of France. What wonder that seven officers of the French army should have shrunk from responsibility? They were brave men, and I think they tried to do their duty.

Before noon on the day after the prisoner's arrival, Madame Dreyfus, after a separation of five years, was admitted to see her husband, in the presence, however, of an agent of the Government. All sympathetic hearts had thrilled with anticipations of this meeting, at the happiness of their reunion, and of hope revived. Alas! we were disappointed. The meeting was cold and formal. Dreyfus was still under the influence of the cruel false reports made to him on board the "*Sfax*," and Madame Dreyfus left the prison in tears. Later in the day Maître Demange, the prisoner's former counsel, was admitted to see him alone, and doubtless told him what all the rest of the world knew,

that Madame Dreyfus as a devoted wife was the heroine of the last decade of the nineteenth century.

The trial was held in the Hall of the Lycée at Rennes, and began at half-past six on the morning of Aug. 7, 1899. At the upper end of the hall, behind the seats of the judges, hung a black cross with the white figure of One whose trial eighteen hundred years before was that of an innocent man who had taken voluntarily upon him the nationality of a Jew, had been accused by false witnesses, hounded to death by those who feared the consequences of his acquittal, and concerning whom the testimony of false witnesses "agreed not together."

Great exertions were made by members of the press to secure tickets of admission. There were reporters from every civilized nation under heaven.

The seven artillery officers, with their President, Colonel Jouaust, whose name up to that time the public had never heard, took their seats. Then a small door opened, and two officers in artillery uniform came out of a side room. One was a white-haired man bald on the crown and temples. In his face was suffering and a strong effort at self-command, but there was also some surprise. Until that moment he had had no conception of the prominence with which he stood before the world, — he, a simple captain of artillery.

He answered to his name, "Alfred Dreyfus, thirty-nine years," in a voice so unnatural, so strained, so hoarse, that those who heard it realized that he had hardly spoken for almost five years.

The first three days were taken up by an examination in secret of the secret *dossier*, which contained six hundred documents, of which only about half a dozen had any bearing whatever on the case.

In the limited space that can here be devoted to this subject, it is impossible to go through the details of the trial. One of the first witnesses was ex-President Casimir-Périer, but what he said was no evidence in the case. It amounted to a complaint that he, who was Chief of the

State at the time of the first court-martial, had been told nothing about it.

Then General Mercier testified. He was the real prosecutor. He was more on trial than the prisoner, and the conviction of Dreyfus would be his own defence. At the close of his evidence he turned round in his chair and faced Dreyfus.

“‘If I had the least doubt of his guilt,’ he said, in his cold measured tones, ‘I should be the first to come to Captain Dreyfus, and to say to him that I was honestly mistaken.’”

“‘You should say that now!’ thundered the prisoner, in a voice which up to that time the court had heard only in muffled tones, but now it rang out loud and strong. With a cry that will forever haunt the memory of all who heard it in that crowded hall, Dreyfus sprang to his feet, his body bent forward, checked in mid-spring by the officer’s hand laid gently on his arm, his fist shaking in the air, his head and livid face craned forward at Mercier, his teeth bared as if thirsty for blood. . . . His cry was half shriek, half sob, — a cry of rage, part anguish, part despair; a cry for pity, too, with a thrill of hope. Henceforward all knew what he was, and what he had endured — was still enduring. In six words he told us all the story of the man on the Devil’s Island.

“When the echoes of the cry had passed away, came Mercier’s voice in a calm monotone, ‘I should be the first to repair my error. . . .’ ‘It *is* your duty!’ cried the prisoner. ‘But I say in all conscience,’ continued Mercier, ‘that my conviction of his guilt is as firm and unshakable as ever.’”

That day was Saturday, August 13. On Monday it was understood by all that Labori, the great cross-examiner, the junior counsel for the defence, was to take in hand General Mercier. It was likely to be the field day of the trial, for besides the cross-examination by Labori, Casimir-Périer had asked to be confronted with General Mercier, his former Minister of War.

A few minutes after six o’clock Labori and his wife (an Australian by birth) left the cottage they had hired on the outskirts of Rennes, and proceeded toward the courtroom. They were accompanied by Colonel Picquart and

another gentleman. Labori had with him the questions he had carefully prepared for the cross-examination of Mercier. Suddenly a man stepped from behind a fence, a shot was fired, and Labori fell. His wife had gone back to the house for her ticket of admission to the court, which she had left behind her. Wounded as he was, the great advocate had strength to put his arm across his breast, and to say to his two friends, "I beg you take my papers." In a few moments his wife was with him. He lay on the road with his head in her lap. Some laborers made a feeble effort to stop the would-be assassin, but most of those who saw the crime looked on with bewilderment and indifference. The man made his escape, and to this day, in spite of the vaunted intelligence of the French police, he has never been found.

After a few moments of consternation and despair, Madame Labori left her husband in the care of his male friends, and rushed herself to the court-house, calling for assistance, and for a doctor. The audience in the Hall of the Lycée had just assembled, when the President of the Press rushed through the crowd, and leaping on a table, cried: "A doctor! a doctor! Come quickly to a wounded man! It is Labori!" The day before he had been in court in full health, a man of magnificent stature, looking like a viking, — the right arm of the defence, the hope of Dreyfus.

It was thought the court would have been adjourned when the junior counsel for the prisoner had been stricken, but Colonel Jouaust, the President, decided to go on. The wish of the Government, and of all concerned, was to get through with the trial, and calm the excitement throughout France as soon as possible.

The confrontation of M. Casimir-Périer and General Mercier produced nothing; it was not what had been expected. It was mainly an explanation of why the ex-President had thought it right to resign.

Meantime Labori had been taken to his own home, where doctors, wife, and friends were day and night in

attendance on him. Bulletins were issued every few hours, and flew to all parts of the earth over the wires, while telegrams of condolence poured in.

Maître Demange cross-examined General Mercier, but although he confused him and damaged his evidence, there was not the rout there would have been had the assailant been Labori. Four ex-Ministers of War and an ex-President gave their witness on the same day, but nothing bearing on the case was elicited. All were there to talk about themselves.

"The only person," says Steevens, "who appeared to bear the Dreyfus case in mind was Dreyfus. From time to time he made protestations in a thick and colorless voice, — always protestations of innocence. After that one moment's explosion, the upheaval of a continent of passion, he had ribbed himself in his reserve again. He was again the automaton who could speak but one word, — innocent, innocent, innocent!"

The man who was to take upon himself the office of prosecutor against the prisoner, and counsel for the defence, as regarded the officers of the General Staff, was General Roget. The most important witnesses in the case, men who could have told something, might they have spoken, were Esterhazy, du Paty de Clam, Schwartzkoppen, and Panizzardi; none of these were allowed to give evidence. Esterhazy was safe in London, where he had acknowledged to an English journalist that he had written the *bordereau*. Du Paty de Clam, no longer an officer in the French army, declined to be confronted with other witnesses, and sent in a doctor's certificate, pleading that he was unable to appear.

Schwartzkoppen and Panizzardi were eager to give their testimony in court, and their sovereigns were quite willing to give them leave to testify; but the French Government decided that foreign testimony in the case was not to be heard.

On June 12, 1899, the Cabinet of M. Dupuy had resigned. It had always set its face against "revision" and

any opening of the Dreyfus case. A new Cabinet was formed ten days later by the President to undertake the difficult task of dealing with justice to Dreyfus, and steering at the same time the ship of state through a dangerous channel, where Scylla and Charybdis loomed on either side.

The new Cabinet had M. Waldeck-Rousseau for its premier. He had been one of the candidates for the office of President in the preceding February, and had given up his votes to secure the election of M. Loubet. He is an Alsatian, a man of great worth and probity; he was besides a friend of the Dreyfus family, but this made him very careful to avoid personal prejudice in dealing with the "affaire." M. Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, had held office in preceding Cabinets. It had fallen to his lot to recall Marchand from Fashoda, but he had secured in return great concessions from England in the matter of the French sphere of influence in Western Africa. But the most important Minister in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet was General the Marquis de Gallifet, the Minister of War. He was eminently at that moment the man for the place,—a place that menaced him with exceptional difficulties. He was a man of great vigor, ability, and courage. He had the confidence of the army. He was a known opponent of disorder and sedition. He had been accounted a Conservative, and was almost the only officer of the French army who chose to be known by his hereditary title; but no man ever more faithfully served his government than he at this crisis served the republic of France.

In a chapter of my volume upon France, which I have called "The Great Revenge," the acts for the suppression of the Commune, in which General de Gallifet took part, came under notice. I spoke of him more bitterly than I usually like to speak of public persons whose characters seem for a moment to be in my hands. I am sorry for this now; I consider him a man of exceptional zeal, prudence, tact, patriotism, and courage. His conduct in the

War Office while Minister of War seems to me worthy of our highest admiration. He came into office with the most bitter prejudices against him. He was saluted, not only by the mob, but in the Chamber of Deputies, with cries of "The assassin!" His belief in the innocence of Dreyfus was well known. But prudence demanded that he should take no part in his favor.

The public in France, and elsewhere, held its breath waiting to see how he would dare to deal with an army mutinous against the civil power, and backed apparently by a large part of the nation. He had been a splendid soldier, and the army admired him. He had been wounded in the abdomen in Mexico, and ever after wore a silver plate to keep his intestines in place.

The Minister for the Interior was M. Millerand, who was affiliated with the Socialists. Great was the amazement of the public when the composition of the Cabinet was announced, — De Gallifet and Millerand in partnership! How could they govern France together? All men predicted that such a Cabinet could not last long; but De Gallifet and Millerand had accepted their portfolios from motives of the purest patriotism. All members of the Cabinet were united on the question of securing justice for Dreyfus, while at the same time it was decided to do nothing that might assist in shaking down the form of government that to many men appeared in this crisis to totter. All honor to the men who for the sake of the tranquillity of their country did not shrink from accepting responsibility at such a time.

But we must return to the court-martial at Rennes. It would be most interesting to go through the evidence brought forth on succeeding days of the trial, but space will not permit this. Any one who would like to read a reporter's account of it, can do so in G. W. Steevens's "Tragedy of Dreyfus."¹

¹ I have used this freely, but I had also the reports printed day by day in an American paper, also many in the "Figaro" and London "Times." Besides pamphlets in French on the *affaire*, American

By far the most interesting witness and almost the only one who seems to have spoken to the point was Colonel Georges Picquart. He spoke for two days. The first day, Steevens tells us, for seven hours and a half. . . . "He went over the whole ground, from the secret documents to the latest fancies of Esterhazy, and seemed the only man who knew every foot of it. It was a masterpiece of reasoning, the intellectual triumph of the trial."

Among the witnesses was one Major Freystetter, who shortly before had served with distinction in Madagascar. He was a member of the court-martial in 1894, and testified that his conviction of the prisoner's guilt had been formed on the testimony of the expert, and on that of du Paty de Clam and Henry. Only he thought it right to add that he was somewhat influenced by four documents shown to the judges in their private room, all of which it had since been proved were forged or falsified. One was the "canaille de D . . ." document, in another the name Dreyfus had been inserted.

On August 28, twelve days after he was shot in the back, Maître Labori was in his place again. He was full of vivacity and vigor, though he had barely escaped death, and had just risen from a sick bed. Every one welcomed him. General Mercier got up from his seat, walked over, and shook his hand. Did he know who had fired the shot? Who can say?

When Labori resumed charge of the case, "the generals laid their heads together, the witnesses gave evidence with one eye on the court, the other on the cross-examiner. The very gendarmes seemed to wake up, and to follow the trial. The very soldiers of the guard outside bunched together, crept nearer, and peered into the hall. . . . At the end of that day Dreyfus turned, and for the second time shook hands with his advocate, and for the first time his stony face melted into a smile."

A good deal of evidence was brought by the prosecution readers may be referred to books by Conybeare, Hale, Barlow, and the letters of Dreyfus to his wife published by Harper.

concerning the daily habits of Dreyfus when in the office of the General Staff. When I read it, I smiled to think that almost the same things could have been said one hundred years before concerning a young Corsican officer in the French army, had any one had personal motives for fastening on him a false imputation of being a spy. He was a foreigner. He, too, was not popular with his comrades. He spent his time peering around, collecting all possible information with a view to his advancement. While other men amused themselves, he was always occupied in military affairs. He even went out in a boat in the dusk of a summer evening to draw plans of the fortifications of Toulon. Nay, had it been the interest of any one to make him out a traitor, who knows how much these circumstances might have told against him? He was a friend of the brother of Robespierre. Robespierre, as we know now, was in secret correspondence with Louis XVIII.; what hindered the young artillery officer from transmitting plans and information through Robespierre to the English and the émigrés? Napoleon, it is true, was not a Jew, but in after life he came very near proclaiming himself a Mohammedan. He needed money; Dreyfus had no temptation of that kind.

M. Bertillon, the expert in handwriting, produced his scheme of what he called "gabarits," to demonstrate thereby that Dreyfus had written the *bordereau*. But though he had easily convinced the court-martial of 1894, the court-martial of 1899 neither believed his theories nor attempted to understand them. There was plenty of counter-evidence.

At last, on September 8 came Maître Demange's powerful speech for the defence. It was to be followed by one presumably even more powerful from Labori, when suddenly the trial was closed by the government prosecutor, who said he had received orders from Paris that the case was to end. Though Demange's powers of oratory were not equal to those of Labori, his speech was admirable. Two of the judges were at one time moved to tears. "Not

one word did he say whereby the fiercest partisan against Dreyfus could be offended. He was there not to offend, but to persuade."

After a recess of an hour and a half the President of the Court, Colonel Jouaust, with much emotion, pronounced the verdict, "*Guilty*, by five votes to two." No one heard the concluding words he spoke, — "with extenuating circumstances."

"With extenuating circumstances," seemed ridiculous to sympathizers with Dreyfus in England and America. What extenuating circumstances could there be if Dreyfus had been guilty of treason? On the contrary there were aggravating circumstances; his treachery had brought the French Republic to the verge of ruin. We did not know that "with extenuating circumstances," is in French law equivalent to our "with recommendation to mercy."

Disheartened and indignant as we were at first by reason of the verdict, I cannot but think now that under the circumstances it was the best thing that could have been done. To pronounce Dreyfus not guilty would have been to bring in a verdict of guilty against his former judges, who had erred not from ignorance, but had deliberately withheld documents or falsified them. It would have set one half of France against the other. It would have roused the Nationalists, already dangerous, with the army and the clericals at their head. As it was, neither party triumphed. The Generals escaped a public trial. The so-called honor of the army was safe; and the liberation of Dreyfus ten days later by the President's pardon seemed to make matters right for the prisoner, restoring all that he had lost, save only his military honor; for all the earth now knows that Alfred Dreyfus is an honorable, much injured, innocent man. If he is truly a patriotic Frenchman, methinks he will resign without complaint the barren satisfaction of military rehabilitation, sacrificing his heart's desire to the tranquillity of his country. The six officers associated with Colonel Jouaust were Major de Bréon, Major Merle, Captain Parfait, Captain Beauvais, and two others.

No one knows how their vote stood, but it is believed that Colonel Jouaust was anxious that the verdict should be what it was, since the "extenuating circumstances" clause and the vote of 5 to 2 gave by law full power to the President to exercise his clemency.

It is said that Captain Beauvais publicly shook hands with Maître Demange after his speech, that Major Merle was seen in tears, and that De Bréon was seen in a church the night before in long and earnest prayer.

When the trial was at an end, France sank, as if exhausted with emotions, into what seemed almost a state of apathy, — the calm after a tempest. It was a relief even to anti-Dreyfusards when the President put forth his pardon. Frenchmen were thankful to be spared the expected revolution, and the trial had come to an end so unexpectedly that those who "stood by," watching their opportunity to overthrow the Government, had no time to make their preparations.

During the third week of September, ten days after the verdict had been rendered by the court-martial at Rennes, General the Marquis de Gallifet published an order to the corps commanders of the French army, and it was by them publicly read to the troops throughout France. It was also published in the "*Journal Officiel*," preceding the announcement of President Loubet's decree granting pardon to Dreyfus. In a preface to the order General de Gallifet calls attention to the fact that the health of Dreyfus had been seriously injured, and that he would not be able without danger to undergo further detention. He added that the Government "would not have met the wishes of a country desiring pacification if it had not hastened to efface all traces of the late painful conflict, and that President Loubet, by an act of lofty humanity, had given the first pledge of the work of appeasement which the good of the Republic seems to all men to demand." The order was as follows: —

The incident is closed. The military judges, enjoying the respect of all, have rendered their verdict with complete inde-

pendence. We all, without harboring afterthoughts, bend to their decision. We shall in the same manner accept the action that a feeling of profound pity has dictated to the President of the Republic. There can be no further question of reprisals of any kind. Hence, I repeat it, the incident is closed. I ask you, and if it were necessary I should command you, to forget the past, in order that you may think seriously of the future. With you, and all my comrades, I proclaim, *Vive l'Armée*, which belongs to no party, but to France alone.

GALLIFET.

When Dreyfus, waiting in a side room, was informed of the verdict by his counsel, Maître Demange, who was in tears, he wept at first, and said: "Take care of my wife. Tell her to take courage. Help her to bear this cruel, unmerited blow. I think of her, and my poor children. They will be branded as the children of a traitor. But I am innocent."

The verdict was a compromise, intended to save France from the horrors of revolution, and yet to open for the prisoner a door of escape. It was in itself the justification of Dreyfus, for if the five officers who voted against him had had any conscientious belief that he was guilty, how could they have found any extenuating circumstances in the case, and how have dared to let loose such a double-dyed traitor, who after ten or five years were out, might again disturb the peace of France? In truth, they all petitioned the Government for clemency. But their verdict was received throughout Europe and America with bitter indignation. The leading newspaper in Russia — the dearly prized ally of France — speaks thus of it: —

"They have sentenced a man whose sad fate it is to be the scapegoat for the crimes of the General Staff. Now that the stage has been cleared of its sham guilt, and that the generals, spies, judges, persecutors, and lawyers have left the scene, the audience will recognize with quivering hearts all the tawdriness of costumes and crudity of mechanism by means of which the French Republic sought to make us believe its *régime* perfect. . . . The trial has been a tragic comedy,

which may end with the booming of cannon under another leadership, and with the participation of other actors."

From the fulfilment of this prophecy, France was saved by the courage, prudence, tact, and patriotism of President Loubet and his Minister of War.

On September 19 Dreyfus received his pardon. I think the action of President Loubet may have been previously intimated to Madame Dreyfus, for she and Maître Labori had made their preparations. There had been much talk concerning the probability that Dreyfus would be assassinated on leaving his prison; it was therefore necessary to take great precautions, and to put the public on the wrong scent. Madame Dreyfus hired a cottage at Folkestone, and it is said she sent trunks marked with her name to Liverpool. But the destination determined on was Carpentras, a little town about twenty miles from Avignon, where Madame Valabrogne, sister of Dreyfus, and wife of a cloth merchant, had a villa.

At three o'clock on the morning of Thursday, September 20, Captain Dreyfus, after packing his trunk in prison, waited for M. Viguiet, Chief of the Secret Service, who was to see him safely on the train and as far as Nantes upon the way to Bordeaux. They left the prison in a cab, which they quitted, however, before they reached the railroad station. There Dreyfus, no longer a prisoner, was safely seated in a sleeping-car, under the care of his brother, Matthieu Dreyfus, his nephew, Paul Valabrogne, and a reporter from the "*Figaro*," who had obtained leave, somehow, to make the journey with him. What he tells of it I found very interesting, but I fear my extract will be a long one. To save space, however, I shall abridge the account occasionally.

"The train moves at 8.58 A.M. I am seated opposite to Captain Dreyfus. I am surprised at the effect he produces on me. I had expected to find him hard, mistrustful, gloomy, and bitter. I saw before me a man evidently much broken in health, with fine, regular features calm and mild in expression. The train

rolls onward. Matthieu Dreyfus looks at his brother with tender eyes. 'Well,' he asks, 'are you comfortable?' 'Oh! indeed I am very well,' was the reply. 'And you forget how I am enjoying the sense of freedom, for it is good to feel free, free, free; not to feel people everlastingly around you, spying on each movement, each gesture. That, mind you, is of all the most odious, insupportable thing. Oh! to have felt a spy's eye always on you for five years! Oh! it was horrible!'

" 'Don't tire yourself too much,' observed Matthieu, timidly.

" 'Let me speak,' replied the Captain. 'I feel the want of speaking. I have scarcely spoken for five years. Then, too, I feel so well, no fatigue, no pain, no excitement; probably tomorrow I shall suffer for it, but to-day I intend to do whatever I like.'

"The name of General Mercier was mentioned by chance.

" 'What impression,' I said, 'did his deposition make on you?'

" 'He is a malicious man,' Dreyfus said sharply, 'and a dishonest man, but I do not think he is conscious of the extent of the evil he has wrought. He is too intelligent for me to be able to say that he is unconscious of what he is doing, but if he is mentally conscious of it, he is morally unconscious. He is a man without moral sense.'

"As the train rushes on through a beautiful country, Captain Dreyfus says: 'How pretty this country is! Look at that little village, those chickens, the hens, the tall trees outlined by the mist. Think that for one whole year I saw only sky and sea; and during four years I saw only the sky,—a square of brilliant blue over my head, metallic, hard, and always the same, without a cloud. And when I came back to France—you know how it was—by night in the midst of a terrible storm, taken from a boat, driven in a carriage to prison. These are the first trees I have seen. How I should like,' he continued, 'to run about those meadows like a child and amuse myself with nothing. I am like a convalescent, coming back to life again.'

"He told us of the infinite sorrow he had felt for the death of Scheurer-Kestner, to whom in large part he owed his liberty. 'What fine characters,' he said, 'have displayed themselves in this affair! I think I have received more than five thousand letters since my return to France, without counting those that my wife has received. Oh! it has done me good. Even officers upon active service have written to me. One comrade wrote, "Glad at your return. Glad at your approaching rehabilitation." I suffered from those depositions in which men

came forward to say things which had no connection with the trial, but which they thought might injure me. I do not think it was out of malice to me, but it was done to please the chiefs. I never could bend myself to such discipline.'

"How do you explain the animosity against you since 1894?"

"I think the cause of it is rather complex," Dreyfus answered. 'In the first place, I was believed to be guilty. It could never have been suspected that they would have plunged so lightly into what they knew to be error. Then there was antisemitism in a latent state, and, lastly, my own behavior may have had something to do with it. My manner was too curt, as I now think, with my superiors. When I entered the General Staff, I paid no visit to any one. In my dealings with my chiefs I always retained my outspokenness and independence. If a plan or any piece of work seemed to me to be badly conceived, I did not hesitate to say so. I know superiors do not like that.'

"And what," I asked, 'do you think of Esterhazy?' He paused like a savant considering an hypothesis.

"I think he is a swindler,—a swindler always in want of money. That was his motive. A crime must have a motive, and that was wanting in my case. No one ever saw me touch a card. I was no gambler. It was said that in my student days I had led a fast life. How then could I have taken the ninth place on leaving the college? Don't people know what arduous work the examinations mean? How can work be carried on with dissipation? If a man is suspected to be a criminal, the first thing to be done is to find out the motive for his crime. Treason against his country is the greatest crime a man can commit. A murderer, a thief, may find some excuse. But treason has no extenuating circumstances; it is a crime against collectivity.'

"What effect did the verdict have upon you?" Sadly he answered, 'It was first of all anguish; then stupefaction; then very comforting when I learned that two officers had had the courage to declare me entirely innocent. I swear that those two brave officers were right.'

"What is exactly," said Matthieu, 'the climate over there, on Devil's Island?'

"One hundred and four to one hundred and twenty-three degrees by day, and never below seventy-seven at night," was the answer. 'That was the most exhausting thing about it, for one can bear heat by day, provided one breathes a little fresh air at night.'

“‘And you never knew anything of what was being done in France for you?’

“‘Never a word. Not a single word. From time to time the rigors were redoubled. I know now this was after speeches in the Chamber from the Ministers of War when they ascended the rostrum and declared I had been legally and justly condemned. I felt the effect of what they said through the medium of my jailers. They cut off my food, or my reading, or my work, or my walk, or the sight of the sea.’

“‘How did you succeed in warding off insanity in 1896 and 1897?’

“‘As I had resolved to live, I removed from my table the photographs of my wife and children, the sight of whom made me suffer, and weakened me. I no longer wished to see them, and I ended by regarding them only as symbols, without the human figures the sight of which unnerved me. I wanted to live for my wife and children and to preserve my energy, for’ . . . (and he repeated this several times) ‘when one has resolved to do one’s duty, one must keep on to the end.’

“Thus talking like a man awakened from a dream, Dreyfus proceeded on his journey.”

At Avignon he was met by a carriage from Carpentras, and by other members of his family. There the correspondent of the “*Figaro*” parted from him.

He visited him, however, the next day at Carpentras, — a place famous in history for having incurred the fierce wrath of the Convention, which gave orders that all the masons in its department should be called together to raze it to the ground. They likewise gave it a new name, that the old might be forever forgotten. It was by the position of postmaster at Carpentras that M. Thiers in the days of his prosperity endeavored to provide for the prodigal father whom he had never seen.

The house of Madame Valabrogne stood in the suburbs of the little city. The Captain’s brothers and sisters, with their wives, husbands, and children, were assembled on the porch. The parents of Madame Dreyfus had gone to Paris to bring the children. Madame Dreyfus was upstairs in attendance on her husband.

The correspondent asked if the sad story of their father’s

life during the five years he had been absent would be told the children. Those present thought not, but their father must decide. The little girl was hardly more than six, — she would probably not be told; but the little boy, who was eight, was a precocious and intelligent child, to whom it might be better it should be related.

Soon Dreyfus and his wife came down to see their visitor, who remarked in the faces of all the Dreyfus family (the Captain's included) genial kindness when they smiled.

"It seems to me," said Dreyfus, as he seated himself at ease in a wicker chair, "as if I were in a dream. The fact is, I am not sure. I feel I do not yet belong to myself, and I allow myself to be led like a child. I do not yet realize the little details of life."

He was asked when he had felt the first gleam of hope on the Devil's Island.

"On November 16th of last year," he said, "when I received the despatch from the Court of Cassation which read, 'Convict Dreyfus is informed that the Criminal Chamber has declared his demand for revision of his trial in 1894 admissible.' But I did not understand clearly what was meant. I regarded the despatch as a sort of acknowledgment of my numerous petitions. And yet hope reached me from that day. I began to feel that there might be a possible ending. Do you understand? Up to that time I could see no end."

And here a curtain falls on Dreyfus. We are left to believe him happy — *almost* happy — with his wife and children, enjoying earth and sky and the free air. But with a haunting wish to be something more than pardoned; that is to say, to be made an honorable man again in the sight of the French army, and of all the world. But that end has assuredly been attained, if not announced officially; and his children, to whatever parts of the earth they wander, will find all men do them honor when they hear their father's name.

CHAPTER V

PRESIDENT ÉMILE LOUBET

THE death of President Faure¹ was so very unexpected that there was no time to organize revolutionary plots concerning who should be his successor. Some persons have hinted that as M. Faure's views were believed to be in favor of a Plebiscitary Republic, he possibly had indulged in schemes to bring about this change in the Constitution, foreseeing that the chances were that he would be chosen for life as first Plebiscitary President. His somewhat sly scheme of sending Major Marchand across Africa to frustrate any designs formed by England in relation to the Soudan, miscarried shortly before his last illness, which was attributed by many to mental worry over the failure of his plans. Had they succeeded, he would have won such popularity in France that he might indeed have aspired to her highest reward. There were others who, fathoming this scheme, thought they saw in it a possible change of rulers, and in any alteration of the government of France beheld a chance to place the helm of State, not in the hands of M. Faure for life, but in those of an Orleanist, or a Bonapartist Pretender.

As it proved, the "Nationalists" had no time to do anything, — not even to rally their adherents or to issue proclamations. If the army could have been stimulated by intrigue into action, that chance was spoiled by the impatience and tomfoolery of M. Paul Déroulède.¹

¹ It pains me to cast slurs on M. Paul Déroulède. I had long admired him as a poet of the same school as M. François Coppée, and I translated into English verse, his charming little poem called "Le Sergent." The translation was published in "Lippincott's Magazine," December, 1881.

The Presidential election, Jan. 7, 1899, by the joint vote of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, assured the stability of the Republican form of government, and France entered, to all appearance, into a period of peace.

The following anecdote concerning the nomination of M. Loubet has been told in an article contributed to "Good Words" by Emily Crawford, whose reports from Rennes in the days of the Dreyfus court-martial we all read with deep interest in the summer and early autumn of 1889.

M. Clemenceau, as he was going to bed on the night before the Presidential election, received a visit from a friend who was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. "I am," he said, "much perplexed for whom I should vote to-morrow. Brisson [the Moderate Radical] having been defeated by Duchand for the presidency of the Chamber, has no chance. We must not risk letting Méline [the Reactionary] come in, whatever we do. It unfortunately happens that he has every chance, if we put forward a deputy." M. Clemenceau thought a moment, and the name, standing, and qualifications of M. Loubet flashed across his mind. "Let it be," he said, "Loubet. All Republicans worthy of the name can agree on Loubet. He is sound on the Dreyfus case from a conviction of innocence, but as he has not had occasion publicly to declare his opinions, he has not excited animosity; nor will he before the election takes place, which will be in a few hours. He has just the temper and mental complexion that are good for the office, and knows the ropes in both Chambers. Yes — let it be Loubet." The visitor asked Clemenceau whether the "Aurore" had gone to press; for if it had not, he would go at once to that journal, giving it the pith of M. Clemenceau's remarks. The latter said: "Try," and then wrote an article which ended in these words "*Mon candidat est Loubet.*" He laughed as he wrote them, because he himself was not one of the electors. It appeared the next morning. All the electors read it on their way to Versailles. Every one who wished the Dreyfus affair settled seemed mentally to repeat the words, "*Mon candidat est Loubet.*" And in the afternoon of the same day M. Loubet came back to PARIS President of the Republic.

In the mountains of the Cévennes (the old Protestant stronghold in the south of France) the name of *loubet*



PRESIDENT LOUBET.

is given to a shepherd dog of peculiar kindness and sagacity.

For five and thirty years M. Loubet was a lawyer, but a lawyer who would neither disavow nor strain an inconvenient truth. He retains something of the accent of his native province, the Drôme at the foot of the Alps; but his manners are courteous, those of an experienced man of the world, though the writer I have just quoted says, "He is primarily rather a citizen than a gentleman."

He began his public life by being Mayor of Montélimar, the chief town of his district; then he was Chairman of the County Council of the Drôme, then Senator for that Department, Minister of the Interior in 1892, and then President of the Senate. The Drôme, his own department, is devoted to him. In Montélimar, where besides being Mayor he carried on his law practice for thirty-five years, he has never ceased to be called simply Monsieur Émile, nor has his elevation made any difference in his friendly and affectionate relations with his fellow-townsmen.

He may not be a great man, but he has been admirable in all the relations of life, and has faithfully fulfilled all the duties that have been entrusted to him. His wife, who is now a grandmother, is still a handsome woman. "She has no ambition to shine as a fine lady, but takes her place among the great ones of the world with ease and dignity."

When M. Loubet found himself President, he wrote letters to middle-class friends and neighbors, saying he hoped his altered position would not lead them to imagine that there could be any change in their friendly relations with himself and with his family. These persons were all delighted with his elevation, but his mother could not be reconciled to his change of fortune. She was sure, good woman! — that it would not be for his happiness, and that it would interfere with his much-cherished visits to her at the old farm.

Some very pretty anecdotes have been circulated concerning the President's dutiful obedience to his mother. In the part of France where he was born and bred, mother-

worship is the strongest of all family ties, but in all the other relations of domestic life M. Loubet has been no less admirable. His taste is for rural life, life on the old homestead from which his destiny has exiled him. "What I long for, and mean to do," he said to one of his old friends at Montélimar, "when I quit the Élysée, is to go and end my days on the old farm."¹

The Comte de Paris, the heir of the royal house of Orleans, was born in 1838; and in the midst of the rejoicing over this event, Émile Loubet, who was to rule France in his stead, was born.

His father and mother were pious people and good Catholics, but not of the ultra-Clerical school. He is a brave man, brave morally and physically. His moral bravery he showed in the Dreyfus affair, when every man in office found it needed courage to act on his convictions if he had doubts concerning the court-martial of 1894. M. Faure had not dared to face the question of "revision;" he dreaded the danger; and the obloquy of giving presidential approval to a new trial was handed over to M. Loubet. Knowing as we now do the terrible agitation that was to be produced throughout the world, and throughout France, we may hesitate whether to attribute the timidity of M. Faure to patriotic prevision or to pusillanimity. The issue of the new trial would necessarily be either the condemnation of Dreyfus for delivering documents to the enemies of France, or his acquittal; in which case some of the chief generals in the beloved army of France were guilty of worse treachery. M. Faure shrank from sanctioning revision.

President Loubet's arrival in Paris from Versailles two days after the death of President Faure was the occasion of a demonstration on the part of the Parisian mob, led by MM. Déroulède, Rochefort, and Marcel Habert; in other words, by men who had played parts in the old Boulangist party, and were ready for any outbreak that

¹ It is situated not far from Marsanne whence Madame de Sevigné dated some of her letters.

would either upset or discourage the existing government. The crowd shouted "Panamaist!" for M. Loubet had been in a Cabinet, in 1892, which it was thought had tried to save France from public scandal by shielding leading men who were compromised in that unhappy affair.

Déroulède endeavored, but without success, to rouse the soldiers called out to welcome the new President, and induce them to march on the Élysée, but, much to his surprise, the action of the troops was restrained by General Roget, on whose sympathy and assistance he had relied. Whatever we may think of Roget when he volunteered to play the part of public prosecutor at the court-martial at Rennes, he was above all things a soldier. He knew his duty and the duty of the troops under his command in the face of a mob.

A few days later, President Loubet sent his first message to the Senate and Chamber; in it he said, "The rights which I possess under the Constitution I will not permit to be weakened in my hands."

These words strike the keynote of M. Loubet's policy, and of his character — which is *firm*. He has gray hair and a gray beard; some think he bears a strong resemblance to President Benjamin Harrison.

The "reptile" section of the Paris press at once assailed the new President with indecent vituperation. If he had been a notorious criminal, he could not have been more shamefully reviled. But through this storm of brutal threats and personal misrepresentation, M. Loubet went serenely on his way. M. Déroulède, the chief agitator, was put under arrest, and the League of Patriots, so powerful when Boulanger was its leader, in his hands made itself absurd.

M. Loubet did not at once change his ministers. The Cabinet of M. Charles Dupuy, though it was strongly Anti-Dreyfusard, remained in office until it resigned early in June, when the united Chambers of the Court of Cassation determined on "revision."

M. Loubet had made up his mind from the first that it

was time to draw the line between liberty and license, and to check the torrent of abuse and accusation which had swept over France for four years and left the reputation of few men in high office unassailed. Ranged against him were a large number of men, most of them without political convictions, whose only policy was that of overthrowing the government. These called themselves "Nationalists." They were the party of Boulanger bereft of their showy leader. This party had in its ranks Legitimists, Orleanists, the *jeunesse dorée* of society, Bonapartists, a section of the Socialists, Anarchists led by Rochefort, anti-Semites with Jules Guérin and Drumont for their leaders, Communards and Clericals, all, in short, who thought that change might in some way promote their private views or personal ambitions. But there was no cohesion in the miscellaneous groups of the Nationalist party. They needed a leader, and above all they needed the support of the army. For the latter, they bid high by supporting the generals in the Dreyfus case, and they lost their stake.

Among the various Pretenders to the French throne not one was fitted to become a popular idol. For a few days when Marchand reached Toulon from Fashoda, they had hopes of turning him into another Boulanger. But Major Marchand was an honorable soldier and an honest gentleman; he slipped quietly into private life out of their hands.

The Duke of Orleans (Philippe VII., as he calls himself) is the most prominent of the Pretenders. Louis Philippe's family of five sons and three daughters were men and women of distinguished merit, but their high qualities do not seem to have descended to the third generation. Witness Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Prince Henri of Orleans, and Philippe VII. The latter has courted popularity during the last two years by a proclamation put forth for what he would have called "the defence of the army," expressing the strongest views of an anti-Dreyfusard on the burning question of the day; and when a vulgar Parisian caricaturist in "*Le Rire*" took occasion from the early reverses of England in South Africa to make shameful caricatures of

the Queen, so dear to all her subjects, the Duke of Orleans forgetting the constant kindness shown in England to his exiled family, wrote a letter of congratulation to the man who had endeavored to hold the venerable lady up to scorn and ridicule.¹

He lost the sympathy and confidence of the leaders of the united Orleanist and Legitimist parties when, in 1896, he snubbed the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, who had long managed their affairs in France, by telling him that he knew better than he did the proper course for a king to pursue; and when he insulted the Royal Family of England and all Englishmen, by his public commendation of the caricaturist in "Le Rire," he lost the support and friendship of the Duc de Luynes, the richest nobleman in France, who had been his familiar friend and chamberlain.

When, in 1890, he broke the law of exile and appeared one day in Paris to demand, as a French citizen, to do duty as a French soldier, the *escapade* produced no effect whatever on the public, and though he was sent to prison and released a few months later, Frenchmen regarded his fortunes with indifference. Since then he has amused himself by playing the part of a sham king, publicly touching for the King's Evil, issuing court orders in the style of Louis XIV., etc.; instead of taking his exile with the dignified composure which earned respect and admiration for his uncles. But when France was agitated by the Dreyfus case, his "Nationalist" followers thought they saw a chance to promote him to be their nominal leader. His party was backed by the Clericals, in spite of the admonitions of the Pope; its chiefs counted on considerable support from officers of the army; they expected votes and sympathy from electors who were weary of the rule of lawyers, and from those who demanded a vigorous foreign policy for

¹ The Prince de Joinville, who died recently in Paris, expressed his deep displeasure at such ungrateful and ungentlemanly conduct on the part of his nephew. I remember when the Prince de Joinville was held by English people to be a fire-eater, the most conspicuous enemy of England in France or elsewhere.

France, which, though it must ruin her finances, might restore her national *prestige*.

Early in 1899 the Duke of Orleans took up his residence in Brussels, and then, for a month, he disappeared from public view. Meantime, while he still lived *en evidence* at Brussels, he appointed M. Buffet his agent-general to manage his affairs in Paris, and word was sent to leading Nationalists throughout France to hold themselves in readiness. Déroulède's insane attempt at riot was the first step taken; it was more an outburst of ill-feeling than a serious attempt at revolution, and its failure wrecked the whole plan. M. Déroulède and his coadjutor, M. Marcel Habert, were arraigned on a charge of inciting soldiers to insubordination. Their trial was itself of small importance, but it had a great deal of dramatic and sensational interest. Neither of the accused denied the charge. M. Déroulède seized the occasion to air, in the most jaunty fashion, his antagonism to the Government, and declared that what he desired for France was not a Monarchy, but a Plebiscitary Republic. All the defendants and their counsel made orations setting forth their own patriotism, and making bitter attacks on President Loubet. Déroulède, when called to order for his words, repeated them, and invited the judges to send him to prison. The jury, after being out twenty minutes, returned a verdict for acquittal, and M. Déroulède was left to enjoy his triumph. M. Yves Guyot wrote ironically of Déroulède in the "*Siècle*":

"Déroulède is admirable. A barrister's son who knows full well the tricks of pettifogging and who does not fail to make use of them, he knows that his *prestige* is founded on his making himself grotesque. He knows that it is not true in France that ridicule kills if one dares to be audaciously and cynically ridiculous. Ridicule is the best advertisement; it brings one into notice. A hundred serious actions are worth less than the astonishing hat and coat of a half-pay officer in 1815. Déroulède has thought out a new and special *rôle* — that of the puppet of patriotism. Some men consider the best way of serving their country is to do deeds that shall increase her glory, her reputation, or her wealth. Déroulède has

thought that true patriotism may consist in mounting every night on trestles in a ridiculous costume, uttering loud cries and making frantic gestures."

On Sunday, June 7, 1899, three days after the acquittal of this mountebank and his fellow-conspirator, President Loubet went to Auteuil to attend the races. The day was known as that of the Grand Prix. A hostile reception had been prepared for the President by the League of Patriots, the royalist section of the Nationalist party. No sooner was his carriage on the course than its occupants found themselves the objects of a riotous demonstration. In an attempt to defend the President, several policemen were severely hurt, and Count Cristiani struck the President over the head with his cane, crushing his hat over his eyes, but happily doing him no further injury. All over the race-course there were small fights between society men and the police, supported by "law and order" Republicans. There was great excitement; thirty arrests were made; and some of the fashionable clubhouses were closed on the plea that they were nests of conspiracy. The affair at that time went no further; the *Jeunesse Royaliste* waited for some future occasion, when they hoped to rally their forces round a prominent royalist general, or possibly some future King or Emperor.

In the following week the Dupuy Ministry resigned. It has never been precisely known why the Chamber of Deputies voted its downfall. M. Dupuy was Prime Minister in 1894, when Dreyfus was first accused, tried, and condemned, and many people thought, that foreseeing all the scandals that must be brought to light by a new trial, he was unwilling to take part in a revision which must result in probing the actions of the General Staff, and probably in the punishment and disgrace of many men in high places.

It was not easy to form a new Ministry. Leading men shrank from the tremendous responsibility of laying hands upon the helm of State in such a crisis. At last a Cabinet

of Concentration, as it was called, was formed of some of the best and most patriotic men of all the groups in the Republican party. It included M. Waldeck-Rousseau as Premier, M. Delcassé as Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Millerand, the Socialist leader who with Jaurès had taken the part of Dreyfus, and General de Gallifet, Minister of War. I have spoken of this Ministry in the Dreyfus chapter.

General de Gallifet began his rule in the War Office by reprimanding and disciplining a Colonel and a General, the former for having read an "order of the day" to his whole regiment quartered at Rennes, denouncing the Government in vile and bitter language for the part it was taking in securing a new trial for a traitor. Forthwith the offending Colonel was transferred to another department, and General Julliard, commanding the whole garrison at Rennes, retorted by another order of the day in which he declared that the offending Colonel enjoyed the full confidence of his superiors. General de Gallifet was not the man to pass over without punishment this direct attack on his authority. He removed, in the same week, General Zurlinden, Military Governor of Paris, an out-spoken anti-Dreyfusard, and struck terror into the high officers of the Army disposed to insubordination.

During the months of July, August, and September, France, and indeed all Europe and America, were in a feverish state of excitement about the Dreyfus trial. I have told of this already, but I have not told of two other strange excitements that during the court-martial at Rennes kept the Parisians in a state of restless anxiety.

On August 21 the Anarchists, "fighting for their own hand," attempted an *émeute*, independent of Royalists and the *jeunesse dorée*. Sebastian Faure (no relation of the late President) was their leader. After rioting in the streets and fighting cavalry and mounted police, they attacked churches in the poorer quarters of the city, and smashed their windows. Then they marched toward the Boulevard du Temple, where they forced an entrance into the Church

of St. Joseph. They hewed down the oak doors, and, bursting in, commenced a scene of pillage and sacrilege ; altars and statues were thrown down and broken, pictures were hacked in pieces, and stones were hurled at the Crucifix, — all this by an anti-Semitic mob ! At last it endeavored to set the Church on fire ; but the police arrived in time, and numbers of the rioters were arrested.

Meantime in the office of a newspaper, the “*Anti-Juif*,” 51 Rue Chabrol, M. Jules Guérin and his anti-Semitic assistants successfully resisted the police for six weeks. The military and police might easily have taken Fort Chabrol, as it was called, by storm, and killed its garrison ; but the general belief was that the Duke of Orleans, who had been missing from Brussels, was among its defenders. This idea was strengthened when the Archbishop of Paris paid a visit to M. Waldeck-Rousseau on Guérin’s behalf. Provisions, when they ran low, were surreptitiously introduced into the small two-storied house held by its anti-Semitic garrison.

The “*Matin*,” which professed to know the Duke of Orleans’s whereabouts, wrote thus concerning him : —

“ Far from the crowd, surrounded by devoted friends who are watching over him, he is waiting the decisive judgment¹ that will compel him, perhaps in spite of himself, to leave his mysterious retreat. When his hiding place is discovered, more than one will be surprised, and his lieges will not bear him any ill will for his obligatory silence.”

On September 20, the day that the pardon of Dreyfus was announced, Guérin and his garrison surrendered at half-past four in the morning. The Government had made preparations for a final assault that day, but Guérin decided to yield without bloodshed.

The Chief of Police and M. Millevoeye, a Socialist deputy, approached the door, and after some parley Guérin quietly surrendered. When his companions, who were clustered on a porch, offered to yield, the police, without

¹ The “decisive judgment” expected was probably the acquittal of Dreyfus, which would have been accepted as a signal for revolution. If so, France owes gratitude to the much-reviled judges at Rennes.

taking their names or making any investigation as to their persons, told them they were at liberty and could go where they pleased. A number of cabs and *fiacres* were in waiting, and they were driven off in different directions. There was no proof that the Duke of Orleans was among them, only his handbag was found in the Fort by the police when they took possession. The Duke soon after left Brussels for Turin, and apparently has given up all hopes of a revolution, at least until the Exposition is over.

At the time of the Guérin surrender, a state trial of twenty-two persons for conspiracy was going on at the Luxembourg. Among the accused was Déroulède on his second trial, together with members of the League of Patriots, of the Anti-Semitic League, of the Society of Anti-Semitic Youth, and of the Society called the *Jeunesse Royaliste*.

It may be well here to remark that anti-Semitic feeling in France has little (we may say nothing) to do with any religious feeling. It is directed against the Jews as capitalists, and all the charities of the Rothschilds and other prominent persons of their race, especially during the Siege of Paris, count for nothing in the struggle between capital and labor. As Louis Blanc wrote against the *bourgeoisie*, so politicians of his stamp write against the Jews.

The house of M. Buffet, the representative in Paris of the Duke of Orleans, had been searched, and papers found, some of which, though foolish in themselves, demonstrated that in the winter of 1898-99 an Orleanist conspiracy was being prepared in Paris. Documents were also found which proved that some very illustrious French General had been approached with the most brilliant offers, if he would undertake to play the part of General Monk, and that he had indignantly refused to turn traitor to the Republic. This greatly embarrassed the plans of the conspirators; they had counted, as a sure card, on the assistance of this General.

Déroulède during his trial never ceased to proclaim him-

self a Democrat (which in France means a Jacobin). But evidence was found that he had spent Orleanist money in getting up *émeutes* and rousing the mob.

"We do not believe," said the London "Daily News," "M. Déroulède's disclaimers of alliance with the Orleanists, or his asseverations that he is before all things a Democrat. He did not act alone, nor was M. Guérin his only confederate. Arrangements of this kind require money, and there is evidence that the money came from Orleanist sources. The Duke of Orleans, it will be observed, has quarrelled with his cousin Prince Henri over M. Arthur Meyer of the Gaulois. M. Meyer is an anti-Semitic politician of Semitic descent, or in the elegant language employed by the head of the House of Bourbon, he is 'an unclean Jew.' Prince Henri of Orleans, after having kissed Esterhazy, is naturally not particular in his choice of associates, and he thinks that as M. Meyer is on the right side he ought to be accepted and encouraged. That is no doubt the view that both Princes take of MM. Déroulède and Guérin."

After Philippe of Orleans, the Pretender who ranks next in order is Prince Victor Napoleon, son of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte (cousin of Emperor Napoleon III.) and of Princess Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel; but he had long been considered a person of too much tranquillity — some say stolidity — to take any active measures for securing an uneasy throne. Besides, he has made a morганatic marriage, which the Catholic Church would be unwilling to dissolve.

The hopes of the Bonapartist party in France, or rather we may say of the group of Bonapartists, have rested on his brother Louis, a Colonel of Artillery in the Russian service, to whom it was believed Prince Victor had resigned his pretensions to an imperial crown. But, in the first week of 1899, appeared in a French newspaper what professed to be an inspired article, forecasting his designs. "Indifference and apathy," he said, "have so weakened France, that, if necessary, I will not shrink from a *coup de force*," and he adds that his brother, who will soon be General Bonaparte, will "be found beside him on the day of action."

That day of action did not occur in the year 1899, but that the idea of it still slumbers in the mind of Prince Victor is proved by a letter he wrote to the Mayor of Ajaccio, in the last week of the same year, being the centenary of the First Napoleon's appointment as First Consul. "By this time," says the London "Spectator," "France has grown suspicious of Pretenders who covet her; . . . but in all respects Prince Victor has the advantage over his Orleanist rival, whose public appearances must be the despair of his well-wishers. The Duke of Orleans has neither reserve nor dignity, nor the faculty of intervening to any purpose. Prince Victor intervenes less often, and when he does so, it is in far better style and language." Speaking of late events he said, "The Flag must be above everything, but I do not admit that patriotism can be accepted as an excuse for committing a forgery."

His brother Louis, soon to be General Bonaparte, is a trained soldier, high in favor at St. Petersburg, and should the time come when Frenchmen find themselves willing to accept a sovereign from the hand of the Russian Czar, it may be fortunate that so unexceptionable a candidate is at hand. As for Prince Henri of Orleans, second son of the Duc de Chartres, and on his mother's side grandson of the Prince de Joinville, he is more like a typical Irish adventurer than like a prince of the blood royal. He has explored Thibet and Tonquin, and as a French traveller has received from a minister of the Republican Government the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Three years ago he went to Abyssinia, partly as a newspaper reporter, and partly on a self-imposed secret mission to induce King Menelik to put himself in opposition to any plans the English might form in connection with their successes on the Nile or in the Soudan. In this "well laid scheme" for attaining popularity in France, he was defeated by the superior diplomacy of the English envoy Mr. Rodd; but he got into a bitter quarrel with a gentleman of his suite with whom he had lived on terms of intimacy. He also greatly offended the Italians by remarks that he made in his char-

acter of correspondent upon Italian officers at the battle of Adowa. For these remarks several Italian officers challenged him; but as there is some etiquette in affairs of honor about an officer not of royal descent challenging one who has that advantage, the Count of Turin, second son of the ex-king of Spain, stepped forward and took the matter into his own hands. The Princes fought with swords near Paris, and Prince Henri received a severe wound. He has since made himself conspicuous wherever there was a crowd to cheer for Esterhazy, or to hurl insults at the Jews, at Picquart, or at Zola.

Déroulède availed himself of his second trial before the French Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice, to make another attack on President Loubet in presence of his judges. He denounced their Court as one of "injustice and infamy," declared the Senators to be "bandits and *des misérables*," and the President of the Republic "unworthy of France." For all this he was judged guilty of insulting the Court, and was sentenced to two years imprisonment, which will at least keep him out of mischief till the Exposition is over.

Of the policy of "pin-pricks," of the Fashoda affair, and consequent disputes with England, I will treat in another chapter. Since Jan. 1, 1900, affairs in France have gone on more quietly than might have been expected after the storms and tempests of the preceding year. But there have been strong hands at the helm, and the Ministry, which calls itself a cabinet for the defence of the Republic, has steered its course carefully for that end. The strongest hand has been that of General de Gallifet. He has dared to give preferment and promotion to Picquart, Freystätter, and other brave French officers who risked their chances in life to secure justice for an unfortunate comrade. He took the question of promotions in the army, which had been usurped by the General Staff, into his own hands; and in May, 1899, he issued an order not likely to be popular in the army, forbidding the use of such stimulants as absinthe, vermouth, and cognac, among French soldiers.

Since the days when I left Paris in 1848, a great change has passed over Frenchmen in the matter of intemperance. *Then*, even when the populace was roused into a revolutionary outbreak scarcely a drunken man was to be seen. French soldiers and French workmen drank only the wines of their country. Since then *apéritifs* have been introduced, pernicious spirits, which have filled prisons, mad-houses, and sanitariums with their victims. General de Gallifet was resolved not to have the army, which, with all his ability and courage, he was trying to reform and re-organize, affected by the sale of such liquors in camps or barracks. This order was issued early in May. In the last week of that month there was a Cabinet crisis. An official in the Intelligence Department, which had, however, been taken from the War Office and committed to the police, undertook to ascertain who had bribed Cernuschi, the Austrian revolutionist and adventurer who had appeared on the last day of the Dreyfus trial to give entangled hearsay evidence against the prisoner. The result of the inquiry was communicated to the Nationalists by Major Fritch, who when his abstraction of official papers came to the knowledge of the War Office, was dismissed from the General Staff. The matter was brought before the Chamber. The Premier, in his speech, spoke of Fritch as a "felon." For this he was accused of impugning "the honor of the army." A storm arose in the Chamber, in the midst of which General de Gallifet, instead of rising to speak, wrote a short note resigning his place in the Ministry, and left the Hall. He was seventy years of age; his heart was in bad condition; his physical powers impaired by his wound received in Mexico; and, to use his own words, he "could no longer stand up under his heavy duties and his emotions." Only by a strong effort of will had he kept himself from fainting in the Chamber.

In vain M. Delcassé, sent to him by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, urged him not to remove such a prop from the government. He would not revoke his resignation, but designated General André (who his detractors say is an associate of General

de Gallifet's friend Picquart) to succeed him as War Minister. General André's first acts were interpreted by the public as unfavorable to Dreyfus, but he has followed them by making a clean sweep of the officers in the General Staff. He is a younger man than De Gallifet, and had already given evidence of his determination to preserve discipline in the army.

The next week the Senate passed what was called the Amnesty Bill, intended to close the Dreyfus affair. Everybody implicated in it was amnestied; no further proceedings could be taken against them; Dreyfus, Mercier, Picquart, Esterhazy, Zola, Roget, Du Paty de Clam, and all the rest were safe from further trial. A motion was made to include Déroulède and his colleagues in this amnesty, but it was rejected. The bill is not satisfactory to the friends of Captain Dreyfus, who regret that he is barred from appealing against the sentence of the court-martial at Rennes, but it is probably the best step that could have been taken to promote the pacification of France.

In the elections for a new Chamber, the Government secured a large majority in the Provinces; while the Nationalists went wild with delight over their success in Paris, where their most fiery candidates were elected to seats in the Municipal Council. Thus it is once more Paris against France in the Provinces. To use a favorite French expression, when the Exposition is over, "we shall see what we shall see." Meanwhile the *bourgeoisie* by no means wish the Red Spectre to frighten away strangers. Says the London "Spectator":

"It is well to remember that the actions of France in times of emotion are governed by her brain, which is liable to periodic attacks which can hardly be distinguished from accessions of lunacy. The disease of France is, however, more like epilepsy, which produces occasional paralysis, but is found consistent with greatness of intellect and a long career."

There is one change that has come over a part of France during the last five years, that is beginning to be perceived

and commented on. Alsace and Lorraine have weakened in their attachment to France, and are appreciating the economic advantages which they have found under the stable government of Germany. Hitherto their interests had drawn them one way, their patriotic pride and their affections in the other direction. But the events of the last eighteen months have greatly changed these feelings. Here are parts of a letter written to the London "Times" by one who professes to know Lorraine and Alsace thoroughly; he can speak the language of the peasantry, and can hold such familiar intercourse with them as is impossible for a stranger.

"In 1890 I found popular feeling in Alsace, more particularly among the peasantry, still very French, adverse to and distrustful of Germany. Last year, to my surprise, I found this state of things entirely changed — strikingly reversed in fact, even in those that were reckoned 'French' districts, and among French-speaking people, with French traditions and French associations. They owned to a feeling of affection for France, *as they had known it*; they were glad to talk of old times; but they 'thanked their stars,' as they said, that they had become separated from their old country, and never in the world would they want to be re-united to it. Now for this revolution of feeling, no doubt the general unrest and unsteadiness of French politics, the lowering of political *morale*, the loss of head and of aim are largely responsible. 'We have a steady government now, which knows its own mind, and we have law and order,' — that was what I was told. However, unquestionably the Dreyfus prosecution stands for a great deal in this general estrangement of Alsatian sympathies. Alsations do not understand anti-Semitism; they have always been tolerant to Jews, have attracted them and favored them. . . . To the Alsations, Dreyfus is the Alsatian, the typical Alsatian whose family they know; a family that in 1870, from what it held to be loyalty and patriotism, elected to stay French, and left its native land. Yet their Alsatian nationality was used as a convenient pretext for making one of its sons a scapegoat under the sway of that peculiarly French delusion, *nous sommes trahis!* Thus the 'patriotic' Generals have once and for all estranged Alsatian feeling, and cut off from France the sympathies of those who at one time were her most devoted sons."

Part II

RUSSIA AND TURKEY

CHAPTER I. ALEXANDER III. NICHOLAS II.

“ II. RAILROADS AND WATERWAYS IN RUSSIA.

“ III. THE PEACE CONGRESS. THE BROTHER OF
THE CZAR. FINLAND.

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RUSSIA AND TURKEY

Part II

CHAPTER I

ALEXANDER III. NICHOLAS II

THE manuscript of my volume on "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century" was nearly completed in September, 1893. Alexander III. was then living, and with all the resources of his vast empire was conscientiously pursuing his policy of bringing all Russians to consider him not only their temporal ruler but their spiritual head. What Moses and Joshua accomplished for the children of Israel, Alexander III. set himself to effect for the people of Russia, sincerely considering himself an instrument in the hand of God for firmly establishing His True Church — *i.e.* the Holy Orthodox Greek Church of Russia, among all the Russian peoples.

In pursuance of this plan — his life's ideal — he endeavored throughout his reign to keep all power in his own hands, and to exercise absolute control over his ministers. It was a heavy task, and it killed the strong man in the prime of his manhood.

Alexander III. was consumed with a desire to fulfil his coronation oath and to do what he believed to be the will of God; and while giving him this credit (or rather, I should say, offering this excuse for many acts of his government), we may offer the same palliation for the career of the Sultan Abdul Hamid.

"Preserve me, O Lord, from the errors of wise men, yea, and of good men" was the prayer of good Archbishop

Leighton in the days of Charles II. Both Alexander and Abdul Hamid were what we call "good men." The domestic life of both of them was exemplary, both were courteous, both were capable of self-sacrifice, both always made a most favorable impression upon those admitted to personal intercourse with them. Abdul Hamid considered it his duty to God and to man to carry out the fundamental principle of the Koran, which is to give to unbelievers their choice, between "Islam, tribute, and the sword." But the teaching of the Koran includes another maxim, — "Give way when confronted by superior force," — therefore Greek Christianity in his dominions he could not, after the Russo-Turkish war, directly interfere with; but there remained in Asia Minor a floating population of Armenian Christians, with no nationality, no territorial boundaries, and no advocate with armies at his back. They were simply Turkish subjects whom a society of revolutionists called Huntchagists was eager to stir into rebellion, and whose relations with the Porte were the cause of perpetual, feeble, worrying remonstrances from the Christian Powers. If the old formula "Islam, tribute, or the sword" could be put in force against them, how much easier would be the course of the Turkish government! The Christian Powers were perpetually insisting on reforms which would subvert the very first principle of Islamism, that is, they were bent on securing *equality* for Christians in the Turkish Empire, and on putting the Infidel on a par with the dominant Mohammedan race; it was even insisted that opprobrious names should not be addressed to Christians. If ambassadors were to be listened to, and treaties were to be maintained, Mohammedan boys could not shout "Dog of a Christian!" in the streets without fear of the police and the Cadi.

Tribute to the Porte (the capitation tax laid upon Christians for exemption from military service and the mere right to live) was very hard to raise in remote Armenian villages; the resources of the inhabitants had been exhausted by the blackmail paid to their Aghas, *i. e.* chiefs

of the Kurds, by whom they were surrounded. There legally remained thenceforth for Armenians in Turkey only the choice between Islam and the sword; while in Russia, Alexander III., adopting the same policy, offered his un-Orthodox subjects (Jews, Lutherans, Stundists, Mennonites, and other non-conformists) submission to the National form of the Greek Church, or exile, or persecution.

"In all this," says a Russian writer, "he was well-meaning and conscientious, but like the apothecary who should dispense strychnine for sulphonal, his conscientiousness could not avail to save his victims; and the most kind-hearted of men became a cruel persecutor." Among the numerous measures decreed against the un-Orthodox in Russia was one that entailed especial hardship on a large number of respectable families; viz., the decision not to permit the employment of any but Orthodox Russians in positions of responsibility, especially upon railroads, where by superior education and intelligence a large proportion of Poles, and Germans from the Baltic Provinces, had been employed as inspectors, station-masters, conductors, engine-drivers, etc.

As the Government controlled the railroads, it drew the lines closer and closer, until these semi-aliens were all dismissed to make room for Orthodox Russians. One of the last roads on which this change was made, was that Smolensk Railway where a plot was discovered in 1894 to blow up the Czar's train.

"The discovery of this mine was a mere accident, but the inquiries that followed laid bare a deep-laid, carefully elaborated plot, in which the numerous conspirators were, without exception, Orthodox Russian officials, — the very men who owed their posts to the removal of the mistrusted Poles and Germans. The evidence of this fact was too clear to admit of doubt, and in one moment all the Czar's fondest illusions were rudely dispelled. The utter futility of the entire policy of his reign became manifest. . . . This was his death blow. Surgeons who made a post-mortem examination of his remains informed the world of the immediate physical causes of his death: but it was not within their province to speak of its moral causes.

To those, however, who had any opportunity of observing the Czar during the last months of his life, it was evident that he was suffering acutely from some heavy moral affliction. There can be no hesitation in attributing this moral suffering to the very painful disillusionment which ensued as the result of the discovery of the Smolensk plot, and of the circumstances connected with that nearly successful conspiracy.”¹

It must have been a pathetic sight when the honest man lay on his death-bed, pondering over the events of his life, and on the utter failure of deeds that he had done with the best intentions, but which he now suspected might, in the sight of Providence, have been wrong.

General Miliutin, his first Minister of War (who had been dismissed very early in his reign, together with the other liberal members of Loris Melikoff's Cabinet), he sent for, and conversed long and earnestly with him. It seems probable that had he lived there might have been a change of policy, both in internal administration and in foreign affairs. He also held long and intimate conversations with his son Nicholas, whom it was his most earnest wish to see married and settled before he died.

No Czar of Russia is completely Emperor until he has been crowned, and at his coronation he receives consecration as head “pope,” *i. e.* priest, of the Orthodox Holy Russian Church; and, according to Russian ecclesiastical law, every “pope” must be a married man.

The Czarevich, before his Eastern tour, when his father earnestly urged him to marry at once, was extremely opposed to the idea. His heart was sore at the time. He had been forced to part from his first love, and had suffered acutely from the renunciation. Soon after his return, at the marriage of his cousin Marie, at Gotha, to the heir presumptive of the King of Roumania, he met the Princess Alix of Hesse Darmstadt, his second cousin. She was the niece by marriage of his aunt, the Grand Duchess Marie, wife to the English Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha. This lady was an experienced matchmaker, and finding some

¹ “Blackwood's Magazine.”

impression had been made on the young Czarevich by the beauty, dignity, good sense, and intelligence of the Princess Alix, she did her best to throw the cousins together.

Alexander III., at the beginning of his illness, finding that some impression had been made upon his son by the charms and the behavior of this fair young princess, and that he was not inclined to choose for his wife the Princess Elena of Montenegro, who, being of the Orthodox faith, was by many considered to be the most suitable candidate for the position of Czarina, urged him to go to Darmstadt, and see the Princess Alix in her own home.

"It was probably with no light heart that the Russian heir apparent went to Darmstadt to seek the hand of the Princess Alix, but the personal charms of the princess, her dignified conduct, and the firmness with which she showed her determination to consult her conscience only, in the matter of the changes she could make in the form of her religion, are believed to have produced a powerful impression on the mind of her suitor, and to have rendered him really solicitous for the arrangement of the marriage. The betrothal took place at Darmstadt, and it was understood to be conditional on the final acceptance by the Princess Alix of the Orthodox faith. The next phase in the marriage arrangements was the summoning of the princess to the bedside of the dying Alexander. It must have been from every point of view a most trying situation for the bride elect, who, anxious to fulfil the wishes of the relations to whom she owed most, and moved by every feeling of sympathy to satisfy the desires of the dying Czar, was nevertheless dubious as to the possibility of accepting some of the points demanded in connection with the change in the form of her religion. Rarely has a conscientious mind been subjected to so cruel an ordeal. But the princess, through it all, won the admiration of those around her by her right-minded firmness, which never passed the limits of conscientious duty, and which was throughout accompanied by such evidence of a loving sympathetic nature as smoothed many difficulties and soothed many sorrows."¹

Alexander III., with his heart more at peace, as he contemplated the prospect before his son of a domestic life as happy as his own, whatever might be the burdens and per-

¹ "Blackwood's Magazine."

plexities to which he must succeed as Emperor, died peacefully at Livadia, whither he had been removed, because at some seasons the Eastern coast of the Crimea is highly esteemed by Russians as a resort for invalids.

The death of his father, and a sense of the responsibilities that weighed on him, seem to have produced at once a profound change in the young Czar. Up to that time he had been jovial and light-hearted; those around him now found him serious, reticent, and reserved.

Nicholas Alexandrovitch, who became Emperor of all the Russias, and of many countries besides, on Nov. 1, 1895, was twenty-six years old. His constitution was not very strong; he had not the robust frame of his father; but his character was such as to command respect, and his disposition was lovable. He had been brought up in the domestic circle at Gatchina, which closely united all the members of the Imperial family. "The Imperial family there lived more the life of a wealthy *bourgeois* than that of a rich nobleman." Alexander enforced for his boys a system of "hardening" which was too severe for children who had inherited the too delicate organization of their mother. Etiquette in Russia allows little to be published concerning the private life of its grand dukes or great nobles. We know, therefore, few particulars concerning the early years of the Emperor Nicholas. He had an English governess to whom he was much attached, and she made him familiar with Scott's novels, and with some of Dickens's works. He had also, as he grew older, an excellent and accomplished English tutor; but his father's wish was that he should, before all things, be educated as a Russian. When he was eighteen, General Bogdanovitch became his governor and preceptor. The superior knowledge and refined manners of this officer were calculated to make him very acceptable to his pupil; but he exercised his authority with great strictness, which induced a disposition to escape from his control.

Every year Alexander III. and his wife paid a visit to the Czarina's parents at Copenhagen. It was holiday-time

for the whole family, and greatly looked forward to by the boys.

When at last the Czarevich was permitted to mingle with the court circle, he was very desirous of removing an impression that his health was delicate, and one of the very few anecdotes told of his youth is, that at his first court ball he waltzed with a lady until she nearly fainted. When he handed her to her seat, he said: "Countess, forgive me for having so much fatigued you, but I wanted to prove that the Crown Prince of Russia has some vitality and strength."

Panslavism was at that time popular in Russia; but as it was not approved by the Emperor, and was not infrequently associated with ideas of conspiracy and nihilism, its adherents had to keep their views and their proceedings secret from the police and the Emperor.

Panslavism aimed at the federation of all Slavs into one great empire; Alexander III. aimed only at effectually Russifying the fourteen peoples, nations, and languages in his dominions.

By some means, leading Panslavists, whose object was not suspected, succeeded in placing round the person of the young prince men who tried to excite his sympathy for Panslavist aims. Before long the pseudo-omniscient reporters of foreign newspapers made known to the outside world that a great Nihilist conspiracy had been discovered, with which the Czarevich was in sympathy. It was all false; but the report must have been gall and wormwood to the Emperor, especially as about that time he received news that his son had fallen in love.

The object of his attachment was a ballet-dancer, a Jewess, a daughter of the race hated and persecuted by the Emperor. The young girl, it is said, was beautiful, virtuous, and intelligent. The Czarevich had been too strictly brought up, and was himself too virtuous, to offer her anything but marriage. He appealed to his father to let him do as the Grand Duke Constantine, the brother of Alexander I., had done when he married Janetta Grudzinska. He was willing, he said, to renounce his claim to the Imperial

crown, if he might have his father's sanction to his marriage, without which no "pope" in the Russian church could legally marry a member of the Imperial family. His father represented to him that such a concession would be impossible. He could not resign in favor of his brother George, who was consumptive; he must consent to give up his humble love, and marry for state reasons. It only remained to tear the lovers apart, and trust to the effect of time, distance, reflection, and separation.

The Czarevich was sent abroad. He was to make a tour in the East. An account of his journey was published afterwards by Prince Ouchtomsky, who, together with Prince George of Greece, accompanied him in his travels. The party met with little that differed from the usual experiences of globe-trotters, until it reached Japan. Concerning what befell them there, I must be permitted to give two extracts, one from a letter written by Prince George to his father, the King of Greece, the other from a charming book, "Letters written from Japan," by Mrs. Hugh Frazer,¹ sister of Mr. F. Marion Crawford.

The party had visited Kioto, the old capital of Japan, had spent the morning in an excursion to Otzu, had taken luncheon with the Prefect of the District in that little town, and, as ordinary wheel carriages were not possible in that part of the country, they started to return to Kioto in jinrikshas, through the crowded streets lined with policemen; for the Japanese Emperor had given to the Russian Legation a personal guarantee for the young Prince's safety, saying: "I take the personal responsibility of the Czarevich's visit. His person shall be as sacred as my own. I answer for his safety with my own honor."

Here is the account of what took place on May 11, 1891, as Prince George wrote it to his father: —

"We passed through a narrow street decorated with flags, and filled with crowds of people on both sides of the thorough-

¹ Mrs. Frazer was my god-daughter. Her mother was my dear and intimate friend.

fare. I was looking toward the left, when I suddenly heard something like a shriek in front of me, and saw a policeman hitting Nicky a blow on the head with his sword, which he held in both hands. Nicky jumped out of the jinriksha, and the man ran after him; Nicky with blood streaming down his face. When I saw this, I too jumped out with my stick in my hand, and ran after the man, who was about fifteen yards in front of me. Nicky ran into a shop, but came out immediately, which enabled the man to overtake him; but, I thank God, I was there in the same moment, and while the policeman still had his sword high in the air, I gave him a blow straight on the head, a blow so hard that he has probably never experienced a similar one before. He now turned against me, but fainted, and fell to the ground; then two of our jinriksha-pullers appeared on the scene, one got hold of his legs, while the other took up the sword which he had dropped in falling, and gave him a wound in the back of his head. It is God who placed me there at that moment, and gave me strength to deal that blow; for, had I been a little later, the policeman had perhaps cut off Nicky's head, and had my blow missed the assailant's head, he would have cut off mine. The whole thing happened so quickly that the others who were behind us had seen nothing of the whole affair. Nicky sat down; Dr. Plambach bandaged the wound as well as he could; and then, escorted by soldiers who had in the meantime been called, we drove him back to the Governor's house. A firmer bandage was put on, and we remained in the house about an hour and a half. I must say I admired Nicky's pluck. He did not faint a single time, nor did he lose his good spirits for a moment, and yet he had two large wounds in the head above the ear. The one wound was five centimetres long, the other six; and both had penetrated to the skull, but luckily no further."

The policeman who committed the outrage, Tsuda Sanzo, was an old sergeant major who had been decorated for good service, and was much trusted. He belonged to a class very bitter against foreigners, especially the Russians, whom they accused of having unjustly acquired Saghalien, though they had received it by treaty in exchange for the Kurile Islands. There had been insanity in the man's family, and this, under the stimulus of fanaticism, impelled him to the deed.

There had been the District Governor and other officials in the procession, also the Russian Ambassador and the Prince's Governor-General Bariatinsky. These insisted on running beside the Prince's jinriksha all the way, as he was taken back to the Governor's house at Kioto. As soon as the affair had taken place, the Ambassador, in wild anxiety, rushed to the Prince as he stood in the shop, and threw himself at his feet with a cry; but the Prince raised him quietly, saying, "Do not be anxious. It is only blood; I am not really hurt."

At the Russian embassy at Tokio, where preparations had been made for a grand reception for the Czarevich on the following day, the first news received by telegraph was, "Two deep wounds on head. Recovery impossible."

Mrs. Frazer, who went at once to the Legation, thus describes the scene she found there:—

"As yet no one knew whether a riot had taken place, whether the Ambassador who was with the Prince was hurt; but, to tell the truth, I do not believe those two poor loyal women, his wife and daughter, could have suffered more anguish of soul even had he been killed. I learned for the first time what loyalty meant; with what a passion of devotion the blood of some races leaps to the call, mad to be spilt for the sovereign and his family. My poor friends were utterly prostrated by the blow, which had fallen some two hours before I could reach them. They had wept till they could weep no more, and Vera S., a most charming and brilliant girl, was raging up and down the room, sobbing: 'O! our Prince! our Prince! God have mercy on our Prince!' I am certain that at that moment both mother and daughter would have gone to death joyfully and unhesitatingly, if, by so doing, they could have assured the Czarevich's life. . . . Meanwhile there was one person who could do nothing to help the poor young Prince or to punish his assailant. The valiant, gentle Empress forgot all the repressions of her up-bringing, all the superb calm, which, as due to her rank, she had shown in every circumstance of her life, and all that wretched night she walked up and down her room, weeping her heart out in a flood-tide of grief. They told me that all night the Empress had but one cry: 'The poor mother,' she wailed, 'she cannot see her boy! She will not believe he is safe!

Poor mother! How can I comfort you?' And she sent telegram after telegram to the Czarina, assuring her of the profound heart-broken sympathy with which she, the Empress, regarded her trouble, and promising that the Czarevich should be nursed and tended as if his mother were with him. . . . He behaved all through like a Prince and a gentleman. Not the slightest sign of rancor ever appeared in his voice or manner, and when, at his parents' command (it is said at his mother's entreaty), he gave up the rest of his Japanese tour, and was carried back on board his own ship to be nursed, he softened the act by every kind word that could possibly be used. Thanking the Emperor warmly for all his kindness, and saying how great a deprivation it was for him not to visit the imperial family at Tokio, because, 'for reasons of health, as he was still somewhat weak, it was considered better he should return to Russia at once. . . .' The public grief was profound and universal. The theatres were closed, the shops and markets abandoned. The Emperor had pledged his honor for the safety of the Prince; every reasonable precaution had been taken, but the insult and outrage that had befallen the Emperor's guest was felt to be a national dishonor. . . . Spontaneously the people thought what could they do to testify to the wounded Czarevich their sympathy and sorrow. From all parts of the country came presents, until every part of the Czarevich's ship was encumbered with gifts. Poor men walked days to bring their little offerings. Rich men sent precious heirlooms with messages of love and respect."

The wretched fanatic who dealt the blow is, I believe, still living.

"The Emperor sent word to the judges that he must be executed at once. The judges replied: 'Your Imperial Majesty may remember that you have recently granted a constitution, in which it is promised that criminals shall be judged and condemned only according to the laws that have been promulgated; in these laws such a case as this was not foreseen, and therefore we can only award to this man the punishment incurred by one who assaults and wounds any other person of any class whatever. We regret we cannot carry out your Majesty's wishes. Tsuda Sanzo will undergo a term of imprisonment.' 'Tsuda Sanzo shall be executed,' replied the indignant Emperor. 'Let it be seen to at once.' 'Then,' said the courageous judges, 'your Imperial Majesty will dispense with our poor services,

and find some one to carry out your august commands who has not taken the oath to administer the laws according to the constitution.' The Emperor felt that they were right, and it is said that he was pleased with them. Tsuda was condemned to ten years' imprisonment, but the Governor of the Province and the Chief of Police, who were held responsible for the Prince's safety, were dismissed and degraded."

The ship of war on which the Prince was nursed, landed him a month later at Vladivostok. There he laid the corner-stone of the Eastern Branch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Then he travelled homeward by river steamers and other conveyances, through the heart of Siberia, that great country of many climes, which had never before been visited by any member of the house of Romanoff, and where the indifference of the Czars had encouraged the neglect of the officials. The Siberians, though in language, race, and customs they are identical with European Russians, have acquired some slight differences, sufficient to have become the base of local pride, and they felt deeply this continued neglect by their government.

"At last a young prince destined to ascend the throne had come to visit Siberia, and he brought with him the promise of a great railway. The whole country was thrilled by the news, as it had been thirty years before, when Muravieff announced the first navigation of the Amoor. It is no exaggeration to say that never was the advent of a man hailed with such deep universal enthusiasm as the arrival of the young Czarevich in Siberia. Every town he passed through erected a triumphal arch. Cossacks crowded on the cliffs of the Amoor, to shout hurra! as his boat passed them. . . . Nicholas II. is the first Czar who has had the opportunity of realizing the vastness of his Empire, of acquainting himself with its real wants, and of understanding the true measure of his influence upon his people."

No intrusive reporter pushed his way into the imperial family circle and showed us with what feelings the parents welcomed home their son, who had gone through so much since they last saw him. The Czarevich began thenceforth to take part in official life. He was head of a committee appointed to provide relief during a great fam-

ine, and he took a prominent part in all that concerned the great railroads, both those that were being built and those that were only projected, throughout Russia; then too he had his private affairs to attend to. I have told already how he courted, and in the end won, the Princess Alix, the youngest daughter of the beloved and lamented Princess Alice of England and of Hesse Darmstadt, who died of diphtheria, caught when nursing her children. Another daughter, Princess Elizabeth, had married into the Russian imperial family. Her husband was the Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of Nicholas, and the marriage has not been thought to be a happy one.

The first utterance of the new Czar to his subjects was a manifesto issued immediately after his father's death. It said: —

“In this sad, but solemn hour, when we ascend the throne of our forefathers, the throne of the Russian Empire, and the Czardom of Poland, and Grand Dukedom of Finland, inseparably united therewith, we bear in mind the testament of our departed parent, and, penetrated with its counsel, we solemnly vow, in the presence of the Almighty, to keep always before us as the object of our life the peaceful progress, might, and glory of beloved Russia, and the happiness of all our faithful subjects. May Almighty God, whom it has pleased to call us to this great service, help us.”

When news of the accession of Nicholas II. reached the Kaiser, he was at Stettin, and spoke thus to the officers of his garrison: “Nicholas II. has ascended the throne of his forefathers, truly one of the most burdensome inheritances upon which a prince can enter. Let us join in the prayer that God may grant him strength to discharge the weighty duties on which he is entering.”

“‘The task of a Russian Emperor,’ said Prince Lobanoff to M. de Blowitz, ‘is a crushing one, far exceeding the strength of one man, however great may be his capacity for work, or his intelligence. Alexander III., with his loyal devotion to his duties, wished to accomplish his task — the whole of his task. He sometimes remained at his desk up to two or

three o'clock in the morning, and then fell upon his bed utterly worn out. He died in the flower of his age, entirely owing, I am convinced, to an excess of hard work.' "

Soon after the late Emperor's funeral, Princess Alix, after careful instruction from competent ecclesiastics high in the Orthodox Church, joined its communion, and received the name of Alexandra Feodorovna. As she could not, according to Russian law, add her foreign father's name to the new one she assumed, she, like all other princesses who have changed the form of their Christian faith, and adopted that of their Russian husbands, was placed under the especial protection of Saint Feodor, and assumed his name as her patronymic.

An unostentatious marriage took place soon after. Domestic events moved rapidly with the young couple. In one year Nicholas buried his father, married his wife, ascended his throne, and received into his arms his first-born. It was not, as of course all had hoped, a Czarevich — a son; but it was a daughter who received the name of Olga. She has since been followed by two sisters. It is said that Queen Victoria, who delights in planning marriages, watching at Balmoral the little Olga as she played with her second cousin, Prince Edward, son and heir to the Duke of York, expressed a wish that the attraction they seemed to have for each other in their babyhood might some day end in a love-match.

It is no secret that Queen Victoria considers the Czar Nicholas her favorite grandson since his marriage with the child of the daughter so early lost and so dearly loved. It is said, too, that the young Czar is strongly attached to the venerable lady who has adopted him as her grandson; and that on some occasions he has even said, in opposition to his ministers: "Grandmamma must not be annoyed."

On the birth of his first child, the Emperor proclaimed an amnesty — or in some cases the remittance of part of a severe sentence. This amnesty was for political and religious offenders, as well as for common criminals, all

persons of the first two classes, unless they had committed crimes against morality, were freely pardoned. It is said that in all 20,000 persons were relieved of ten years of their sentences or received pardons.

Beyond this, the new Czar has been in no hurry to make political changes. He has decidedly discouraged all aspirations for parliamentary government. He had probably pondered on the workings of that system when abruptly imposed on peoples too ignorant or too much influenced by demagogues to employ it to advantage. He may have looked to the disorders in the Reichsrath, where all difficulties are complicated by a diversity of races; at Italy, where the people of the ancient kingdom of the Two Sicilies systematically oppose in Parliament the sober better sense of those who come from Lombardy and Tuscany; he may even have reflected on the difficulties experienced by German statesmen in dealing with the Polish element in the Reichstag; or on the working of the Irish element in the British House of Commons. France, of course, may have presented him a striking object-lesson. I say nothing of the Congress of the United States, where the rule of the people through a parliamentary majority has not proved the good example to all nations it was expected to be by the framers of the constitution.

The young Czar, however, when addressing delegates from Finland, the Baltic Provinces, and Poland, gave them this encouragement: "Be assured I will make no difference on account of the religion you profess. My subjects are all equally dear to me." General Gourko, who had governed Poland with a stern hand, was superseded by a new Governor-General with instructions to pursue a more merciful policy. But the old General, whose services had been so great in war twenty years before, received military honors and promotion. A good understanding was entered into with the Pope, and some of the restrictions on the Jews were removed.

When his child was born, the Czar directed M. Probédonostzeff to countermand the policy of religious persecu-

tion carried on in the Baltic Provinces. As Procurator of the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church, Probédonostzeff accordingly addressed a document to the Minister of the Interior, declaring that the growth of the Orthodox Church and the assimilation of the western frontier population, having been accomplished in a satisfactory manner, extraordinary measures need no longer be taken by the authorities to help forward the work, and that the Minister of the Interior might, thenceforward, refrain from taking any such steps.

The Coronation of the Czar and Czarina was, by proclamation, fixed for the 26th of May. The ceremony, glittering, expensive, magnificent as it was, was not mere ceremony, but its religious character was deeply felt, not only by the chief persons in it, but by the whole Russian nation.

In "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century," I have given a full account of the Coronation of Alexander III. I will, therefore, not describe that of his son. That picturesque writer, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who was present, speaks thus of the crowd that in thousands and tens of thousands flooded the narrow streets of Moscow :

"There were ambassadors and governors of provinces, and all their wonderfully costumed suites ; bare-kneed Highlanders, and bare-kneed Servians ; Mongolians in wrappers of fur and green brocade with monster muffs for hats ; proud little Japanese soldiers in smart French uniforms ; Germans with spiked helmets ; English diplomats in tall hats and frock coats, as though they were in Piccadilly ; Italian officers with five-pointed stars on their collars and green eock's feathers in their patent leather sombreros ; Hungarian nobles in fur-trimmed satins, Maharajahs from the Punjab and Southern India, in tall turbans of silk ; and Masters of Ceremonies and dignitaries of the Russian court in golden uniforms and cocked hats with ostrich feathers. . . . And there were also several hundred crown princes, princesses, kings, governors, and aides-de-camp too numerous to make any impression on the people of Moscow."

One of the most brilliant personages in attendance was General de Boisdeffre, whom the world now knows too

well. France, in her enthusiasm for the Russian alliance, had voted a million francs that her republican representative might make up in magnificence what might be lacking in other ways.

"Horses and carriages, gobelin tapestries and magnificent liveries were sent from Paris. Almost all the other countries were represented by princes of the reigning families; but General de Boisdeffre, conspicuously magnificent, represented a gentleman who on occasions of ceremony wore a simple black dress-suit, a merchant who had made his own fortune, and was elected by votes to be for seven years the chief magistrate of his people."

But for President Faure, there could not have been the reverential feeling of the people who welcomed their Czar, who to them was the living representative of the Church on earth. No frantic Nihilist broke through the crowd, and, so far as could be seen, the precautions taken by the police were far less *en évidence* than they had been years before at the coronation of Alexander III.

In the procession, the crowd's enthusiasm was most evoked by the appearance of the Dowager Czarina, the mother of the Emperor, whose many deeds of clemency and kindness had made the people almost worship her. Says Mr. Davis: —

"The crowning and chrismation of the Czar was, to the rest of the world, a beautiful spectacle; but to the Russian, it was an affair of the most tremendous religious significance. How serious this point of view was, may be seen in an extract from the official explanation of the coronation. 'The Royal power in Russia, from the time that she was formed into an empire, forms the heart of the nation. All Russia prays for the Czar as for her father.'"

And as the ceremony proceeded, thousands in the streets knelt and lifted up their voices in unison with those within the walls of the Church of the Assumption.

The young Emperor himself was simply dressed in the uniform of a colonel, with his trousers stuck in his boots,

without orders or decorations. The most interesting moment to most spectators of the ceremony, was when the Czar was invested by his nearest of kin with his royal robes and all his various orders. Then came the same thing for the Czarina. Of all the women in the chapel, she had entered it the most simply clothed, —“and,” adds he who tells us this, “of all the women there she was the most beautiful.” With deep emotion she knelt before her husband, who, having placed the crown, handed to him by the Metropolitan, on his own head, lifted it and let it rest a moment on her brow, as she knelt in front of him, with her bare arms clasped before her.

Then all the princes, potentates, and dignitaries present advanced across the platform to offer their felicitations. All kissed the Czar upon the cheek, and the Czarina on the hand. The Duke of Connaught, England’s representative, being her uncle, was the only man who ventured to kiss her cheek.

When this was over, the still more solemn ceremony of the chrismation (or the anointing with consecrated oil) was reached, which made the Czar a priest and head of the Church in Russia; for this he passed from sight through a jewelled door. But before he entered it, the bells and cannon ceased, and there was profound stillness, as the young ruler knelt, “and in a clear, earnest voice,” says the Bishop of Peterborough, who was present, “prayed thus for himself:

“Lord God of our fathers and King of Kings, who hast created all things by Thy word, and by Thy wisdom hast made man that he should walk uprightly and rule rightly over Thy world, Thou hast chosen me as Czar and judge over Thy people. I acknowledge Thy unsearchable purpose toward me, and bow in thankfulness before Thy Majesty. Do Thou, my Lord and Governor, fit me for the work to which Thou hast sent me. Teach me, and guide me in this great service. May there be with Thee the wisdom that belongs to Thy Throne, send it from Thy holy Heaven that I may know what is well-pleasing in Thy sight, and what is right according to Thy commandments. May my heart be in Thy hand to accomplish all

that is to the profit of Thy people committed to my charge, and is to Thy glory; that so in the day of Thy Judgment I may give Thee an account of my stewardship without blame, through the grace and mercy of Thy Son who was once crucified for us; to Whom be all honor and glory with Thee and the Holy Ghost, the Giver of Life, for ever and ever."

The Czar was deeply affected, when he came forth again after the anointing; tears were streaming down his cheeks and beard. He bent and kissed the Empress, "like a man in a dream," says Mr. Davis, "as though during the brief space in which he had stood in the Holy of Holies, he had been face to face with the mysteries of another world."

Alas! after this day of many emotions came a sudden sorrow. The Czar and Czarina, anxious to testify their interest in their peasant people, had arranged that on an open space, usually intended for reviews, booths should be erected from which gifts should be distributed to 500,000 people. To each one was to be given a little basket containing a loaf of bread, a meat pie, a sweet pie, a bag of candies, and a brown mug, with the arms of the Emperor upon it. Unhappily, in the surging of the vast crowd, the barriers, which might have kept some order, were broken down. Those who were to distribute the gifts, bewildered and alarmed, flung them among the crowd to be scrambled for. Hundreds were trampled to death; thousands were wounded.

This was so sad a close to ceremonies that in all else had been so fortunate and so impressive, that those who have written an account of the Coronation have not liked to add this tragic incident as a postscript to their relation.

The Coronation is said to have cost twenty millions of dollars; nor was it money misspent, considering the effect it must have produced on foreign guests, and representatives from far and near of a hundred millions of Russian people.

In August, 1896, the Czar and Czarina started on a foreign tour. They visited their relations at Darmstadt, and they passed a few days with Queen Victoria, but far their most important visit was to France. The French people

went wild with excitement over the honor done them. The details of this visit I have told when I related events in the Presidency of M. Faure. It was followed by M. Faure's return visit, when the magic word "alliance" was officially pronounced.

Not long after, some alarm was created in Europe concerning the Czar's health. He had overworked himself.

"To fulfil all the duties of his station seems practically impossible to a conscientious man, save at the cost of premature physical exhaustion. This is the price his father paid. It is impossible for any man, however gifted with the power and the will to work, to centre in himself the entire government of such a country as Russia."

More and more, it seems as if the Czar had found it necessary to share his responsibilities with others. Autocrat as he may nominally be, his power and his will are often thwarted by old national traditions, by his ministers, who set their political experience against his views, and by public opinion, — more correctly public prejudice, — kept alive by journalism. Russians are not likely soon to forget the harm that England wrought them by her war in the Crimea; still less that she and Germany robbed them, by the Treaty of Berlin, of all, or nearly all, that their valor, blood, and treasure had gained for them in the Turkish war of 1877-78. England loves "fair play." I do not see how she can look back with complacency on the treaty of Berlin; and I think it is now acknowledged that if she did wrong, she has since reaped some bitter fruit from Lord Beaconsfield's brag bit of statesmanship and diplomacy.

CHAPTER II

RAILROADS AND WATERWAYS IN RUSSIA

THE effect of the homeward journey made by the Czarevich across Siberia was to interest him greatly in the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and may be said to have influenced the policy which has thus far marked his reign — a policy of expansion by quiet progress, rather than by slaughter. The possession of Constantinople and supremacy in the Mediterranean seems of far less importance to him than to his predecessors. The object of his government seems now to be to obtain naval stations, ports, and open water on the Pacific Ocean, the Arctic Ocean, and the Persian Gulf, with railroad and river communication leading to all of them. This, by developing the resources and commerce of the country, will compensate his people for their disappointment concerning the long delay in their possession of Constantinople, a question that we may hope will be postponed, though as long as it is left unsettled it may stick like a thorn in the side of European diplomacy.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad, when completed, will be the longest railway upon earth.¹ It has a five-foot gauge, like

¹ Will my readers forgive me for a personal reminiscence in this connection? I was just entering my teens when my father took me (then in London) to see the wonderful sight of a railroad train passing under a bridge near Regent's Park. A few years later, some time in the early forties, Mr. Bayard of Delaware came to London on a mission to interest capitalists in a scheme to carry a railroad across the American Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Knowing that my father was well acquainted with the managing partner in Coutts's Banking House, he confided to him his papers and asked him to draw the attention of the firm to the project. When my mother learned this, she remonstrated. "Indeed, Ralph, if I were you, I would not speak to Mr. Majoribanks on such a subject," she

all other railways in Russia. This gives breadth to the cars, and height, and ventilation. The comfort and even luxury of Russian first-class carriages amazes the traveller who visits the country for the first time. The bridges on the Trans-Siberian Railway are very many, for Siberia is the land of rivers and waterways. One bridge over the river Irtysh is four miles long. It is built of iron, with piers of great strength, designed especially to resist ice-pressure.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad, like almost all other railroads in Russia, is constructed and worked by the Government, which, as it has neither bondholders nor stockholders whose interests it must consult, is determined to spare no expense to make this great enterprise effective, for military, commercial, and emigration purposes. Already the road is creating a new Siberia. The Siberia of our school-days (at least of mine) was a barren waste, dreary, ice-bound, and remote from civilization, inhabited by a few savage tribes of Esquimaux, by officials made cruel by their personal banishment into such surroundings, and by miserable political exiles, too far separated from civilization to be able to form any reasonable plans for escape.

In "*Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century*,"¹ I have given some account of how the beauty of the Siberian steppes surprised and delighted Mr. Kennan, when he crossed the Ural Mountains; here are the impressions of a later traveller: —

"I had heard much of the beauty of the steppes in early summer, but I found them more wonderful than I can ever describe. Only a few days after the snow had melted, the flowers arrived in astonishing profusion. Lilies came first, small flowers of intense crimson stretching like pools of blood as far as the eye could see; to these succeeded a yellow flower also a

said. "He will think you the dupe of one of those wild-cat schemes for raising money that we read of in the Western States." "Well, my dear, I think so myself," he answered. "I will give the papers back to Mr. Bayard, and tell him that the thing he is here to advocate is too wild to be feasible." — E. W. L.

¹ Cf. Chapter xiii. p. 360.

bulb (a tulip, I think). At midsummer the forget-me-not turns the steppes vivid blue, challenging the azure of the skies. In August come the berries, principally raspberries and *morushka*, which last resembles a little yellow mulberry, but grows upon a trailing vine. Bears are gluttonously fond of raspberries and *morushka*."

But for some months in every year these beautiful steppes have to endure an Arctic winter. Vladivostok, for instance, which is in the same latitude as Nice, is ice-bound, and has to suffer life for weeks at a time with the thermometer steadily some degrees below zero.

Genghiz Khan, in the Middle Ages, had, like the present Czar of Russia, an empire that was both European and Asiatic, but his Asiatic Empire was in *Central Asia*, acquired swiftly, and by the sword.

In his time, and long after it, traffic from China and the East to Europe, was regularly carried on through Central Asia. When the Mongol Empire lost its sway, the country became disorganized; petty chieftains, at feud among themselves, made the roads too dangerous for caravans or travellers. Now, after six centuries, highroads for trade are again opened, and the products of the East flow into Europe by means of the Trans-Siberian and Trans-Caspian Railroads.

Siberia was first made known, as it were, to Russia by the energy and enterprise of a peasant known in history by the name of Yermak. This man had begun life as a laborer and boatman on the Volga; then he became a river-pirate and an outlaw. Forced to flee from justice, he did so with a band of fellow-ruffians who looked upon him as their leader, and to whom he gave the name of Cossacks. They took refuge with a Russian nobleman living on the frontier not far from the Ural Mountains, who was not at that time on good terms with the Czar of Muscovy. This personage, wishing to get rid of Yermak and his Cossacks, suggested that they should follow the example of certain merchants from Nijni-Novgorod, who had at one time pushed far into the northeast, where

they did profitable trading with the natives for rich furs. This advice the Cossacks and their leader followed. After a while it seemed to Yermak desirable to make his peace with the Czar, who was at that time Ivan the Terrible. He sent an embassy to Moscow, richly clad in sables, bearing a tribute of priceless furs to Ivan, whose country at that time (1581) was hardly known in Europe even by name. Ivan was propitiated; he pardoned the ex-pirate, admitted him to favor, and from time to time sent him scanty reinforcements. Yermak then pushed farther and farther into the newly discovered country, bearing generally toward the northeast, where he could best hope to obtain furs. He fought various tribes of Tartars, occupied their camps, and took their cities; but his chief adversary was an old blind chief, a noted warrior, whom he drove from Siber, the capital of his dominions, and utterly despoiled.

At last while Yermak was making a reconnaissance with a few followers, he was overtaken by darkness and a thunderstorm. Together with his men, he lay down in a wood near a river bank, and all fell asleep while waiting for the dawn. The enemy crept in among them, and all were killed except Yermak. He managed to gain the river where he knew a boat was fastened, but in attempting to reach out for it he fell into the stream, and sank, being overweighted with some magnificent inlaid armor.

Subsequently, this armor was recovered, and it is now preserved in a Russian museum, as has been recently said.

“When we remember that Siberia is a huge region, whose geographical features make it the natural continuation of European Russia, and that it was inhabited only by a sparse population of barbaric tribes without strength or cohesion, we can see that from the day the Cossacks crossed the Urals (a barrier less formidable than the Alleghanies) Russian expansion to the Pacific was as obvious and inevitable as was our own from an opposite direction. The only real difficulties to be encountered were those of climate, wilderness, and huge distances. In overcoming these, the Russian pioneers showed a splendid courage and endurance that compare well with the history of exploration anywhere. . . . Beginning with the story

of the famous expedition of Yermak in 1581, the destruction of the Tartar kingdom of Siber, and the foundation of Tobolsk, we have a story of rapid advance. In little over half a century the whole continent was traversed and the Pacific reached; twelve years later, Behring's Sea was discovered by Deschnew; in 1651 Irkutsk was founded; in 1697 Kamtchatka was conquered by Atlassoff with some seventy Cossacks; then followed the occupation of Alaska, with an attempt, in 1807, to found a settlement at the north of the Columbia River; and in 1812 we find a colony of Russian trappers not far from the future site of San Francisco."

This is about the sum of the very scanty knowledge the civilized world had of Siberia, unless it read harrowing tales of the sufferings of political exiles banished there, until the second decade of the nineteenth century, when Muravieff, in the reign of Alexander I., conceived the idea of making the great river Amoor, which empties into the Pacific, one of Russia's waterways to the sea. He met with much opposition from the Czar's great Minister Nesselrode, who was apprehensive that he might involve his country in a war with distant China; but he persevered. He had a band of enterprising assistants; and, little by little, in spite of obstacles, physical and political, his object was attained. The Amoor became the dividing line between Siberia and China. This great river, flowing east, then southeast, forms the north and northeast boundaries of the Chinese province of Manchuria, the home of the reigning Tartar dynasty in China. It then turns to the northeast, and flows through the province of Amoor, or Russian Manchuria, into the Gulf of Tartary or Saghalien. Its principal affluent, the Argun, separates Chinese Manchuria from the Russian province of Transbaikalia. Russia, having acquired a strip of coast line east of Manchuria, built the seaport of Vladivostok. The first plan of the Trans-Siberian Railroad was to make Vladivostok its eastern terminus, and at that spot the Czarevich inaugurated the great railway in 1891. But subsequently, when, in 1898, Russia leased Port Arthur, at the south end of the Liao-tung Peninsula, it became evident that the harbor at that place would be a far better terminus

for the great railroad than the more northern naval station of Vladivostok.

China, in recompense for the intervention of Russia in her war with Japan, permitted the Trans-Siberian Railroad to bring its line through her province of Manchuria.

Manchuria is a wonderfully fertile country, abounding in mines, and inhabited by an industrious agricultural population. From Manchuria proceeded wave after wave of those conquering Tartars who, in the seventeenth century, after the destruction of the Mogul Empire, gained complete control in China, at first over the hill-men, and then over those on the settled plains, ending by establishing their authority over the whole Empire, and putting the present Manchu dynasty upon the throne.

In 1846, the first Russian steamer entered the mouth of the Amoor. A steamer had already, in 1843, navigated the Obi, though in winter it could not reach the Arctic Ocean; in 1863, the Yenisei was navigated.

The world does not realize the amount of Russian river-navigation. Russia pays far more attention to her rivers than we do to ours in the United States. By last accounts, the tonnage of Russian river-steamers and other river-craft was one-third more than that of all the rest of the world.

Siberians have always maintained that in the summer months their Arctic Seas were navigable. Sidoroff, the naval coadjutor of Muravieff, became acquainted with Nordenskjold, and inspired him with the idea that communication with the plains of Siberia by means of the Arctic Ocean and the rivers would open a great field for commercial enterprise. In 1878, Nordenskjold started in the "Vega," which had almost reached Behring's Straits when stopped by ice. This would not have happened had not the "Vega" lingered on the way to make explorations.

During the Crimean War in 1856, English and French warships attacked the Forts of Vladivostok, but met with loss and disappointment.

It was a great event for Siberia when the Czarevich, after inaugurating the Siberian Railroad at Vladivostok, started

on his homeward journey across the country, the door of which Yermak and his Cossacks had thrown open in the days of Ivan the Terrible. The future will probably show that this journey was one of the most auspicious events in modern history. The Siberians thoroughly recognized its probable consequences.

The check received by Russia at the outcome of the Crimean War caused her, after the death of Nicholas I., to turn her attention to the needs and capabilities of a territory far larger than the United States: — to the cultivation of its lands, exposed to a rigorous climate in the winter months; to its rich mines, including those of the precious metals; and, above all, to the utilization of modern means of transport to carry its productions to an unfrozen sea.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad is not yet in full operation in Western Siberia. It is stopped at Irkutsk by the difficulty of crossing Lake Baikal, or of getting round it. Even to Irkutsk, passenger trains at present run irregularly, apparently on no time-table, and with intervals sometimes of more than a week. But construction trains are constantly moving, and work is being carried on as rapidly as possible.

Safety is especially aimed at in the management of a Russian railway.

“Each train and the track are protected by a perfect army of guards. The road is divided into sections of a verst each, a verst being about two-thirds of a mile. Every section is marked by a neat cottage, the home of the guard and his family. Night and day the guard, or one of his household, must patrol the section. A train is never out of sight of these guards.”

All this applies to the railroad in Western Siberia, as far (or nearly as far) as Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal. Beyond that the line is still under construction, and the difficulties of the road north to Vladivostok, or south through Manchuria to Port Arthur, are most appalling, especially to Russian engineers, who object to tunnelling. It may be many years before fast trains can be run all along this line; but then the dream of the constructors may be

realized of fifteen days from Vladivostok to Moscow, seven to London, and twenty-two from Vladivostok to New York. It is estimated that the total cost of the Trans-Siberian Railroad will be about three hundred million roubles (\$180,000,000). The estimated annual revenue from Siberia is six million roubles; the annual expense of the country to the government is twenty million roubles. The young Czar has not hesitated to make sacrifices on behalf of the vast portion of his empire which so early interested him.

From Vladivostok westward, four hundred and eighty-six miles only is finished, and the far eastern portion of the line has, in addition to engineering difficulties, been greatly hampered by the scarcity of labor.¹

"In 1893 the Government decided to import a number of convicts from Saghalien, and set them to work. A gang of three thousand were, therefore, placed under charge of a small number of Cossacks in barracks especially built for them, on the outskirts of Vladivostok. The scheme at first seemed to work well, for the men were well paid, and enjoyed almost complete liberty. Six months, however, had hardly elapsed when crime became so frequent in Vladivostok that it was unsafe to venture into the streets at night, and the inhabitants began to remonstrate against the presence among them of cut-throats and thieves. After the robbery and murder of a young French naval officer, in broad daylight, in one of the principal streets of the town, an indignation meeting was held, and the convicts were sent back to Saghalien. Since then the work has been carried on entirely by soldiers, Koreans, and Chinese."

In "Russia and Turkey" I pointed out that the old popular idea that all convicts in Siberia are political exiles.

¹ Though the work on this railroad is not nearly finished, passengers may now travel by it from the west of Europe to the east of Asia. "In 1899 the Trans-Siberian trunk from the Lake Baikal to Sryetensk (693 miles) opened on December 28, thus completing, for the present, the great enterprise begun in 1891, and establishing uninterrupted steam communication between Western Europe, St. Petersburg, and the extreme eastern limits of the Russian Empire on the Pacific coast, the trains being transported across Lake Baikal on an ice-breaking ferry boat." — "*The Statesman's Year-Book*," 1900.

was a great mistake, and since the accession of the new sovereign (and indeed in the latter years of his predecessor), great changes have been made in the convict system, especially in the matter of transportation. Some convicts are now sent on prison ships from Odessa, to which place they are brought by river or by rail, from all parts of Russia. Male and female convicts are despatched in different ships. The voyage is a long one, through the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean to the Pacific. The convicts are landed at Vladivostok, and are thence transported to Saghalien, — the long island north of Japan, which is now a penal settlement.

Political prisoners were not commonly imprisoned at Saghalien. When accused of crime in connection with conspiracy, they are sent to the silver mines. According to Mr. Bookwalter, who visited them at the mines and was allowed freely to converse with them, they made little complaint of their food or of their treatment, but expressed great disgust at having to pass their nights in a sleeping ward with all kinds of horrible and ferocious criminals. During the present reign, it is forbidden for any official to flog or even to strike a female prisoner. Up to that time, horrible stories concerning the cruel treatment of ladies had been published in European and American papers.¹

Mr. Harry de Windt and Mr. Bookwalter visited Siberia and its prisons in 1896 and 1898. Both have done their best "to set down naught in malice," and indeed they saw little unnecessary severity shown to political exiles.

Possibly their view of what they saw may be a trifle tinged with rose-color. An anecdote or two culled from their pages may give better ideas on the subject than what I could report at second hand.

At Nagasaki, where the "Yaroslav," a Russian prison ship (built in Scotland), touched on her way from Odessa to Vladivostok, Mr. de Windt was permitted to go on board as a passenger. The "Yaroslav" carried eight hundred

¹ A recent decree, put forth since this manuscript was sent to press, has abolished exile to Siberia.

prisoners, and there had been but one death on the voyage from Odessa, though the health of many prisoners, through the long voyage in the tropics, had been impaired.

"On reaching Vladivostok where the prisoners were to be landed, the men were drawn up in batches of one hundred, and formally handed over to the Governor of the prison. It was a strange sight, although, notwithstanding the dramatic surroundings, and the incessant clank of chains, one would hardly describe it as a sad one. There were some haggard faces, of course, chiefly among the young or very aged men; but the majority affected, even if they did not feel, a callous indifference to their surroundings that surprised me. Some even laughed and joked with Ivanoff (the first lieutenant who had had especial charge of the human cargo), as he moved in and out of the ranks, comparing identification papers, and restoring money that had been left in his charge. All had large bundles, and nearly every man a tea-kettle; while many carried boxes of cigarettes and packets of tobacco. . . . I had for some time been watching the busy scene from the upper deck, when a telegram was handed to Ivanoff, which he rapidly read, and handed to the prison official at his side. A short consultation ensued, after which a name was called out, and answered to by an old man of venerable appearance, who had, up till now, worn a very dejected air, and kept aloof from his companions. Amid breathless silence, the message was then read aloud, and I was not surprised, at its conclusion, to see the poor old fellow fall upon the deck, clasp Ivanoff round the knees, and burst into tears; for the telegram was from St. Petersburg to announce that he had been granted a free pardon. It says much for human nature that throughout that crowd of villanous faces there was scarcely one that did not express satisfaction, and even pleasure, at the news, which was received by a ringing cheer that no one attempted to suppress, but which even some of the guards who were standing by joined in. As the barge was slowly moving off, I saw the old fellow, who had flung away his bundle and his kettle, standing bare-headed at our gangway, with nervous fingers twisting into a dirty paper a few kopecks (all his worldly wealth) which he threw down to his late comrades, and which was caught by a dozen eager hands. 'Good-bye, brothers,' he cried, 'this is for good luck!' And as a response came faintly over the water, 'Good luck to you at home,' a flood of tears overcame him, and he was led away, sobbing like a child, to pleasanter quarters by Ivanoff."

Here is another anecdote taken from the experiences of Mr. Bookwalter, an American : —

“ On my way to Tomsk there were among the passengers on the train a man and wife, both of them respectable in appearance and accomplished. Although having the liberty of the train, their movements seemed under restraint, and an official was always hovering conveniently near. In a few days I learned that the man was on his way to Tomsk to serve out a ten years’ banishment. He was formerly a teller in a large bank in St. Petersburg, which failed disastrously, and he had improperly used some of its funds. Having been found guilty, after a searching trial lasting over two years, he was banished to Siberia for a term of ten years. While he will be allowed his liberty in that city, he will not be permitted, during that time, to go beyond its precincts. The governor of the province can, at his discretion, transport him at any time to the most remote and obscure corner of his government; and he will not be allowed to engage in any business whatever. After the completion of his term of banishment, he will never be permitted to visit St. Petersburg, Moscow, or any other large city, seaport, or frontier town of the empire, and his subsequent engagement in business will depend wholly upon the decision of the authorities. The other officials of this unfortunate bank, some fifteen in number, comprising among them many men of great wealth and highest social position, were, in virtue of their more important official relation to the bank, adjudged more highly culpable. They were banished to various points in Siberia for a term of eighteen years.”

Pecuniary crime seems to be severely punished in Russia. Subsequently Mr. Bookwalter met with the case of a rich hotel-keeper, banished for ten years for cheating at a gaming-table.

A convict sentenced for life passes eight years in chains. If sentenced for twenty years, four are passed in chains, and so on, according to a graduated scale. Misconduct in prison, of course, entails additional punishment, and some convicts are chained day and night to a wheelbarrow.

The Czar’s project of abandoning the system of exiling convicts to Siberia has been accomplished. It may be doubted whether confinement in Russian prisons is an ex-

change to be desired by prisoners for the comparative freedom, fresh air, and other advantages enjoyed in late years by the superior class of Russian criminals, the horrors of the journey having been in large part done away. But above all things the Czar is desirous to build up a flourishing Russian dependency in Siberia, and the infusion of a large criminal class into its population was a measure justly resented by its inhabitants; as was the case in Australia when the colony began to rise in importance and prosperity.

Besides the Trans-Siberian and the Trans-Caspian Railroads (of the latter I have told something in "*Russia and Turkey*"), many other railroad lines and branch railroads are projected in Russia. One in Southwestern Siberia, of more than a thousand miles in length, is to tap a country of extent equal to the combined Middle and Western States of our own land. That country is east of the Caspian Sea. Its petroleum, from the oil wells of Baku, is of especial commercial value. Even now, in spite of the difficulties of transportation, involving trans-shipment several times, great quantities of grain and other produce besides petroleum are forwarded by rivers and canals from this remote region of Central Asia to ports on the Black Sea.

There is a plan to connect the Volga and the Don by a deep and broad canal; the Volga runs into the Caspian, the Don into the Sea of Azov, a branch of the Black Sea. Numerous steamers ply constantly on all the great rivers of Siberia, though when winter sets in they cannot reach a river's mouth within the Arctic Circle; but they keep up traffic and intercourse between towns in part of their course when the water is unfrozen.

The Government has a military railroad from the Caspian to Samarkand on which no one is allowed to travel without an especial permit from St. Petersburg. Its engineers, generals, and other officials are all soldiers.

Mr. Bookwalter repeatedly notes how much American machinery he observed along his route; both in Northern and Southern Siberia, American productions seemed to be

sought for. On the train upon the military railroad on which he travelled by especial permission of the Government, he found one hundred peasant families, emigrating to the extreme eastern part of Turkestan. They travelled at the expense of the Government, and on reaching their destination, each adult was to receive a grant of land, and each family one hundred roubles (about \$60).

There is now a new city of Merv, no longer the old one that poor Captain Burnaby reached on horseback, on his adventurous ride, and a railroad runs from it almost to Herat. This railroad is a terror to those Englishmen who continue to persuade themselves that Russia's objective point is India. Herat has been considered by all conquerors the entrance gate of that land; but it is far more probable that Russia designs, through the good understanding she now maintains with Persia, to possess herself of a port on the Persian Gulf.

In 1892, England loaned money to Persia, taking over, in requital, the customs duties received at various ports in the Province of Fars upon the Persian Gulf. In 1899, Persia secured a new loan from the Loan Bank at Teheran; but it is understood that behind this private institution stands the Russian Government, as it does behind the Russo-Chinese Bank at Peking. Of course this new relation between Persia and Russia, together with the present restlessness of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who is threatening to strike for better wages (having at present a subsidy from England of only £700,000 a year), awakens the nervous apprehension of Englishmen regarding the designs of Russia. If they could but believe that Russia's present policy is one of internal improvement, and such expansion as will give her outlets to the open ocean! Apart from political complications the economical development of Persia can but be welcomed by the civilized world. It has especial importance in view of the great German Bagdad Railroad, at present under construction. The twentieth century may see Western Asia criss-crossed by steel rails, civilization and development following the steel lines. It

was by post-roads that Darius established his great empire in those very lands two thousand five hundred years ago.

In connection with the plans and policy of Russia and her desire to secure outlets to the open seas, I must say a few words concerning the great ice-breaking steamship, built in February, 1899, which, in all her trials, has proved a most wonderful success. With her, officers of the Russian navy predict not only ports kept open all the year in the Baltic, Arctic Ocean, and White Sea ; but future Arctic and Antarctic explorations, and the discovery of the North and South Poles. The "*Ermak*" is as yet the only vessel of her class, but other ice-breakers on the same plan are being constructed. She has already broken her way through two hundred miles of ice in an eternally frozen sea. She is built strong enough, it is said, to break through any ice in existence, and her construction is so strong that in no struggle with the ice is it likely she will ever break amidships. No ordinary accident could send her to the bottom. Her total driving strength is ten thousand horse-power.

The first idea of her construction was taken from the ice-breakers in use on our Great Lakes ; but the idea has been expanded and improved upon. She is to carry nothing but her crew and passengers. She charges the ice, and throws it up on each side of her like billows.

She was built at Newcastle-on-Tyne in the ship-yards of Sir William Armstrong. She was launched in February, 1899, and received the name of "*Ermak*" — a variation on *Yermak*, the Cossack adventurer whose history I have already told. As soon as she was afloat, she was sent to encounter the winter ice in the Gulf of Bothnia, at a season when no commander in his senses would have risked his vessel there. On this voyage, and subsequently on an experimental trip into the Arctic Ocean, she made her way through ice that rose eighteen feet above the surface of the water, and extended to a depth of nine fathoms beneath it.

With such vessels to cut a track for exploration, or for commerce, what may not be accomplished in the century upon the verge of which we stand?

"Russia has the longest coast line of any country in the world. But the greater part of this coast lies along the Arctic Ocean, and there is only one month in the year when ships can have a reasonable assurance of reaching the northern ports, a number of which are of the first importance. For the other eleven-twelfths of the year they are closed by the ice, which attains a thickness of from eight to ten feet, and is sometimes heaped in hummocks twenty feet in height. Even in the Baltic, the part that leads to the commercial gateway of the capital is closed for five months of every year by the intense cold. The cold converts the surface of the Gulf of Finland, and a good portion of the larger sea, into an expanse of solid ice that sometimes extends two hundred miles from land. If a ship is caught in this, it means either a delay that destroys her profits, or, more probably, her destruction."¹

¹ "McClure's Magazine," April, 1900.

CHAPTER III

THE PEACE CONGRESS. THE BROTHER OF THE CZAR.

FINLAND

NO doubt can be thrown on the sincerity of the young Czar's desire for peace. All who have been in contact with him are convinced that he feels deeply the responsibilities of his position. From his earliest infancy his father had impressed on him the horrors of war. Alexander III., when he was Czarevich, was placed in command of an army corps in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. Then he conceived a horror of slaughter, rapine, and all the other dreadful things that cannot but accompany the march of an army, even when the combatants are civilized and Christian men. "How glorious it must be to see a victory!" said a thoughtless society woman to the Duke of Wellington. "Ah! madam," he answered, "I know nothing so terrible, except a defeat."

It was thought when the suggestion for a Congress of Peace was put forth by the ruler of Russia, whose military ambition was apprehended by all Europe, that Nicholas had adroitly taken the wind out of the sails of the Kaiser; for it was rumored that that dramatic personage had had it in contemplation to proclaim, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," when he should stand at Jerusalem, upon sacred soil, during his projected journey to the Holy Land.

It is by no means possible, however, for a Czar of Russia to guide things according to his own will, unless that will be in accordance with the policy and traditions of his political advisers. Alexander III.'s autocratic pursu-

ance of a system of persecuting the un-Orthodox among his subjects, was backed and encouraged by his Cabinet and the Procurator of the Holy Synod ; and in the present instance the benevolent peace-making policy of the ruler of a vast nation whose designs are mistrusted by all Europe, was accepted and promoted by those about him, who were thinking, not of the good of mankind, or of Europe, but of Russia alone. Russia needs peace, and, if possible, a good understanding with the rest of Europe, to carry out her policy of internal improvements, and to open pathways to unfrozen seas. What may come hereafter, when these aspirations shall have been realized? Will Russia be a menace to all Europe? or will she still offer peace to the surrounding nations on condition of their letting her alone to fulfil her "manifest destiny"? I detest attempts to peer into the future.

The Peace Congress held at the Hague in the summer of 1899, when one of the Powers who sent delegates to it was at war in the Philippines, another on the verge of war in South Africa, did very little to promote its object. It passed some resolutions calculated to mitigate the horrors of war, especially in connection with the work of the Red Cross ; but how little influence this has had on would-be combatants, we see by recent events, when the assistants for the Chicago Red Cross Ambulance Corps, despatched to succor the Boer wounded, had no sooner set foot on the Transvaal, than they tore off their red badges and proclaimed themselves Irish patriots who, having secured free passage to the seat of war, were anxious not to lose a chance of taking part in another battle of Fontenoy.

Signor di Nigra, an Italian delegate to the Congress, said at the time, "There are three saints, Saint Peace, Saint Patience, and Saint Charity ; but there is no hope of meeting the first of these until you have made the acquaintance of the two others."

"The Czar's yearning after disarmament may be used by others for a different end," said the London "Spectator," com-

menting on an interview with him, published in a French paper, "but so far as the Czar himself is concerned, it is absolutely genuine. His position among the sovereigns of Europe is precisely that of the Psalmist, 'I labor for peace, but when I speak to them thereof, they make them ready for battle.'"

The Czar had his own plan for peace, but it was not, I think, presented to the Congress, certainly it was never acted upon.

It was, in brief, to conduct international disputes very much as causes of quarrel are settled among gentlemen, by seconds who desire to hold back their principals, when there is reason to apprehend a duel.¹

"Men," said the "Spectator," "who conceive themselves insulted, do not come to blows at the first sight of one another. They appoint seconds, and these seconds meet and go into the particulars of the quarrel. If they cannot prevent the duel by these means, they sometimes refer the matter to a third person. It is only in the last resort that they actually fight. This is just what the Czar wishes to see done when a quarrel arises between nations."

The Czar was greatly disappointed when he found that the Peace Congress had been treated by the world in general with great indifference, that there was no practical result from its proceedings, and that it had failed to rouse the world's enthusiasm for the cause of peace.

About this time, too, a domestic sorrow fell on the Imperial household. The Czar's next brother, George, heir presumptive to the throne, and therefore called the Czarevich, had all his life been in bad health. He had passed much time at various resorts for invalids, had made a voyage round the world, and spent one winter in Algeria. At length he went to Abas-Tuman in the Caucasus, a place

¹ My father used to say that seconds ought always to be chosen from military or naval men; because civilians would be more likely to dread compromising their principals by suggesting or accepting terms of accommodation. He said his long experience had taught him that very few duels took place, if the seconds were well chosen.

strongly recommended by his physicians for its salubrious air. There he inhabited a house covered with vines, in the midst of scenery not only beautiful but magnificent.

As a boy, he had been accounted the most gentle and docile of his family. Although not particularly brilliant, he had the art of winning the love of all those around him. In his boyhood, he and his brother had once planned to take their sister, the Princess Xenia, for a ride, but failed to keep their appointment. Their father, finding his little daughter in tears, met them, when at length they returned, with a rebuke that they never forgot. "Other men may break their word," he said; "but the sons of a Russian sovereign never!"

The Grand Duke George disliked public notice, and never took any part in politics.

His death was very tragic — very lonely. He had been out alone upon the mountains on his bicycle. He fancied himself to be gaining health and strength in the pure air, but he presumed on his improvement. Suddenly, in a mountain pass, he felt very ill, dismounted from his machine, and a peasant woman, running up, endeavored to assist him. Shortly afterwards, he quietly and calmly died.

The woman was one of an un-Orthodox sect which had been persecuted and prosecuted during the life of the Emperor Alexander. The Emperor Nicholas not only rewarded her in return for her kind offices to the brother he had dearly loved, but, for her sake, stopped all interference with the religion of her people.

A third daughter was born to the Czar and Czarina about this time. It must have greatly disappointed them that it was not a Czarevich. That title fell, provisionally, to the Grand Duke Michael, the third son and youngest child of Alexander III. The Czar took those things so much to heart that those around him feared that he might wish to abdicate, and strong influences were brought to bear on him to induce him to retain his place on the throne.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and especially uneasy must be the head of a peace-loving Russian

Emperor; nor could his sorrows have been assuaged by what at this time took place with relation to Finland.

Almost simultaneously with the close of the Peace Congress, came a rescript from the young Czar so unlike what the Western World had been learning to consider both his policy and his character, that those who admired him and were disposed to put their trust in him have found it hard to understand.

"We heard thy plea for Peace, and thy praise rang round the world.
We dreamed of a Truce of God, and war-stained banners furled.
And the nations paused, like men who stare at a meteor's flight,
Beautiful, sudden, rare, across their sullen night.

"But now, O ruler of men, while round thy council board
Statesmen of East and West are gathering at thy word,
Rings in our ears a cry from the folk of a Northern land,
Stunned by the brutal shock of a pitiless new command."¹

The document is apparently an assault on the Finnish constitution, which had been guaranteed for more than a hundred years by the oaths and promises of successive Russian Emperors. The crime (for such it seems) is not yet consummated; other counsels may prevail, and the Finnish people may turn again with renewed loyalty and affection to their Grand Duke, — the present Czar.

The Finns were originally an Asiatic tribe of the same race, it is said, as the Magyars. After their migration into Europe, they were pushed northward, until they reached the Arctic Ocean. Many of the present inhabitants of Finland are descended from Swedes, who in past ages brought into the country Christianity and a higher degree of culture. Ever since, in church and state, both languages have been upon an equal footing.

Finland formed part of Sweden, up to 1809, when in one of the rectifications of the map of Europe, which succeeded the Napoleonic wars, it was given to Russia. Alexander I. encouraged the Finlanders to continue their national life. He made Finland a state separate from Russia; he recognized and re-enacted a constitution that had been

¹ Horace G. Grosser.

given to the Finns by Sweden in 1772. He became their Grand Duke, and promised to maintain, "firmly and unshakably," their laws and privileges. Even so swore Nicholas I., Alexander II., and Alexander III.; though the last, with his mania for Russification, and under the tutelage of M. Probédonostzeff, head of the synod of the Holy Orthodox Russian Church, attempted occasionally small encroachments on the liberties and privileges of the Finns. Nicholas II., on ascending the Imperial throne, made haste to assure his Polish and Finnish subjects that he would look on them with kindness and with favor.

By the constitution of the Grand Duchy of Finland, the Finns have their own Diet and an Imperial Senate. The Diet makes the laws, which are inoperative until sanctioned by the Sovereign; but in certain cases of emergency the Grand Duke, supported by his Senate, can issue what is called an "administrative ordinance." If, however, this ordinance should involve any change in the constitution or in laws that have been passed by the Diet, it requires a meeting of that body before it can become permanently effective.

Under this constitution Finland had lived happily for ninety years, during the reigns of four successive Emperors. During the Crimean struggle she sent her little army to garrison St. Petersburg, while her coasts were ravaged by French and English men of war. The only important change made in the constitution had been to abrogate a provision which obliged all servants of the state to be Lutherans.

One after another the Russian Emperors since Alexander I. have admitted that no administrative ordinance could supersede the legislative authority of the Diet for more than a brief period.

In 1898 two government bills were laid before the Diet. One was to make all the Finns (like all the Russians) liable to do military service, and the other to regulate the organization of the Finnish troops. A fortnight later, as the bills had not been dealt with by the Diet, an administrative ordi-

nance, drawn up by a commission presided over by one of the Emperor's granduncles, and containing, among other members, M. Probédonostzeff, set aside the constitution, and enacted new laws, treating the Grand Duchy of Finland as an integral part of the Russian Empire, and giving to the Czar the right to be sole judge as to what laws affected the common interests of the Empire. The Finns offered to increase their army from five thousand six hundred to twelve thousand men, to double their period of active service, and to sanction the employment of their troops outside of the Grand Duchy, when not required for defence at home; but they insisted on their young men being kept together in their own regiments,¹ and that they should not be incorporated in those of Russia, with comrades whose language they could not understand, and whose habits and religion would be foreign to them. The administrative ordinance also required of conscripts, before promotion could be attained, or any favor shown them, to present a certificate of their knowledge of the Russian language. This condition was far more arbitrary than any similar one exacted in the army of Austria-Hungary, which is composed of men of various nations and tongues. The struggle began about a year ago. Which party will conquer in the end, the Grand Duke or his people?

Thus far in vain the Finns have sent delegations to plead their cause at St. Petersburg, and have signed petitions. It is said that some thousands of Finnish peasants are on the point of emigrating to the United States or Canada. They are admirable seamen. Our ocean steamers and passenger ships have long had many Finns among their sailors. More than two hundred thousand of these people are already in our country.

It seems probable that the attack on the Constitution of Finland was planned by some of the Czar's advisers who are opposed to his liberal and kindly tendencies, and pos-

¹ It was so in the days of Gustavus Adolphus, when the finest troops in his service were the Finnish regiments.

sibly, without having thoroughly studied the constitutional question, he assented to what seemed to give him more imperial power in Finland, in hopes thereby to promote one of his cherished projects of internal improvement.

Plans have been made for a railway to the coast of the Arctic Ocean; and a port is desired for it on the Varanger Fiord, one side of which is in Norway and the other in Finland. The water in this fiord, by a sweep of the Gulf Stream round the coast, where Norway cuts off Sweden from the Arctic Ocean, is almost always open. The railroad, to reach it, would have to pass through Finland, guarded by Russian or Finnish soldiers. This consideration may have had weight with the young Czar. We call him an autocrat, and that indeed is one of his imperial titles; but we should do well to remember that he is no autocrat in the sense that Nero was an autocrat, or Peter the Great, or the Grand Monarque of France. I say nothing of the Sultan of Turkey, for he is hampered by the knot of men whom we call the Sublime Porte, and by friendly and unfriendly foreign ambassadors. The Czar can do very little by himself; he is liable to encounter opposition from his ministers, and he can neither stop the course of the world, nor alter substantially the trend of public opinion among his advisers, or the deep-seated international prejudices of his people.

One project that the Czar has much at heart is the permanent solution of the peasant and agricultural problem.

“The sudden change produced by the abolition of serfdom from the farming of large estates, to the working of small farms, brought millions of debt upon the Government, which was nearly reduced to bankruptcy. Money was advanced to the former serfs to pay indemnities to the nobles, and to provide themselves with live-stock, implements, and seed. So well has the country been brought through these perils, thanks to the peaceful policy of Alexander III., and the administrative ability of the great finance Minister, M. de Witte, that the country is now prosperous and progressive. ‘All it needs is peace, and time for natural development.’”

To this end, railroads are being opened in all directions, river navigation encouraged, and emigration to waste lands along new railroad routes is assisted by the Government.

A railroad to the Arctic Ocean is not the only project for an outlet into frozen waters that is said to be in contemplation by Russia. Great improvements have been made during the past five years at Archangel, and there is reason to think that in connection with the great rivers of Siberia, and with the help of the "Ermak" and other ice-breakers of her description, a plan is on foot for utilizing for commercial purposes the White Sea.

But the enterprise most likely to be carried shortly into effect is Russia's great project to open water communication between the Baltic and the Black Sea. The whole course of this water-way will run through well populated and productive provinces. Already there is a canal which facilitates transportation between the Baltic and the Caspian; but it is inadequate to the immense demands made on it for moving an ever-increasing output of petroleum, salt, grain, and other products. In a military point of view, the canal now projected, which is to be wide and deep, may be to Russian war-ships what the railroad now in process of construction will be to the Russian army.

These things, those who call themselves "young people," when they read this book, may see completed, and in use during their lifetime. Immense in that day will be the power of Russia. Will Napoleon's prophecy be fulfilled, that in the twentieth century, Europe will either be Republican or Cossack? Let us hope that if the latter be the case, the Norse and Saxon races may divide influence with Russia, and, laying aside past jealousies, work together for the civilization of remote parts of the world!

Since the past eighteen months have brought sorrow, disappointment, and perplexity to the Czar, we do not wonder at the feeling which recently led him and his wife to Moscow to comfort their hearts and strengthen their hands for work, by prayers upon the very spot where their solemn consecration had taken place. In that church of

hallowed memories their hearts said, doubtless: "Surely the Lord is in this place; this is the gate of Heaven;" and such feelings seem to make a tie of kinship between them and all of us who know the blessedness of prayer. There, too, together with their infant children, they received the Holy Eucharist; for in Russia babes and sucklings are admitted to that rite, as well as to the other Sacrament of Baptism. But it is the publication of the imperial thanks to the Almighty for permission to make this pilgrimage, and to offer prayers to Heaven in this place, that to the mind of Western Christians seems unusual.

Here is the text of the rescript addressed on Easter Morning, 1900, to the Grand Duke Sergius, the Governor of Moscow: —

"The fervent wish of myself and the Tzaritza Alexandra that we should be enabled to pass the Holy Week and the Festival of Festivals, and to receive the Holy Communion with our children, in the shadow of the Kremlin in Moscow, surrounded by the most sacred objects of our people, has, through the grace of God, been fulfilled. Here in the cradle of the autocracy, where saints repose undisturbed amid the resting-places of the crowned builders and expanders of the Russian Empire, our prayers rise with increased strength to the Lord of Lords, and here a calm joy fills the soul in prayer. United with my people, I derive fresh strength to work for the welfare and fame of Russia, and it affords me special joy to express to your Imperial Highness, and through you to beloved Moscow, the feelings which fill my breast."

"The public announcement made by the Czar and his wife of the pleasure that they felt in being permitted by Providence to offer up prayers in Moscow, though unusual, suggests in the Czar a certain earnestness of belief which throws much light, and on the whole a pleasant light, upon a character as yet but little understood. . . . Sovereigns who perceive so plainly the complexity of human affairs, and the powerlessness even of the greatest to control events, must feel more than any men the necessity for aid and guidance from some Power higher than themselves. . . . There is a ring in the words of the Czar's rescript which suggests that he found actual comfort in going to Moscow as on a pilgrimage. . . . It may seem strange that an autocrat should say such things

aloud to a whole people; but why should he say them if he does not feel them? We think it infinitely more probable that he *does* feel them, or in other words that Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, thinks himself nearer the realization of his hopes because he asked aid from the Almighty in a place which to him, above all others, seems most holy. . . . The rescript may be a matter of form, but we prefer to believe that it was published in an overflow of feeling, and gives us a singular glimpse into the mind of the greatest monarch in the world, revealing a nature radically pious, and perhaps not disinclined to a little superstition. In the latter quality, Nicholas is but Russian; and indeed a sovereign must be genuinely Russian at heart to publish to the millions of Russia such words, in the full confidence that his thought will not be misapprehended. There are strong bonds in Russia between the sovereign and the people, much stronger than the majority of Western men are apt to believe."¹

¹ "The Spectator," London, April 28, 1900.



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

CHAPTER IV

THE SULTAN AND ARMENIA

WHILE correcting the proofs of "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century," in September, 1893, I heard for the first time rumors of the persecution of Christians in Asia Minor. I added to my volume a brief note on this subject, but what are now known as "the Armenian massacres" had not then taken place.

My opinion of the personal character of Abdul Hamid, as expressed in the following extract, remains unchanged, in spite of the denunciations of Mr. Gladstone, and in spite of the conviction that each event in the East seems to stamp deeper into the minds and hearts of all of us, that no faith is to be put in any of his promises.

"It is," said a well-informed English resident in Constantinople, writing in the "Contemporary Review," "probably impossible for any Christian or European to criticise the policy of Abdul Hamid's reign in a way that would seem to him just or accurate. He is an honest, amiable man, overworked and oppressed by the task he has undertaken; of kindly spirit, keenly sensitive to criticism, distrustful of all around him, in constant fear of assassination, with a keen sense of the dangers by which his empire is surrounded, disinclined to commit himself on any important political question, but yet possessed of considerable moral courage and self-confidence. . . . It is true of Abdul Hamid, as of Alexander III., that his policy has not been adopted through personal ambition or a love of power, but from a sense of duty to his religion and his country."

We might add that he has firm faith in the eventual triumph of Islamism. That whether he himself or another is called to be King of Kings and Vicar of the Prophet, the time is coming when Christianity and Judaism will be

crushed out, and all the heathen converted by the power of the sword.

Recently there has appeared a book upon ex-Sultan Murad by a Turkish exile in Paris, Dejemaleddin Bey, who professes to know more than he probably does know, when he reports a conversation between Abdul Hamid and Midhat Pasha, who, in 1876, was endeavoring to persuade the former to mount the throne of Turkey, and consent to the deposition of his elder brother. The conversation may be apocryphal, but it throws light on the reasons why promises made by the Sultan to Christians are invariably broken. Midhat is represented as ironically urging reforms in the Empire, but deprecating compliance with the exactions of European Powers.

MIDHAT. Unless your Highness *promises* reforms, Europe will not back up your claim to sovereignty.

ABDUL HAMID. Our religion is theocratic, based on the Koran as interpreted by the unchangeable dogmas of the Mul-teka, from which there is no appeal. How then can any constitution be promulgated which professes to give that equality to Mussulmans and Christians which is altogether inconsistent with this religious law? Either we cease to be a nation, or we must maintain the decrees of Islam, which change not. You smile, but I do not see my way out of this difficulty.

MIDHAT. The Foreign Governments have the power in their hands, and how shall we oppose them? We may promise indeed, but no true believer is bound by a compact made with a Giaour.

Here Midhat is supposed to draw a brilliant picture of Turkey regenerated by a Parliament and Constitution.

ABDUL HAMID. How can you carry this out?

MIDHAT. I cannot carry it out at all. The "sick man," as they call Turkey, must be sick indeed, if he thinks about keeping such promises. What I propose is to evade them. . . . English Turkophiles are stubbornly incredulous to the closest evidence against us, and are greedy to swallow any impossible argument against Russia, the *bête noire* of England. This being so, I will draw up a constitution which, though it may seem to offer the privileges of liberty and equal justice

to the aliens under our rule, will not bind us down to any performance.

ABDUL HAMID. But how, in contradiction to the principles of the Koran, can you proclaim that all subjects are equal in the eye of the law?

MIDHAT. Nothing more easy. Add the words "without prejudice to what regards religion," and the promise is at once null and void. Your Majesty knows that religion pervades everything in Turkey.

And Midhat then proposes a plan to keep the *rayahs* (that is, non-Mohammedan cultivators) out of the Lower House of Parliament by requiring that every candidate shall speak the Turkish tongue.

This may be (no doubt it *is* as reported) an imaginary conversation, but it throws light on the principles on which the Sultan, who is a fanatical "true believer," aims to accomplish his great purpose of strengthening the ascendancy of Mohammedanism in his dominions, and thereby re-establishing his tottering throne.

It would be well, he thinks, no doubt, if there were no Christians in his dominions. They have no business in the lands that Mussulmans alone should rule; lands in which, day after day, they or their friends are making trouble; but he says in his heart: "If I cannot kill them all at once, or drive them out of the country, by all means let them be kept under."

The proposed Parliament met in 1876, the first year of Abdul Hamid's reign. It held one session, and conducted itself in a way that surprised and delighted foreign observers; but when it began to inquire by what authority the treasury had paid over to the Sultan large sums which he was not expected to account for, Abdul Hamid exclaimed in wrath, and great astonishment, "Would they then deprive me of the right to do what I think best with my own?"

The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 was about to begin. The Parliament was prorogued with the express promise that it should reassemble when the war was over. Its leading members have been long in exile, or have unaccountably disappeared. The story of the Sultan's *coup*

d'état, by which he got rid of Midhat Pasha, who was exiled to Arabia, where he met a speedy death, has never been clearly made known to us. If this man really mapped out for Abdul Hamid the policy he has since pursued, we cannot but admit that he deserved his fate. The master whom he placed upon the throne speedily established a purely personal despotism, as little controlled as possible by the body of ministers, lawyers, imaums, and other advisers called the Sublime Porte.

Attempts he has since made to emancipate himself from any interference by the Sublime Porte have not been acceptable to those progressive Mohammedans who call themselves the party of "Young Turkey," any more than his absolute rule has been to foreign diplomatists, or to his Christian subjects.

It should be said, however, that the Sultan in his administration has paid great attention to two reforms, which are held to be of paramount importance in Christian civilization. He enforces the laws of cleanliness and health, and he encourages education. Roberts College at Constantinople, established by American Presbyterian missionaries, has never been interfered with, and some favor has also been shown to an American mission school for the education of girls.

The unfortunate Murad — the deposed sultan, whose history I trust interested the readers of my "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century" — was at first treated by his brother and successor with respect and consideration. He was permitted to inhabit the luxurious palace of Tcherragan, but was afterwards removed to a gloomy old building within the confines of the Sultan's private and closely guarded domain of Yildiz.

Yildiz Palace is beyond Pera, on a height that commands a magnificent view. Its grounds are beautiful. It has a park that is miles in extent, walled in, and guarded by the imperial police. There the Sultan spends his days, never going out of its gates except on Fridays to a contiguous mosque, or to hold receptions in the Dolma-Baghtché

Palace at the feast of Bairam, or once a year to visit Saint Sophia. Abdul Hamid lives in splendid imprisonment. There are, within the grounds of Yildiz, luxurious pavilions and kiosks; the harem is in the midst of a beautiful flower garden; there are lakes where wild fowl can be shot, and fish-ponds stocked with fishes; there is even a theatre where plays are sometimes acted before the Sultan and his children.¹ But within the limits of Yildiz is the old palace of Top Kapou that contains the captive Murad, and another where Reschid, the Sultan's younger brother and legitimate successor, resides in almost as close captivity as the ex-sultan. The secrets of these prison-houses are not revealed to us, but from time to time comes a rumor that Murad's health is entirely restored, and that some member of his household has been punished for having dared to say so.

Not long since there was some cause of complaint started against a great Pasha, the brother-in-law of the Sultan. Whether he was guilty of conspiracy, or of affiliation with the party of young Turkey, is not known. He made his escape to France, where he now resides, and the Sultan has made many efforts to get him back into his power.

Alas ! poor Sultan ! As Sir Edward Dicey says : —

“ There must always be a thrill of sympathy in the hearts of spectators when this pale, care-worn man suddenly appears on Fridays for the Selamik, — in other words, when he makes his public appearance on the way to public prayers. He goes to a mosque only a few yards from his own gate, guarded by thousands of soldiers, solitary in the midst of a brilliant retinue, — the successor of proud monarchs at whose very name the world once trembled, but the friendless occupant of a trembling throne.”

Yet even in his treatment of his brothers he has shown more fraternal kindness than any preceding Sultan up to the days of his father Abdul Medjid. By permission of the

¹ A further account of the private life of Abdul Hamid may be found in “Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century.” Chapter xiv., pp. 344-353.

Koran, and by Turkish custom, he would have been held blameless had he put to death all pretenders or possible successors to his throne. Abdul Hamid has only shut them up in close confinement, where as much respect is paid them as is consistent with their seclusion.

With pretensions, as King of Kings and Vicar of the Prophet, to sovereignty over the whole Mohammedan world (pretensions which his predecessors for several generations had left in abeyance), it is easy to see how anxious Abdul Hamid must be to establish complete authority over his own subjects. The law of the Koran with respect to unbelievers is to give them their choice of "Islam, tribute, or the sword." Ever since the foundation of the Ottoman empire in Europe, a tax has been laid on all Christians in the Sultan's dominions for permission to live. By the chances of war, Abdul Hamid has been relieved of large bodies of unruly Christians; but under his sway remain the Christians in Macedonia, who live prosperously under Musulman domination, but quarrel bitterly among themselves, Christians in Crete, and the Armenian Christians. Of these, the Armenians are at once the most annoying, the most assailable, and the least accessible to foreign Powers, should interference be attempted.

Armenia, which before the days of Roman supremacy in Western Asia was a large and flourishing kingdom, is to-day divided among Turkey, Russia, and Persia. In its palmy days it consisted of two parts, lying east and west of the Euphrates. It became a battle-ground during the wars between the Romans and the populations of Western Asia, and when these wars had left it waste and desolate, it fell into anarchy. One hundred and seventy-six petty chieftains, it is said, claimed independent sovereignty.

Tradition says that its first missionaries were the Apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew, but in the middle of the third century of our era, Christianity became its national religion. Its king, a young man educated in Rome, with Roman prejudices, began his reign as a persecutor. He put Saint Gregory the Illuminator into prison, and was proceeding

to deal brutally with other Christians, when he was assailed by a mysterious illness, of which he was cured by the intercession of the saint he had persecuted. On his recovery, he proclaimed himself a Christian, and his subjects, for the most part, followed his example. In 410, the Bible was translated into Armenian.

Two hundred years after Armenia had accepted the Christian faith, it was overrun by pagan Persians, who endeavored to exterminate the Christian population. In 839, the country was subjugated by the Mohammedan Caliphs; but it was never quiet and prosperous at any period of its history.

The Armenians of Armenia Minor (that is, of the country west of the Euphrates) joined the Crusaders. They were the last bulwark of Christianity left in the East, and by the close of the fourteenth century, Armenian nationality seems to have been wiped out. The Kurds occupied part of the land that had once been Armenia; Persia appropriated another part; and the Ottoman Empire absorbed the remainder. Timour ravaged the country, and was especially savage in his treatment of the Christians. A Persian prince in 1604 laid the whole land waste, and carried away forty thousand of its inhabitants to settle in his dominions. Since then, the Armenians have ceased to be a nation. They are a people scattered through many lands, like the Jews. Like the Jews, they engage in banking and in commerce, and their bond of cohesion is their religion. Originally a brave and warlike people, they have until recently been distinguished for their peaceable submission to any government under which they live.

Russian Armenia consists of a province conquered from Persia, and was roused to disaffection by the persistent efforts of Alexander III. to impose the Orthodox Greek Church on all his subjects. In dogma and, indeed, in ritual, the Armenian Church differs little from the Greek Church, from which it separated on a misunderstanding A. D. 451. The Orthodox Greek Church of Holy Russia acknowledges the Czar as its spiritual and temporal head, while the Armenian Church is governed by its patriarchs.

In the fifteenth century, a strong effort was made by Jesuit missionaries to unite the Church of Armenia to the Roman See. The effort was successful, so far that it established a branch of the Roman Catholic Church among the Armenian people. These Armenian Roman Catholics call themselves Gregorians, and the Armenian Monastery in Venice, so well known in connection with Lord Byron's history, belongs to them.

By the Treaty of San Stefano, made in 1878, when the victorious army of Russia was almost at the gates of Constantinople, Russia compelled the Sultan to promise satisfactory reforms to the Armenian Christians. But Russian diplomatists knew too well the worth of Turkish promises to trust to the fulfilment of any which would violate the ruling principle of Islamism; viz., that Mohammedans are, and ought to be, in all things the masters and superiors of Jews and Christians. Russians knew also that another law of the Koran enjoins submission, or at least the appearance of submission, to any force too strong to be resisted. It was, therefore, stipulated that Russian troops should occupy Turkish Armenia, until the promised reforms were carried out.

The Treaty of San Stefano was set aside by the Powers at the Congress of Berlin, where they pronounced themselves satisfied with the bare promises of the Sultan. Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian representative, pleaded earnestly that Russian troops might be stationed in the country, at least until the reforms had been begun; but England, relying on the Convention of Cyprus, pledged herself that the Armenians should sustain no harm after the withdrawal of the Russian soldiers. "I would have cut off my right hand," said Sir Philip Currie, long English ambassador at Constantinople, "rather than that it should have put my name to that agreement."

The Convention of Cyprus was a secret treaty signed by England and Turkey a few days before the Congress of the Powers met at Berlin. The document stipulated that England should defend Turkey by force of arms, if any

power attempted to annex Armenia. In return, the Sultan promised England "to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two Powers, for the protection of Christians and other subjects of the Porte in Armenia; and in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement" (by which was meant, keeping Russia out of Armenia), "his Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England."

The island of Cyprus has since then been of no use to England, though it has entailed heavy expense. At the same time, as it contains many Christians, no English government could hand it back to the tender mercies of Mohammedan rulers, and, having accepted the cession of the island, England is bound to keep her engagement for value received, however little the Sultan may have fulfilled his promises of Armenian reforms.

For some years, however, after 1878 there was peace in Armenia; that is, such peace as there ever can be between Christians and Mohammedans in the Turkish provinces. The Kurds, who inhabited the mountains, made raids, whenever need or inclination prompted them, on the Armenian villages. It was the same state of things that prevailed in Scotland before the Union, when caterans came down upon the Lowlands, plundering farms and driving away cattle. Like Highland freebooters, the Kurds exacted blackmail from those who preferred not to be robbed by their incursions, and the payment of these exactions at length became so ruinous that, in times of bad harvest, the peasants offered it as an excuse to Turkish tax-gatherers for non-payment of their taxes. Not to pay tribute forfeited their right to live.

While the Armenian peasantry were thus suffering, revolutionary emissaries appeared among them. These people called themselves Hunchagists. For the most part, they entered the country from Russian Armenia. They endeavored to form revolutionary societies among the villagers, and stuck up in conspicuous places revolutionary placards.

One such was posted on the wall of an American missionary college, but was at once torn down by the college authorities. The villagers showed these people little sympathy. They were, for the most part, more afraid of the Hunchagists than of the Kurds.

"These men," said a scholarly and intelligent Armenian to Mr. Hepworth, "make their living out of agitation; but we poor creatures are made to suffer for their idiocy. Is that just? . . . I assure you that no one fears the revolutionists as the average Armenian does. Ah! we were once a happy people. We paid large taxes; we had large business interests; we were contented and prosperous. But the Treaty of Berlin! And the interference of England! If Europe would let us alone, we might still have a future. Europe has roused the worst passions of the Turk against us, has excited his suspicions, and left us in the lurch to die or live as God may will."

The Kurds (the race from which chivalrous Saladin sprung) are a people divided into clans, each governed in part by its own Sheikh. They live in the mountains of the land once called Armenia, but that name is now proscribed. It must neither be printed nor spoken. Armenia is now Anatolia, or rather, it is part of Anatolia, an integral province of the Turkish Empire. The Kurds are scattered among the mountains. They are brigands by instinct and by tradition. They have none of the finer traits of the brave, obedient, Turkish regular soldier, but are characterized by a certain good-nature, coupled with brutality. The Sultan may have feared that if Russia should attempt to seize Turkish Armenia, the Kurdish tribes might join with the invaders.

Abdul Hamid, in 1891, approached these lawless clans on their weak side, and his promises inflamed them with enthusiasm. He invited their Sheikhs to Constantinople; he received them graciously; he bestowed on them decorations, and sent them back to their native hills with instructions to their new commander, Zekki Pasha, to organize all able-bodied men in their villages into regiments of cavalry. They were supplied with showy uniforms and modern

weapons. The Sultan gave them his own name — the Hamideih cavalry. Without giving up their old ways, or even the village life that they had led, they took the Sultan's pay, and became part of the Turkish army. It is the custom in Turkey to send regiments away from the provinces in which they were enlisted; but this rule was reversed in the case of the Kurds. On a sudden their clans became enthusiastically loyal to the Sultan. They have little of the religious element in their nature; they are lukewarm Mohammedans, but they are daring, dashing, reckless, unscrupulous warriors, who have always found restraint irksome. "They are careless both of their own lives, and of the lives of others, a wild, untamed, and semi-savage race who know absolutely nothing about what we call civilization."

Authorized to act as brigands, with the name and with the pay of Turkish soldiers, the Kurds resumed their raids on the Armenian villages. Their first outbreak was in May, 1894, when they fell upon a village not very far from Bitlis, which lies under the shadow of Mount Ararat. It was rumored that some Russian agitators had been harbored in its houses, and Kurdish chiefs were sent to arrest them, with permission to kill all who offered any opposition, and with leave to appropriate the spoil. The Armenians pursued the Kurds when they were driving off their cattle. A fight ensued, and some of the spoilers were killed. The authorities telegraphed to Constantinople that "Armenians had killed some of the Sultan's troops."

Abdul Hamid, greatly excited, sent orders at once to harry the Armenian villages, to kill, burn, pillage, and destroy. No more was needed.

"From the 12th of August to the 4th of September," says the report of an English consul, "it is not too much to say that the Armenians were absolutely hunted like wild beasts, being killed wherever they were met, and if the slaughter was not greater, it was, I believe, solely owing to the vastness of the mountain ranges of that district, which enabled the people to scatter, and so facilitated their escape."

I think one or two narratives taken from the lips of survivors will give my readers a better idea than words of mine can offer them, of the horrors that took place in the valley of a district called Sassoun, during three weeks of massacre and pillage. Here is the story of one man who escaped death. It is somewhat abridged, however.¹

“Up to 1894, my family was a prosperous one, as were most of the families in the district of Sassoun. The Kurds, who lived above us, were, on the whole, friendly, though they frequently practised their habitual business of stealing cattle and sheep; but we were generally able to retake our own, or others in their place. . . . When the attack came, we endeavored to escape to a high mountain above our village, hastily carrying with us our families and our cattle. . . . The Kurds set fire to our village, and from a distance in the dark, we could see it burning.

. . . From one rocky refuge or ruined sheep-cote to another, we were chased by Kurdish soldiers. At one village where our Aghas lived (the Kurdish chiefs to whom we paid blackmail), they endeavored, but in vain, to protect us. Day after day, night after night, we wandered on the mountains. Each night below us we saw villages in flames. One of my brothers, his daughter, fifteen years old, and I entered a forest. Two soldiers saw us. They shot my brother and his child, but I escaped. I joined my family, and told them what had happened. Returning next day to the forest, I found the bodies, and endeavored to bury them. But the soldiers reappeared. I took to flight, and hid myself. Soon after I met another refugee in the forest. We were so faint and hungry that we lit a fire and began to cook part of a dead ox that we had found, but our fire betrayed us. Soldiers were approaching; we hid among some rocks, trembling with terror. There were two soldiers; they caught sight of us. They fired. They wounded me twice, and thought they had killed me. My companion was also hit, and fell. One of them, believing me to be dead, proposed to cut me to pieces; but the other objected, saying they had no water to wash their swords. When they went off I spoke to my companion, and he answered very feebly, that he could neither walk nor move. With a ball in my thigh, and gashes on my head and shoulders, I was in the same condition. Oh! our distress that night! Weary, hungry, thirsty, wounded, — should we lie

¹ “Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities,” by Rev. E. M. Bliss and Rev. Cyrus Hamlin.

there and die in anguish, or be the prey of wild beasts? I cried to the soldiers: 'Come and kill us! Put us out of our misery!' But my weak voice did not reach them. At last some Armenians came toward us. They were weak like ourselves; but, at my entreaties they, with great effort, carried us to a ruined dove-cote, and gave us water, and some cheese. Then they departed. Bullets flew over us, and all around us. . . . After three weeks of suffering, we learned that a firman had arrived ordering the massacre to cease. The soldiers then drove all the fugitives they could collect, whether wounded or unwounded, back to their ruined villages. At Vartenis I found my wife, but of the rest of my family I know nothing."

Let me be impartial. An account from Erzeroum, after relating unspeakable horrors, which, says the editor of the book from which I quote, "beggar description," goes on to say: —

"But there were redeeming features. Many Turks [civilians] rescued Armenians who appealed to them. They kept them in their houses, or in their shops, till it was safe to send them home. In one instance a Turk hid an Armenian under a pile of wool in his own shop. The Kurds discovered the man, and the only way in which his preserver could save him from instant death was by proclaiming that he knew him to be a bad Armenian, who ought to be kept for hanging. In the end his protector got him to a place of safety, and restored his watch and money, which he had claimed as his share of the plunder."

Here is another extract from a letter from Sassoun:

"The cruel storm of carnage rolled on, until not less than thirty villages had been laid waste, and so completely destroyed that even their names were effaced from official records. As to the number killed, it is almost impossible to give any accurate estimate. It must have been five or six thousand, many put it much higher. Some soldiers said that a hundred fell to each one of them to dispose of; some wept because unenlisted Kurds had done more execution than they. Some, however, claimed to have been unwilling actors in the scene, and suffered great mental torments. The wife of one noticed that he failed to pray, as had been his invariable custom. She spoke of it to him, and he answered: 'God will not hear me. If there is a God, He will take vengeance for these awful deeds. Is there

any use to pray?' It is also told of other soldiers that on reaching their homes they inquired of Armenian acquaintances, 'Who is this Jesus of Nazareth? The Sassoun women were constantly calling out to him to help them.'"

As the indemnity for the destruction of American Missionary Buildings at Harpoot is at present a matter of diplomacy, it may be well to tell something of what took place there at the close of 1895. Up to that time the Harpoot plain had been noted as one of the most fertile districts in Armenia. Its inhabitants were quiet people, both Turks and Armenians. At the American College, Turkish officials were always welcomed, and expressed themselves pleased when they were present at its exercises. The missionaries had always been on good terms with the officials, especially with the provincial governor. There was not a sign of revolutionary influence in the district, and all went well, until bands of Kurds appeared from mountains in the north and east. Then villages were sacked and plundered. Officials assured the missionaries that they and their buildings would be safe. But on Monday, Nov. 11, 1895, the attack began, Turkish soldiers of the regular army not taking part in it, but doing nothing, though they were present in force, to prevent massacre and pillage. American houses were sacked and set on fire; frightened refugees took shelter in the missionary buildings. Some fled to the hills. The college was set on fire, so was the chapel. The high school building was saved by one of the missionaries, who worked a small fire-engine. The plan seemed to be to burn down the buildings, and drive the Americans and their converts away. The Turkish military commander being applied to, said: "I know that I said three days ago I would be cut in pieces before I allowed a Kurd to molest you, but what could I do against fifteen thousand Kurds?"

And so the horrid deeds, of the extent of which these extracts give but a small idea, went on for two months. Christian bishops, priests, teachers, and common people were killed. Many were tortured; some were

bound, covered with brushwood, and burned alive ; especial spite was shown to ecclesiastics, whose bodies were mutilated and dishonored. The attacking parties made use of petroleum when they fired the buildings, and, while the men were killed, women and girls were forced to embrace Islamism, though many resisted, and were destroyed by the soldiers, or flung themselves into the Euphrates.

I think this is enough. A missionary lady, writing from Urfa (a place identified as Ur of the Chaldees), says, "The wreck of the place is complete. Nothing remains but ruins. By actual count, only ten Protestants remain. Our loss of life is one hundred and five, all but nine being men. Our wounded are many. It was evident that the utmost was done to protect *me*. But how willingly would I have died that the thousands of parents might have been spared to their children ! Some have a little food hidden in their houses ; some have nothing. One of the several great men, who have called on me to express sympathy, and to say, in Turkish style : 'It was from God,' has sent provisions, for which I am extremely grateful, and the Government provides two hundred loaves of bread a day."

For many years no Christian place of worship could be built, rebuilt, or even repaired without a permit, and a permit it was very difficult to secure. The Sultan felt he was making a concession, which Americans are, however, unable to appreciate, when he said lately he would give permits for the re-erection of all American missionary buildings that had been destroyed, even if he could not pay the required indemnity.

"The question is frequently asked," say the writers of the book from which I have freely quoted, "What are the relations between the missionaries and the Turkish Government ? Repeatedly the statement is made by that government that the influence of the missionaries is antagonistic, disturbing, and that they are enemies to the present rule. This is in no sense true. American missionaries have unanimously ranked themselves on the side of law. They have taken the position that the Turkish Government is the law of the land, and must be obeyed. Yet it is true that the general result of their instruction,

by stirring intellectual development, has been to make men restive under oppression."

Every precaution was taken to prevent any knowledge of these earliest massacres finding its way to Christendom. At Constantinople the truth was known, and the Sultan became very apprehensive of the effect the news might have upon the Western nations. This did not prevent him from sending banners to the Kurdish regiments engaged in the massacre, and a decoration to Zekki Pasha, who had hurried to the scene of massacre and read to the troops the Sultan's *irade*, which authorized the extermination of Armenians. Then, hanging the document upon his breast, he exhorted the soldiers not to be found wanting in their duty. It was the last day of August, the anniversary of the Sultan's accession, when the soldiers were thus vehemently urged to distinguish themselves by slaughter.

Mr. Hepworth, who, in 1898, made a horseback journey through Armenia, as correspondent of the "New York Herald," says feelingly:—

"Let me pay my tribute to the marvellous heroism of the Armenians in the heart-rending ordeal through which they passed. From all parts of Armenia—from Harpoot on the west to Van on the Persian border—come the same stories of the moral courage under which they met their doom. The true and indomitable spirit of martyrdom prevailed throughout that region, and those poor victims of a very stupid persecution, which was profitable to no one, were as noble in their death as they were faithful in their lives. They saw their houses looted and then burned; they were driven into the mountains to perish with cold and hunger; they lost all their cattle, and fell from comfort into direst poverty, and yet they accepted their fate with a resignation which excites not only our admiration but surprise. . . . In some instances, they renounced their religion to save their lives, . . . but in the history of the massacres those who made an outward surrender of their faith were very few. The vast majority were strong enough to face their murderers, and let them sheathe their weapons in their quivering flesh. What degree of praise is due to such? Remember that they were mostly poor people, living in mud-huts and filth, just as their Mohammedan neighbors did, illiterate, uncultured,

unrefined, and yet, when the great crisis came, they bowed their heads, and died for sake of their religion. Think of women who had lived in the environment I have described, holding their honor at such a price that they deliberately leaped from a high bank of the Euphrates, and sank beneath the raging torrent, rather than submit to the lust of the Kurds. Can the old days of Roman persecution furnish nobler examples of self-sacrifice than this?"

In spite of all precautions, rumors of what had happened in Sassoun reached the European governments, through their consuls, and thence found their way to the United States.

United States senators, roused by newspaper reports of the atrocities committed by Turkish soldiers, made a strong effort in December, 1894, to induce their government, in the name of Christianity and humanity, to attempt interference. The reply of the Government, in a Presidential Message, was that a few days before (November 28) the following telegram had been received from its ambassador in Constantinople.

"Newspaper reports of massacres and atrocities at Sassoun are sensational and exaggerated. The killing was in a conflict between armed Armenians¹ and Turkish soldiers. The Grand Vizier says it was necessary to suppress insurrection, and that about fifty Turks were killed. Between three and four hundred Armenian guns were picked up after the fight, and he reports that about that number of Armenians were killed. I give credit to his statements."

This telegram was communicated to Congress on December 2. The same day came another despatch to the State Department in Washington, in which the ambassador said, as follows:—

¹ The ambassador might have known that an official permit is required to allow subjects of the Sultan in distant towns to own or carry arms. These permits were freely given to Kurds or others known to be favored by the Government, but no Armenian dared even to ask for one for fear of imprisonment. There were, indeed, a few old flint-lock guns in these villages altered into breech-loaders by a revolutionary gunsmith sent from Russia.

"Information from British ambassador indicates far more loss of lives in Armenia, attended with atrocities, than stated in my telegram of November 28."

The British Government had consuls in the disturbed district, who sent information to their ambassador. The United States had no consuls in those places. Had there been an American consul at Harpoot, or at Marash a year later, possibly the buildings of the American mission would not have been destroyed. Owing to strong representations in Congress on the subject, consuls after that were appointed by our government, but the Sublime Porte refused them the exequaturs which acknowledged their official position. Many regular soldiers called in to assist the Kurds were animated by the impression the Turkish officers received from Constantinople and disseminated among their men, that they were acting under the express orders of the Sultan. Subsequently, when Abdul Hamid learned how far things had gone, and realized the position in which he stood with European Powers, he summoned the official who had sent his order to the Kurds to kill, plunder, and destroy, and upbraided him so sharply that the man dropped dead in his presence from a shock that accelerated heart disease.

"You talk of Turkey's weakness," said a Turkish gentleman to a European. "Turkey's strength lies in the divisions among yourselves." And so it has proved in the matter of Armenia. If one of the Six Powers proposed a measure, and could get one or two to agree to it, there were certain to be at least two who opposed it. Germany was the most obstructive. Russia opposed any plan for erecting Armenia into a principality. She would not, she said, consent to have a new Bulgaria on her frontier.

A committee of investigation, appointed by foreign governments to report upon the massacres in the valleys of Sassoun, succeeded at last in sending in a report, in spite of obstacles of all kinds thrown in their way. They said that the Hunchagist revolutionists had done their best to rouse the Armenians. They ascertained that the Kurdish chiefs and

Kurdish soldiers understood that, by consent in Constantinople, they might harry and rob refractory villages at their will, when attacked by their inhabitants. So much pressure was brought to bear on the Sublime Porte concerning the Sassoun massacres, however, that the Sultan consented to appoint a committee, not to investigate the massacre of Christians, but, as he said, "To report upon outrages committed by Armenian brigands."

A purely Turkish committee by no means met the views of the European ambassadors at Constantinople, who at length obtained leave for the dragomans of the English, French, and Russian consulates at Erzeroum to be present at its sittings, but without power to question witnesses or in any other way to take part in the proceedings. By especial desire of Congress, Mr. Jewett, an American, was also appointed; but as he wished to hold a personal investigation and examine witnesses himself, he was not allowed to take any part in the proceedings.

The whole thing proved a cruel farce. Great inducements were held out to Armenians in prison to sign a paper laying all the blame for what had taken place on certain Armenian notables, and on the British consul at Van.

On May 11, 1895, the consuls of the three Powers, England, France, and Russia, presented the Sultan with "A Scheme of Reform," which he at first rejected as giving to non-Mohammedans privileges inconsistent with the teaching of the Koran.

Mr. Terrell, then American ambassador at Constantinople, wrote to his government of the "Scheme of Reform": "I am convinced that the so-called reforms will, when announced, be followed by a massacre of Armenians and a period of great danger to our missionaries. Acting upon this conviction, on October 21, when others were rejoicing over the *irade* then issued (accepting the consular Scheme of Reform), I demanded, and obtained, telegraphic orders to every civil and military chief in the Ottoman Empire to protect American missionaries."

When the anniversary of the Sassoun massacres came

round, and nothing had been done to carry out the "Scheme of Reform," the revolutionary Armenians in Constantinople planned a deputation to present a petition to the Grand Vizier. The procession was blocked by the police, and a riot took place, followed by an attack on the whole Armenian population in Constantinople, in which the *softas* (*i. e.* the theological students) took a prominent part. This was in October, 1895. The Sultan sent his thanks to the *softas* for their exertions on the occasion.

The news of the attacks on Armenians at Constantinople, unchecked and unpunished by those of high degree, excited the population of provincial cities. At Trebizond, without a moment's warning, men proceeded to kill every Armenian man and boy in the place. The women were reserved for a worse fate.

This butchery went on for five hours; then, when there was no man to resist, the mob proceeded to plunder the shops and houses of Armenians. No one for these outrages was arrested or even deprived of his weapons. The Armenians in city after city were given over to rapine and slaughter. They were the merchants, mechanics, bankers, and shopkeepers, — the business men, in short, in the cities, and great jealousy of their prosperity had long been felt by the Turks. Mobs, encouraged by the connivance of those in authority, and in some instances really believing that Armenians, assisted by the Christian Powers, were plotting to dethrone their Sultan, overthrow their government, and stamp out their religion, zealously pursued the course marked out for them by their superiors. They rose up in all the chief cities of Eastern Turkey. It was said that as soon as the Sultan accepted the "Scheme of Reform," these disorders had been planned by his advisers, to appear a protest on the part of the Mohammedans against any invasion of their racial privileges.

Two parties threatened the Sultan in the summer and autumn of 1896, the Moslems who thought he was no true guardian of their faith, and Young Turkey, or the progressive party. Seditious placards, threatening his deposition,

were posted in the capital, and revolutionary circulars were distributed in the streets.

In the district of Zeitoun, the Armenians rose in revolt against the government, and succeeded in capturing a strong fort and its garrison. The Kurds fell on the defenceless villages with more than former fury. In November, soldiers joined in sacking the Armenian quarter in Harpoot, and a thousand Armenians were killed. One town was saved by the gallantry of its Turkish governor, who threw himself in front of the Kurdish rifles. In Harpoot the houses of American missionaries were looted, and their buildings burned, and in Marash the schools of the American mission were destroyed.

By the end of November, 2,500 Armenian villages, it is said, had been destroyed; the majority of the male population that had inhabited them had been slaughtered, and twenty thousand victims were computed in the cities. It was estimated that over two hundred thousand in the country and seventy-five thousand in the cities were left starving, half-naked, and shelterless.

After the slaughter had been stopped, the Turkish Government made some efforts to feed the starving; and Miss Clara Barton, with relief from the United States, was permitted by the Sultan to take help to these unhappy people.

With few exceptions the massacres were confined to the provinces to which it had been proposed to apply the "Scheme of Reform." And except at Harpoot and Marash, where buildings of the American Mission were destroyed, the lives and property of foreigners were not interfered with.

Already, as I have said, as early as August there were threatenings of an outbreak in Constantinople. Revolutionists desired it, hoping thereby to force the Great Powers to intervene on the pretext of protecting Christians. It was the policy that had been successfully pursued twenty years before, by the revolutionary committees in Bulgaria; fanatical Mohammedans and the Constantinople mob were on their part quite ready to rob and slaughter the Arme-

nians. A scheme was formed by a body of leading Hunchagists to seize the Ottoman Bank and threaten to blow it up, unless the Powers, through their representatives in Constantinople, would engage to force the Sultan to grant and carry out reasonable reforms. The authorities, it seems, were fully informed of this plan, but they seem to have desired the outbreak. The men who had taken possession of the Ottoman Bank were persuaded to evacuate it and go on board an English ship, after receiving a promise of protection from the English embassy. But bands of ruffians, gathered in various parts of Constantinople, zealously undertook to kill and plunder the Armenians. Bodies of soldiers and police looked on, ready to prevent any resistance, and to arrest the Armenians if necessary. Foreign merchants saw their clerks cut to pieces at their own doors. Every man who was recognized as an Armenian was killed without mercy. In general the soldiers took no part in the massacre, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam, with some other leading Turks, exerted themselves to save certain Armenian quarters of the city. The massacre lasted three days, and seemed systematically conducted without disorder.

It was the Government and not the people who conducted the massacre, though the ignorant and brutal class were told that they were acting in the name of the Prophet, and one poor woman who had an Armenian family hidden in her house said to them: "I will protect you against the mob, but if they demand you in the name of the Prophet I must give you up to them."

When the massacre was over, and order restored, the authorities demanded that every Armenian in Constantinople employed as a clerk, custom-house officer, railroad employé, porter, or even as house servant, should be deprived of employment, and sent out of the capital. The plan in the cities seems to have been to kill within a limited period as many Armenians as possible, especially the men of business; and if their families were spared, to leave them destitute.

I do not care to tell any more of these horrors. Enough has been said. In the various books I have read concerning what took place in Armenia, the most interesting, the least sensational, and I should suppose the most trustworthy, is "Through Armenia on Horseback," by Mr. George H. Hepworth, a clergyman, though on his title-page he does not add Reverend to his name. He takes pains to do justice to the character of the Turkish people; his book neither extenuates crimes, nor sets down facts in malice. His style somewhat resembles that of George Borrow, which is giving his book high praise. If my readers would wish to know more about Armenia and its tragedies, I commend it to them.

In one very important matter Sultan Abdul Hamid finds himself in an anomalous and perplexing position. He is commonly spoken of as the Caliph, as well as the Padishah, which means the ruler of all kings. He knows that he is not legally a caliph according to Mohammedan law, though he has endeavored to exercise a caliph's authority. The word "caliph" means the vicar or successor of the Prophet. Only one direction is given for this succession in the Koran, which is that the Caliph must always be an Arab of the tribe of Koreish. Mohammed, though he had many wives, left no son. He predicted that the true Caliphate would continue after his death for only thirty years. "After that," he said, "there will be only powers established by force, by usurpation, and by tyranny."

Just thirty years after the death of the Prophet the rule of the first four caliphs came to an end. These four were men of his own immediate family; "true and perfect caliphs" they are called. After them came sixty-eight "imperfect" caliphs, who were not of the family of the Prophet, but all were of the race of Koreish, who claimed to be a direct descendant from Abraham.

In 1517 Selim I., Sultan of the Ottomans, conquered Egypt and assumed the position of vicar or successor of the Prophet. He was of an alien race, in no way connected with the Prophet's lineage, or with the tribe of

Koreish. His only claim to the Caliphate was that when he conquered Egypt the shereef of Mecca presented him at Cairo with the keys of the Holy Cities, and the last Abbaside Caliph, Mohammed XII., made over to him his rights and titles. Since that time the successive Sultans have assumed the title of caliph, and the real caliphs have lived in obscurity in Egypt. The last of them died in 1838.

There had been a schism among Mohammedans touching the Caliphate, ever since the death of the last of the four "perfect caliphs." For the Persians refused to accept the authority of the "imperfect caliphs," though these were of the tribe of Koreish. But when Ottoman sultans assumed the authority of caliphs, and took the title and the functions of Imaum-ul-Muslimin, or Commander of the Faithful, the Arabs, the Mohammedans of India, of the Soudan, and of Morocco, repudiated his authority. Even the Mohammedan doctors in Turkey, when called upon to bring arguments to establish Sultan Selim's right to the Caliphate, could only plead that "sovereign power must be held to reside in the person of him who is the strongest, who is the actual ruler, and whose right to command rests on the power of his armies."

According to the Koran, "All Moslems ought to be governed by an Imaum [the Imaum-ul-Muslimin]. His authority is absolute and embraces everything. All are bound to submit to him. No country can render submission to any other." But the law goes on to say that the Imaum-ul-Muslimin must be of the family of Koreish.

In spite of this defect in his title as caliph, Abdul Hamid, soon after his accession, attempted to carry out the policy he had most at heart, which was to assert himself as caliph, as Imaum-ul-Muslimin, and to sacrifice all other interests to those of his religion. He resolved to rally the Mohammedan world around the throne of Othman. Choosing the path of faith rather than that of reason, he sent agents throughout the Mohammedan world, inviting the principal imaums to hold a conference with him at Con-

stantinople. He awakened their enthusiasm for a revival of energy in the Moslem faith ; but the Arabs, the Persians, the tribes in the interior of Africa, the Mohammedans of India, and the Sultan of Morocco could not be brought to acknowledge the usurper, the man of alien race, — a race unknown to the Arabian Prophet, — as their spiritual head and the Commander of the Faithful. The outcome of the convention must have been no small disappointment to Abdul Hamid, but he has never given up his plan. His Turkish subjects are only a minority in the Mohammedan world. He has his agents at work among all Mohammedans, especially in the sultanates of Central Africa, where it seems possible to stir up Mohammedan negroes against the Arabs. For the Arabs are all ready to assert the right of their own race to the Caliphate, and if opportunity offer, to defend it against the Sultan. Only recently a strong Turkish military expedition has been sent through Tripoli, the Sultan's last remaining African possession, to the southern frontier of Fezzan, to back up the Sultan's claim to suzerainty as caliph over Wadai. We shall hear more of it when this policy comes into collision with French interests. Wadai acknowledges Senoussi (son of the first Senoussi of Jaboub) as its spiritual head, and as the Mahdi. This man is lineally descended from Fatima, the Prophet's daughter, and has therefore the most important qualification for the Caliphate. Whether Abdullah Ahmed, the late Mahdi of the Soudan, was connected with the Arab tribe of Koreish, I cannot say. For years Turkey has been silently but strenuously combating French influence in North Africa. But of this, in another chapter, I may have more to tell.

In the autumn of 1898 the active Kaiser planned a visit to Constantinople and a pilgrimage to Palestine. The Turko-Grecian war was over. Turkey had received sympathy and assistance from Germany in the successful conduct of that war, though Sophia, the wife of the Crown Prince Constantine, was the Kaiser's sister. There were few German officers at the front in command of Turkish

regiments, but it was known that Germany had lent the Turkish War Office great assistance in administrative organization. The Sultan was therefore well disposed to receive Emperor William with due honors, and to further plans for German enterprise in Asia Minor, to promote which was one of the objects of the Kaiser's journey.

A long train of German notables accompanied the Emperor. His wife, her court ladies, the household officials, his imperial Majesty's military *entourage*, and private attendants, in all, about one hundred persons. The clergy of Germany were invited to be present at the consecration of the German Lutheran Church in Jerusalem, and to be the guests of the Emperor while in the Holy City.

The Sultan received the Kaiser with great pomp and cordiality, and the two potentates (if I may use a homely phrase) at once took a great fancy to each other. The Sultan has always a personal charm for those who approach him, and at the moment of the Emperor's visit, his hopes and spirits had been revived by the issue of the Greek war and European admiration of the excellent conduct of his soldiers. The Emperor William, many-sided, well-informed, and very clever, has also the power of making in personal intercourse a most agreeable impression. The Sultan, after the Oriental custom, made valuable gifts to his guest.

From Constantinople the imperial pilgrims went by the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, the Ægean, and the Mediterranean in the Levant to Hephah, where they were received by young German ladies, all robed in white and adorned with the favorite flowers of the Empress, Marshal Niel roses and lilies of the valley.

On October 31, the solemn consecration of the German church at Jerusalem took place. The foundation stone had been laid by the father of the Emperor, when Crown Prince Frederick.

For centuries the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Armenian churches have been powerful in Palestine, politically, rather than as missionaries, but Protestants had had no

place among them until the beginning of the nineteenth century. America led the way; then England and Prussia jointly appointed a bishop in Jerusalem, to be chosen by them alternately. The High Church party in England opposed this arrangement, as putting bishops who had the Apostolic Succession on a par with Lutherans. We may read much about the controversy in Bishop Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*.

The German church, called the Church of the Saviour, now lifts its magnificent spire higher than all the surrounding domes.

After the ceremony of consecration, the Emperor and his party made a tour of three weeks in Palestine and Syria, visiting the places of greatest interest, living in tents, and escorted by Turkish soldiers, their transport and commissariat being cared for by the resourceful Cook, the man most experienced in such matters. The ladies were very much worn out by the haste with which they travelled, and, for some reason never explained to the public, the Kaiser determined not to go to Spain, though at first he had planned to visit the Queen Regent and pass the Straits of Gibraltar. The party disembarked at Trieste and proceeded by rail to Berlin, where they arrived after six weeks' absence.

I have said that one object of the imperial journey was to obtain concessions for railroads in Asia Minor. A great deal of German capital has been invested in that country. German villages are scattered here and there in Palestine and Syria, and, notwithstanding the depletion of the Turkish treasury, large sums have been given by the Government to facilitate the extension of a line of railroad to Bagdad, which is greatly desired by the Sultan.

The construction of these railroads cannot but tend to Turkey's economical development, and, as a writer in "*Blackwood*" says, "If this desirable result is to be brought about under German inspiration, by all means let it have full and free scope. On political and humanitarian considerations it deserves the cordial and unselfish support of England."

The same writer goes on to say : —

“ In a few lines we may sum up the grouping of the six Great Powers in regard to Turkey: Russia never losing sight of, although temporarily suspending, her traditional policy of gravitating toward Constantinople; and France, in gratitude to the Power which rescued her from a depressing isolation, supporting Russia with a half-hearted enthusiasm. On the other hand, we see Germany espousing the cause of Turkey, partly from the personal sympathy of its Emperor for the Sultan, but mainly in view of its large stake in the preservation of the Ottoman Empire; and England, Austria, and Italy co-operating with Germany.”

I do not like to close this chapter without allowing Abdul Hamid to speak for himself, which he did in a semi-official interview with Mr. Terrell, the United States Ambassador at Constantinople, in March, 1897, when he especially desired that what he said should be repeated to the American public. This was done in an article in the “*Century Magazine*” (November, 1897). I think the command “not to bear false witness” applies as much to those who would write history as to intercourse in domestic life. I therefore give the Sultan’s own words. My readers may credit him, as they think best, with either duplicity or sincerity.

The Sultan began by saying that those who knew him personally could never believe him to be cruel. He then spoke of the position of the Armenians in his Empire. As the Ottoman race was a people of war, commerce, finance, and the industrial arts had naturally fallen into the hands of the Armenians, who had prospered and received consideration under Mohammedan rule for four hundred years. Their religion was tolerated and themselves respected. “How could Mohammedans,” he said, “murder Armenians only on account of their religion, when the Koran prohibits cruelty and requires that all men who believe in God shall be protected except during war? One of my ancestors, Selim I., once thought that his empire would be stronger if all his subjects professed the same religion. The Sheikh-ul-Islam was asked if it would be lawful for him to kill all Christians who refused

to be converted to Islam. The Sheikh issued a *fatwa*, in which he answered that it would not be lawful, and that Christians who were peaceable must be protected."

The Sultan then went on to enlarge on the number of Armenians he and his father had favored and protected, and gave a long list to Mr. Terrell of Armenians who had received money and court patronage.

Mr. Terrell alluded to the report sent home by the aged missionary, the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, to the effect that the Hunchagists had planned to commit outrages on Turks in the Eastern provinces, in the hope that atrocities committed by way of retaliation might rouse the sympathy of Europe and lead to intervention.

Lastly, the Sultan spoke with pleasure of the efforts made by Mr. Terrell to introduce the cultivation of sweet potatoes into Syria and Mesopotamia. "To be good to one's fellow-man," he said, "is the best religion. The Prophet once said that if a man is so mean to himself that he gets drunk, and like a hog sleeps by his liquor and cannot get away, it shall be forgiven if he repents, but he who wilfully breaks the heart of a fellow-man may never be forgiven."

Again I say — poor Sultan! No man in Europe probably needs more pity. His empire is honeycombed with secret societies, his treasury is exhausted, his creditors are importunate, and piteous cries come up from his people, complaining of unjust exactions by his tax-gatherers, and oppression by high officials. Above all this, of the six Powers, five at least are to be feared. In Paris young Turkey publishes several newspapers in French and Turkish, and it has several organized revolutionary committees. From time to time in his own palace there are shocks and counter shocks of revolutionary feeling. Rumors of a renewal of agitation for the restoration of the charter granted in 1878, dead and inoperative for two and twenty years, from time to time agitate Abdul Hamid.

A few years since, Kiamil Pasha, who had ideas of progress, was appointed Grand Vizier at the instance of the English Ambassador, but he was soon deposed, and has

since been sent into exile in Tripoli. Thence, very recently, he escaped on board an English vessel, believing himself to have reason to fear the fate of Midhat Pasha. The offence for which he was deprived of his high office was his opinion, too openly expressed, that the dominant influence in the government of Turkey ought to be that of the ministers at the Porte, rather than that of palace officials.

The wild and wicked incursion into the Ottoman Bank at Constantinople, of which I have told in this chapter, has embarrassed the party of reform, and may have set back its cause for a generation. The man who planned it (and was killed in the Bank) had proposed to his colleagues to burn the whole of Stamboul, a quarter of Constantinople which is built of wood. "It would have been even an easier thing," one of his adherents laughingly asserted, when he and his fellow-conspirators were safe in Geneva, "than to take the Ottoman Bank. Oh, yes, a thousand times easier!"

CHAPTER V

CRETE, AND THE WAR IN THESSALY

CRETE, or Candia, as the island was called when I learned geography, attracted little attention from Western Europe during the Dark and Middle Ages. Here and there some name or prominent event looms through the mist that shadows its history. We see Idomeneus and Meriones, his friend and charioteer, with the Cretan contingent, acting as allies with the Greeks at the siege of Troy. We know that in the wars waged between Syria and Egypt, after the dismemberment of the empire of Alexander, Cretan mercenaries were employed by both belligerents, and played a large part in the theatre of war.

The next thing that the "general reader" learns about Crete is the bad character given to its inhabitants by Saint Paul, who, writing to Titus, the first Christian bishop on the island, and quoting some Greek author, says: "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, lazy and gluttonous ["slow bellies"]". This witness is true."

This evil reputation, whether just or unjust, has adhered to the inhabitants of Crete to the present day. Only a few weeks since I took up a magazine with an article which proved to be about Crete. It was headed "Among the Liars," and I fancied I was about to read something of the Arabs, who have a legend that Sheitan once carried on his back a bag of lies for distribution to his followers in many lands; but passing through one of the provinces of North Africa, a rent came in the bag, and a large proportion of the lies dropped out among the Arabs.¹ If this was, indeed,

¹ Since the days of "wily Ulysses" men have been found to brag of their proficiency in lying. I heard one of my own domestic servants, a bright mulatto woman, boasting one day that her father was the champion liar of the county in Maryland to which he belonged!

the character of Cretans, their proficiency may have been reinforced when the Arabs in the ninth century settled among them, and, taking advantage of the many harbors along their coast, made the island a nest of pirates.

Trickery and untruthfulness is, however, characteristic of all the Levantine peoples, and the habitual untruthfulness of Greek Christians has strengthened the prejudice of Mussulmans against their religion. In the Levant the trader and the traveller find common honesty only among the Turkish people. My father told me that it was so in his day, and in the old Napoleonic wars he spent nearly ten years of his life on the Mediterranean. All modern travellers say the same thing, always excepting the utterances of the Turkish Government in matters of diplomacy, and the invariable failure of those in authority to keep promises of protection to the Christians wrung from them by the allied Powers. The world, as the Turk views it, consists only of two classes : Mohammedans, who are eventually to triumph, by the blessing of God, over our so-called Christian civilization, and non-Mohammedans, who by conversion, tribute, or the sword are in the end to bow their necks to Islam. The Mohammedans by divine right are a privileged people, and unbelievers, so long as they live side by side with them, are to be treated, if unpopular or refractory, like the people of Armenia. We hear little more of Crete until 961, more than one hundred years before the first crusade, when it was conquered from the Arabs by a Byzantine general and restored to the Greek Emperor.

When the Latins took possession of Constantinople, 1204, Crete fell to the share of Boniface, Marquis of Monferrat, successor to that Conrad of Monferrat who figures in Scott's "Talisman."

Boniface sold it to the Venetians. The rule of the Venetian nobles is said to have been worse than the subsequent rule of the Turks, for it was complicated by the cruelties of the Inquisition. Indeed, the history of the island as far back as it can be discerned contains perpetual records of revolts, riots, feuds, massacres, and

bloody wars. The Turks attempted no conquest of Crete until 1645 ; this they accomplished by a twenty-four years' war, after which little was known of the affairs of the island until the outbreak of the Greek revolution in 1820, save that travellers occasionally spoke of it as the worst governed province in the Turkish dominions. Thousands of its Christian inhabitants apostatized in order to have some share in its local administration, and from these renegades are descended the present Mussulmans of Crete, whose bloody feuds with Christian Cretans have made most of the present troubles.

The Sphakiots, a body of Cretan mountaineers, "are," says a recent traveller, "a splendid race, and have often fought for, and always preserved their liberty. They are tall, fair-haired, cheerful ruffians, in face not unlike the typical native of the eastern counties in England.¹ Every man carries a rifle and is always prepared to render a good account with it." They took possession of almost inaccessible mountains in the interior of Crete, and not only defeated Turkish armies, but shut up the Turks in their fortified cities.

When in 1829 the independence of Greece was acknowledged by the European Powers, Crete earnestly desired to be united to the new kingdom, or at least to share the privileges secured to Samos, whose inhabitants have since lived prosperous and happy. But England, Russia, and France consigned her to the powerful Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali.

In 1840, when disputes in the East broke up the *entente cordiale* between France and England, Crete was given back to the Sultan. Again she protested, asserted her desire to be united to Greece, and attempted a revolution.

There was a rising in Crete in 1859, another in 1867, when Omar Pasha with a large force was sent to restore

¹ There is a large admixture of old Norse (or Danish) blood among the natives of the eastern counties. Can the Sphakiots be descended from some party of Norse rovers wrecked upon their island?

order in the island, and was twice defeated by the Sphakiots, at one time with a loss of twenty thousand men ; and the island may be said to have been for sixty years in a chronic state of revolution.

In November, 1878, Turkey, under pressure from the Powers, granted a charter of reforms, called the Pact of Halepa. It was to force the Turkish Government to carry out these reforms that the Cretans kept up perpetual warfare.

In 1896 began the same racial murders that had desolated Armenia. The Governor of Crete at that time was a Greek Christian, appointed, ostensibly, to fulfil the promises made to the European Powers ; but the Turkish Government frustrated all his efforts to maintain peace by refusing him money to pay the gendarmerie, while his authority was systematically set at nought by Turkish army officers. At length he resigned, and even the Mohammedans regretted his departure.

After that things went from bad to worse. The Porte sent a military governor to suppress the revolution. Many Mohammedans were murdered and their farms laid waste by guerilla bands of the fierce Sphakiots, who played much the same part in Crete that the Kurdish clans did in Armenia.

The Convention of Halepa had been framed to secure justice, toleration, equitable taxation, and some share in the government to Christians, but its conditions were never carried out. Cretan Christians demanded the fulfilment of this agreement, but the Turkish Government desired to quell insurrection in the island, not by concessions, but by force.

The consuls in Crete telegraphed to their governments that they must beware how they guaranteed the fulfilment of any Turkish promises. Some of them even requested the presence of warships in Cretan waters. A massacre took place in the city of Canea. Greece was greatly excited, crowds of Cretan fugitives sought refuge in Athens, while hundreds of Mohammedan orphans found asylums

and kind treatment in Constantinople. Loud was the public outcry in Athens that the Greek Government must rouse itself to help the Cretans, and there seemed reason to dread a popular outbreak if the voice of the people were not heard.

The Austrian Ambassador wrote to his Government, "The blame for the present situation lies entirely with the Turks themselves, and it will be impossible for Greece to stand aloof if acts of savagery take place in the island." The British consul, Mr. (now Sir Alfred) Biliotti, telegraphed to Lord Salisbury, "Pillage and fire mark the passage of the Turkish troops." By which he probably meant the Bashi-bazouks, a force of irregulars, recruited from among the Mohammedan Cretans, for other authorities speak well of the discipline and good conduct of the Turkish soldiers of the regular army.

Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, induced Austria to propose to the other Powers a blockade to prevent arms and volunteers being imported from Greece to help the insurgents. But Lord Salisbury objected, saying that this would be intervening in opposition to Cretan insurgents, who had very solid grievances to complain of; he also added that "after what had occurred during the winter in Armenia, it would be difficult to count on the moderation or clemency with which the Turkish Government would be likely to use any victory it might achieve, and her Majesty's Government therefore shrank from taking part by material intervention in the work of restraining the activity of the Cretans." A strict blockade of the coast of Crete was therefore given up. Nothing could be done, because no promises were binding on the Turkish Government, and foreign guarantees were therefore useless.

In June, 1896, Berovitch Pasha, a Christian, was made Governor of Crete. The scheme of settlement he was to introduce was one of partial autonomy. A commissioner was to be appointed to reform the law courts, and another to reorganize the gendarmerie. Elections were to be held

to send delegates to an assembly, and for a few weeks on the island there was a period of calm. The Christian deputies issued an appeal to both Christians and Mussulmans. "Children of the same country, belonging to the same race," it said, "let the work of peace go on without strife."

Christians who had fled to Greece began by thousands to return, but Mohammedans had taken possession of their farms, and disputes very naturally arose among them. However, there seems to have been a real desire in the minds of both parties to leave off fighting, because the olive crop that year was a very fine one, and prosperity they hoped would come with peace, though it was far from certain that the promised reforms would be put in working order; for the new Christian governor found himself treated as a nobody. The Turkish officials received private orders from Constantinople. Word too was passed among the Mohammedans that they were to resist the reforms.

In the summer of 1896 when the six Powers and a representative of the Sultan reached a settlement, Consul Biliotti wrote home that "both Christians and Mohammedans seemed happy to be led out of the untenable position in which they were placed," though he thought "more goodwill towards the proposed settlement was to be expected of the Mohammedans than of the Christians, in carrying out the proposed organization."

Hardly was this written when a massacre took place near Canea of Christian villagers, who had returned to their homes on an assurance that they would enjoy security and protection.

Next came murders, atrocities, and the burning of villages. Christians sought refuge in the mountains, Mohammedans in cities on the coast, and the European Powers sent their warships to watch events. Before long there was another massacre in Canea, the city was set on fire, and the warships sent their fire-engines to extinguish it. The Christians in Canea crowded on board the foreign vessels, and not one Christian was left in the city.

All over the island the Mohammedans were in arms. The day after the assembly met, it voted for the annexation of the island to Greece. The Greek flag was hoisted, and Cretan Christians took an oath of allegiance to King George. The population of Athens was roused to a frenzy of enthusiasm. It insisted that its king must send troops to help the Cretan Christians. Accordingly, Colonel Vassos with four battalions was despatched to raise the Greek flag over the island. The promised autonomy had never been carried out; the scheme had broken down; but the Powers professed themselves much displeased that Greece should interfere to mar their plans. Colonel Vassos, however, landed his men successfully.

It seemed hard that Christian Powers should treat as enemies a Greek force that had come to Crete to assist fellow Christians, but the Peace of Europe, which was of more importance to the world than satisfying the aspirations of a third-rate power, was involved in the settlement of the Cretan question. There was indeed no reason to think that Greece, unquiet herself, and financially embarrassed, would be able effectively to restore order in what M. de Pressensé calls "this Ireland of the Ægean Sea, with its fierce racial and religious conflicts, and with a Mohammedan minority exposed to the hate and vengeance of a Christian majority, for after 1896 the massacres in Crete were not *of* but *by* Christians; not *by* but *of* Mohammedans."

The six Great Powers, unwilling to be befooled and defied by "a small state, their ward and their spoiled child," insisted that Greece must withdraw her troops from the island, and when the Greek flag was flaunted in the face of their warships from heights around Canea, the hills and blockhouses from which it floated were shelled. "This," said Mr. Gladstone to his countrymen, "was filling up our measure of dishonor."

Lord Salisbury then resolved to try another scheme of pacification and autonomy. Crete was to remain under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, but to have a Christian

Governor-General, and a popular Assembly, entirely independent of Constantinople. The Greek soldiers were to be withdrawn, but the regular soldiers of the Sultan might remain to act as a military police until order was restored upon the island. Greece was notified that the Powers would not consent to her annexation of Crete. But Colonel Vassos was not recalled until the Greeks had experienced reverses in the war that broke out with Turkey, on the northern frontier of Greece. By that time most of the Greek officers in Crete had resigned their commissions, to go to the front as volunteers.

Early in 1897 the Mohammedan Cretan population, driven from their farms and olive orchards, were shut up in two or three fortified cities, round each of which a cordon was drawn, which neither they nor their flocks could pass without forfeiting international protection. The Christians, for the most part, found refuge in the mountains. The Mohammedans, imprisoned in the cities, suffered severely from privation, for by this time the Cretan coast was blockaded, and supplies of provisions were cut off from them, as well as arms and ammunition from the Christians. Disputes went on between the Porte and the admirals concerning the withdrawal of Turkish troops from the island, and these might have continued longer, had not an attack been made by Cretan Mohammedans and Cretan Bashibazouks upon some English marines, sent by Admiral Noel to Candia to carry out a scheme appointing a Cretan to collect the agricultural taxes. The killing of British marines brought matters to a crisis. A party of the Seaforth Highlanders was landed to restore order, of whom an officer and several men were killed.

It became evident that "peace and prosperity, truth and justice, religion and piety," could not be established on the island so long as Turkish garrisons remained in the towns. England, having been attacked in the person of her soldiers and marines, asserted her right to take the foremost part in settling vexed questions concerning Crete at Constantinople. Up to that time the dissentient powers had been

Germany and Russia, both, strange to say, connected by marriage with the royal family of Greece.

Finally it was arranged that Turkey should renounce all right to rule in Crete, retaining only a nominal suzerainty. The Turkish troops were embarked, and the Cretan Mohammedan Bashi-bazouks were disarmed, giving up their weapons to the Turkish soldiers.

Several rulers were proposed for Crete. England said she would accept any, provided he were not an Englishman or a Turk. A Dane was suggested, a native of Luxembourg, and a Montenegrin prince; but Russia, much to the surprise of the other Powers, proposed Prince George, the second son of the King of Greece, the companion of the Emperor (when Czarevich) upon his travels, and his defender when the insane Japanese fanatic attacked him in the street of Otzu. The Porte objected for some time to this choice, saying that the appointment of Prince George would be only preliminary to the annexation of Crete to Greece. Prince George renounced his claim of succession to the throne of his father, and at last the matter was satisfactorily arranged.

Very satisfactory it has proved thus far. "Crete, torn for twenty-five years by civil war, foreign conquest, and oppression, has suddenly attained liberty and good government under a ruler of her own race and language."

The autonomy scheme of Lord Salisbury was not popular in Crete at first; so many schemes of autonomy that had been made had come to nothing. The Mohammedans imagined that autonomy meant the rule of the Christians and the loss of their own privileged position. They also dreaded that the Christians when in power would call them to account for past atrocities.

After a long period of suspense, caused by the inaction and indecision of the Great Powers, real autonomy was established in Crete. The Christians, about five-sevenths of the population, had shut up the Mussulmans in the maritime cities, and, owing to the blockade by the navies of Europe, they were woefully short of supplies. Moham-

medan villages had been burned by the insurgents, and Christian villages with their olive orchards had suffered wholesale destruction.

Edhem Pasha, who had been made Turkish Governor of Crete, after the war in Thessaly, had promptly disavowed the attack made at Candia on British troops. But England refused to be satisfied until Turkish soldiers were withdrawn from the island. This took place accordingly, and Prince George at last with the consent of Turkey was made High Commissioner of the Four Powers in Crete. This meant that he was invested with regal authority for three years and that disputes between the Powers were suspended.

The enthusiasm of the Cretans knew no bounds when on Dec. 21, 1898, Prince George entered Canea. His work has been to build up a civilized state from ruins. Many persons thought him wholly unqualified for such a task, but the Sphakiots, those warlike mountaineers, whom no authority had been able to tame for half a century, submitted at once to the young Greek ruler. The Mussulmans were less amenable, but Prince George has done his best to reconcile them to the new state of things; agents, however, from Constantinople at first actively opposed his plans and induced large numbers of Moslem peasants to emigrate rather than submit to his authority. Seventy thousand Cretan Moslems, misled as to the intentions of their ruler, are said to have emigrated to Asia Minor. Some, however, soon became weary of exile, and desired to return to their homes.

The town Mussulmans and the Turkish landed proprietors have now become enthusiastic supporters of the Prince and his government.

Recently the Queen of Greece (a Grand Duchess of Russia) paid a visit to her son, and increased his popularity among Moslems of distinction by returning in person all the visits she received from the ladies of their harems. The Prince too from time to time pays visits to the mosques, and his Secretary of State (or "Counsellor," as



PRINCE GEORGE OF CRETE.

he is called) is a Mohammedan, who has charge of the Public Safety and of the gendarmerie.

Crete has been provided with a Constitution and with a popular Assembly, which, while it alone can pass laws, impose taxes, and regulate public expenditure, cannot interfere with the executive. The Prince has a council of ministers through whom he governs. Though he exercises kingly, or presidential power, his position, style, and title are somewhat anomalous. He is the High Commissioner of the Four Powers. His appointment will expire at the close of 1901; but his administration has been so satisfactory that there can, it is thought, be little doubt of its renewal. In a recent article in the "Nation," signed by a Greek name, are the following remarks, which seem worth consideration.

"The unusually ample power given to the Prince, and the limitation of the national representation to mere legislation, were a necessity, in the case of a passionate and excitable race of political infants, even if Crete were not materially ruined by long centuries of anarchy and misrule. In Greece proper the premature introduction of parliamentary government has engendered a sad compound of political jobbery and demagogue rule. Universal suffrage has led to the utter prostitution of parliamentary institutions. Even worse were the results of a similar *régime* in Crete, for eleven years, under the Halepa Convention of 1878. Not only was autonomy but an ignoble scramble for the sweets of office, but the minority habitually conspired against the majority with the Turkish Governor-General, and against the latter with his personal enemies at Constantinople, and the majority invariably drove the minority out of the towns and plains into the mountains by force of arms. In the absence, therefore, of the self-restraint indispensable to the working of parliamentary institutions, and with so much waiting to be done for the country's material and social regeneration, Crete needs a strong central government, independent of popular whims, passions, and imperfections, for some time to come." ¹

The war in Thessaly will probably be known in history as the Thirty Days' War, for actual hostilities lasted only from

¹ "The Nation," Nov. 23, 1899.

April 16 to May 18, 1897. It was undertaken against what we might call the absolute commands of the six Powers, — England, Germany, Russia, Austria, France, and Italy, who had undertaken, with exasperating diplomatic deliberation, to settle the affairs of Turkey, Greece, and the Cretan question.

Both parties had been actively making preparations for a fight. Turkey had mobilized eighty-two thousand men, principally Redifs, or Reservists, drawn from Asia Minor. Greece had called upon all Greeks in foreign countries to join her standards; a large number of them sailed from New York; a body of Garibaldian red-shirts, whom the liberation of Italy had thrown out of employ, came, under the command of Ricciotti Garibaldi; and enthusiasts from every part of the world lent Greece, if not their support, at least their cordial sympathy. The opinion of the civilized world, and that of the Greeks themselves, according to G. W. Steevens, was as follows: —

“That the Turkish army was a mob of starving, half-naked, diseased, disorderly ruffians, who could never stand a day before the forces of civilized Greece. It seems incredible now, but it is indisputable, that thousands of Europeans, who could talk glibly of Japan and China, believed that the Turks would have no chance against the Greeks. The Greeks were glad enough to accept this opinion. Meantime the Turks were arming. The Government issued daily statements of the number of troops that had gone up to the front, but these statements were not believed by the general public, as no foreigner was allowed to go with them and see them; so the newspaper reports gave the impression that there were more troops on paper statements from the war office than there were facing the enemy. As a matter of fact, however, the statements from Constantinople were true, and the men very decently cared for. The mobilization worked slowly, — but it worked. No doubt it would have been improved on in Germany, but it was well in advance of anything Turkey had done before. The thanks for that were due to the new direct railway from Constantinople to Salonica. Had the Sultan kept his fleet in any order, this line could have been dispensed with. But the Greek fleet, trumpery as it was, commanded the Archipelago, and neither men nor stores could be sent by sea. So that but

for the Constantinople-Salonica line the Asiatic reserves could not have been got to the front for weeks and weeks."

The war was brought on by the *Ethnike Hetairia*, that revolutionary society which organizes agitation wherever there are Greeks to be influenced by its committees. The population at Athens had been growing very restive in view of the dilatory action (or non-action) of the Powers in settling the affairs of Crete; and when the six Powers peremptorily forbade the annexation of that island to Greece, blockaded its coast that Greece might send no troops or food or ammunition to the insurgents, — nay, even fired on Greek flags when a body of insurgents flaunted them in the face of the allied squadron, — the people were not to be restrained. They threatened revolution and the dethronement of King George, unless he would defy all Europe and declare war against the Turks. At last he placed himself at the head of the national movement, under dread of losing his crown.

When the frontier of Greece was settled in 1830, Thessaly and Epirus were not given to the new-made kingdom. At Berlin, when the Congress in 1878 was engaged in settling the affairs of Eastern Europe, Greece conceived herself to have secured a promise that these provinces, together with Macedonia, should be taken from Turkey and given to her. The Powers had either not meant to make this promise, or refused to carry it out. But the importunity of Greece became so great that in 1881, by especial treaty, Thessaly was made over to Greece, in hopes of preventing the incursion of Greek brigands into Turkish territory. The Powers in 1897 notified Turks and Greeks that, whichever should begin the war (undertaken against their advice and approval) should gain nothing by success.

The Greeks counted on the prestige of the Grecian name and on the bitter feeling roused against the Sultan by the Armenian massacres. They looked for moral support from Christendom. They did not believe that popular opinion in Christian countries would suffer Turks to invade their land, to massacre, to pillage and destroy them, without

giving them assistance. They called upon all sons of Greece to rally to the defence of their once glorious country, regardless of the repeated declarations of the Powers, that the settlement of the Cretan question was an international affair, which they intended to keep in their own hands. Early in the spring of 1897, Greek troops were hurried to the frontier, the Turks stationed an army corps at Salonica, and both moved men up to the mountains which formed the Greco-Turkish frontier. Edhem Pasha, who was made commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, was a good man and an excellent general, except that he had no "push," — that restless activity so conspicuous in Christian civilization, so opposed to that of the Orient. A Turkish proverb, "Deliberation is of God, haste is of the devil," was conspicuously illustrated in Edhem's strategy.

English and American newspapers sent their correspondents to the seat of war. Richard Harding Davis was among those who joined the Greeks; while with the Turks were, amongst others, G. W. Stevens and Bennett Burleigh. Each of these gentlemen has published in book-form his experience and his impressions.

The Turkish correspondents rendezvoused at Salonica, described by them as a city of Spanish Jews, the chief part of its inhabitants speaking the old tongue that their forefathers brought with them when expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella and the Inquisition. Salonica is the city that Austria desires (and expects) to acquire when any fresh partition of the territories of Turkey shall be found advisable.

While the correspondents were growing weary of inaction at Salonica, they employed themselves in wondering at the strange efficiency of the Turkish transport service. Everything brought from Constantinople by rail was carried to the front on the backs of little ponies, which in long lines crawled over mountains and crossed the dry beds of water-courses, bearing boxes of ammunition, and biscuit, forage, and stores of all kinds for the supply of an army of fifty

thousand men. The correspondents also visited the Turkish hospital, where they found cleanliness and good order. On its outside was a clock with an inscription saying it had been presented by the English Government in acknowledgment of the skill and kindness there shown to British sailors attacked by small-pox.

At last the correspondents were allowed to go to the front by especial permit from Constantinople; and soon after, March 28, 1897, came news of a raid of Greek brigands over the frontier. But the Turkish army lay inactive at the foot of the mountains that divide Macedonia from Thessaly, awaiting a telegram from Yildiz to say that the war was to begin. The headquarters of Edhem Pasha were at the little town of Elissona at the foot of a long range of hills, on the summit of which was the frontier, with Greek and Turkish block-houses planted within sight of each other, in many instances the occupants of each provisionally keeping up social intercourse *en attendant* the declaration of war.

There were two passes through the mountains from Macedonia to the plains of Thessaly, Meluna and Reveni. A second time a large band of Greek irregulars calling themselves bandits, but led by Greek officers in disguise, made a raid into Macedonia with no result. For such raids the Greek Government declared itself not responsible, and threw all the blame on the Ethnike Hetairia.

On April 16, came orders to Edhem Pasha to assume the offensive. But the day before, the Greeks and Turks had disputed some neutral ground on the summit of a mountain called Analipsis, which dominated the Meluna Pass that led into Thessaly, near the base of Mount Olympus. In this struggle on the top of Mount Analipsis the Greeks gained the advantage.

Edhem Pasha, having received permission to advance, commenced an artillery engagement to secure the Pass of Meluna. Riza Pasha was in command of the artillery, which was admirably served. The other Turkish generals of distinction were Neshat Pasha, Memdukh Pasha, Sey-

foullah, Hamdi, and Hairi Pashas. Neshat had been bred in Constantinople, and he brought from Adrianople three admirably equipped, well-drilled battalions of young Albanians. He had no idea how to lead them into action. When his chance came, he charged with them up a mountain on the top of which were Greek batteries and earthworks, while other batteries were so posted as to take them in flank. Nearly all the gallant little band perished at Domoko. Memdukh Pasha was a veteran soldier, a splendid fighter, beloved and honored by his men, but he was as ignorant of the art of war as he was of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Hairi and Hamdi were dilatory and incapable officers, always behind time when their divisions were wanted, while Seyfoullah, who had been attached to the Turkish embassy at Athens, knew all the Greek officers and every foot of their country, and was of invaluable assistance to his commanders.

Prince Constantine, the Greek Crown Prince, was commander-in-chief of the Greek army; his staff was composed of gay young men, his friends, conspicuous in social circles in Athens. With him was his brother Nicholas. The "big, bluff, rollicking sea-dog, Prince George," was with a flotilla off the coast of Crete.

The first day's fight at the Pass of Meluna broke off when the Turks had gained the summit of the hills that commanded it, and night fell. In the morning they expected to resume the fight, but they found the Greeks were gone. They had fallen back on Larissa, the chief town of Thessaly.

The Reveni Pass, where General Smolenski, and under him the best native general, Mavromichali, commanded the Greeks, was far better defended. There was fought what was called the battle of Mati, and the Greeks showed bravery; but Smolenski's forces were ordered by the Crown Prince to fall back on Larissa, a movement indeed inevitable, for their position was surrounded.

The Turks poured by both passes into the plain of Thessaly, advancing on Larissa. To their surprise they found it evacuated by all the Greek troops and most of the inhabit-

ants, who had persuaded themselves that nothing but massacre and pillage could be looked for from the Turks.

Here is Steevens's description of how he entered Larissa, and his account of what he saw is confirmed by other writers : —

“Never could there be seen more hopeless, handless, headless confusion. Saddles and harness were strewn in heaps; regimental papers flew before the wind in clouds. There was a knapsack, here a cap, there an artillery ammunition wagon hanging over the ditch, with the wheels broken and the traces cut; there — shame! — a little pile of cartridges. A soldier may throw away much, and there is still hope for him; once he begins to throw away cartridges, there is none. And there by the roadside were a couple of dead Greeks, their swollen faces black with flies; they had been killed by their comrades in the stampede. . . .

“As the dominant impression of the town was the sweet smell of laburnums in the public places, of roses and sweet peas in the gardens, so the impression of the occupation of the town was fragrant and kindly. The entry of the Turkish troops into Larissa was the sweetest and most lovable thing I had seen during this week of war. That the Turkish army entering a town taken from the enemy should be a pleasant sight, should be almost a kind of Sunday-school treat, will be surprising information to many Englishmen. But I have eyes in my head, and I saw it.”

So did others, who tell us the same tale. The Greeks on their retreat had paused first at a small town called Tyrnavo, from which they fled in a panic on Friday night. The Crown Prince came that same evening into Larissa, but quitted it at two in the morning. Frightened troops, who had lost all order and discipline, came rushing tumultuously into the town all night, and the next morning were off for Pharsala, letting loose two hundred convicts from the prisons, and putting arms into their hands. There “had been smashing and stealing and shooting all Saturday night. On Sunday morning came the Turks. . . . Town and fortifications, guns and ammunition, clothing and provisions and fodder, — the Greeks had taken to their heels and left it all! They had lost everything — including honor.

They had not been beaten ; they had scuttled for their lives after two days of desultory shell-fire, that, on their own showing, had killed next to nobody. . . . And their flight was headed by their commander-in-chief, the King's son ! " There were strange stories told of the way in which officers of his staff provided for his personal comfort and luxury in his railway carriage ; and even Greeks ventured on the taunt that a Greek peasant won the race from Marathon, and a Greek crown prince won the race when his army left Larissa for Pharsala.

Not all Greeks shared, however, in this disgraceful flight. Twelve thousand men under Smolenski had come through the Reveni Pass, and were stationed along the railroad south of Larissa which runs from Volo ¹ to Pharsala. On this road, Velestino, forty miles from Larissa, though an insignificant village, was an important position. . At Pharsala, a big village rather than a town, about sixty thousand Greek soldiers were assembled ; the position was one well capable of defence. But Greek tactics in this war seemed to be to defeat the best-laid plans of Edhem Pasha, by running away just as he had made his preparations for a hard fight and a brilliant victory. The Greeks had an admirable position at Pharsala ; some said that " an army that was bent on fighting might have searched half Europe to find a better." Three times on different days the Turks attacked Velestino, and were repulsed, for Smolenski's men had not lost heart and had confidence in their commander. A fourth time, on May 4, they returned with ten thousand men and four field batteries. The second battle of Velestino lasted a day and a half. On May 5, the Crown Prince and his army retreated from Pharsala to Domoko, and ordered Smolenski to rejoin him. Turks burned the village of Velestino as they passed through it on their march to Volo. " Smolenski's name had been more potent than five thousand men held in reserve. His seven thousand men

¹ Volo, the terminus of an important railroad, with its harbor occupied by Greek warships and those of the allies.

for two days lay in the trenches repulsing attack after attack of the Turkish troops, suffocated with heat, chilled by sudden showers, and swept incessantly by shells and bullets, maintaining their position partly because they were good men and brave men, but largely because they knew that somewhere behind them a stout, bull-necked little man was sitting on a camp-stool, watching them through a pair of field-glasses."

The retreat from Pharsala, at which place the Crown Prince was the first man to leave the army, was more orderly than the flight from Larissa. The Foreign Legion formed the rear-guard, keeping good order, stubbornly firing, and marching swiftly, but without breaking into a run.

After this the Greeks under Smolenski could not hold Velestino, and Velestino lost meant the loss of the railroad and of Volo. Most amusing is Mr. Steevens's account how he and three other correspondents, two Englishmen and an American, with a Turkish captain, one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp, two Albanian cavasses, and a stray cavalry trooper whom they picked up on the way, took the important city of Volo. Absurd as the whole thing was, it had an element of tragedy, for Captain Nedjib Bey carried with him news of life or death to the inhabitants, and all of them expected the latter fate. The invaders on their way met a deputation from the foreign consuls in Volo, each carrying its national flag; among them an English jack-tar bore the Union Jack. They were on their way to implore Edhem Pasha to show clemency and protection to the people of the city. All the people of Volo seemed to the handful of invaders most horribly afraid of them, but as the party advanced toward the centre of the town, and it was found that so far they had not murdered anybody, the populace grew somewhat reassured, and began to think they might still have a chance.

The Sultan's young aide-de-camp and his seven followers pushed through to the town-hall, where they had much difficulty in finding any man willing to act as representative of the Mayor, and sign the surrender of the city.

When this was accomplished, a proclamation from Edhem Pasha was read from a balcony to the people, of whom there were about a thousand in the street, looking up timorously. "But as they listened, their cowed faces lightened. They were spared! They lived again. And then a Greek on the balcony called for three cheers for the Sultan. How they rang! All the Greeks who had called him a monster at dawn that morning emptied their lungs with a relish." It was a comfort to them to learn that they need no longer expect to be robbed or killed.

From Pharsala the Turkish army marched on Domoko, a place very strongly defended by a river, hills, and earthworks. It was there that Neshat's three battalions of young Albanians, in new uniforms and with Mauser rifles, were led up to their death by a commander wholly ignorant of what could be reasonably expected of them. They never flinched, however, but marched on, leaving behind them a long line of dead and wounded.

Domoko is at the foot of the Othrys Mountains, a range that on the south bounds the plain of Thessaly. Its pass is the Furka, leading down to Thermopylæ, which it appears is not a pass at all, but a stretch of sandy beach, on one side of which is the sea, and on the other the high cliffs of a range of mountains.

The retreating Greeks were driven down the Furka Pass by a wild contingent of Albanians. These were men, or mostly boys, who did not serve for pay, but for the fun of fighting and the hope of loot. Of this last in this campaign they were sorely disappointed, but disappointment did not cool their zeal or dash their courage.

When the Turks got through the Furka Pass, their advance was met by a white flag, which Greek officers were carrying to Edhem Pasha with news that an armistice preliminary to peace had been agreed on by the contending parties. Thus ended, on May 20, the 'Thirty Days' War in Thessaly. But in Epirus another branch of the war (if I may so express myself) had been simultaneously going on—I was about to say "it raged" around the Gulf of Arta (part

of the Ionian Sea, which leads into the Adriatic), but there was no *raging* about it. It was the story of Thessaly over again, — advance of the Turks, retreat of the Greeks, and little or no fighting to speak of. On one occasion the Greek army marched for a day and a half toward a place called the Seven Wells, where they expected to encounter the enemy, but before they reached it, they met a force of their own men in full flight, and the account of their rough-and-tumble retreat to the Greek shore, over a long, high, narrow bridge at Arta, is amusingly told by the American correspondent of the London "Times."

The Gulf of Arta has one shore in Greece, the other in Turkish territory. On the latter is a little white fort called Prevesa, which was bombarded with little or no result by Greek warships from April 18 to the close of hostilities.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, whom I have already quoted, says also, —

"It is a question whether the chief trouble with the Greeks is not that they are too democratic to make good soldiers, and too independent to submit to being led by any one from either the council-chamber or the field. Perhaps the most perfect example of pure democracy that exists anywhere in the world is found among the Greeks to-day, — a state of equality the like of which is not to be found with us nor in the Republic of France. Each Greek thinks and acts independently, and respects his neighbor's opinion just as long as his neighbor agrees with him. . . . The country was like a huge debating society. When these men were called out to act as soldiers, almost every private had his own idea as to how the war should be conducted, and as his idea not infrequently clashed with the ideas of his superiors, there were occasional moments of confusion. . . . Too many of the Greeks went forth to war with a most exaggerated idea of the ease with which a Turkish regiment can be slaughtered or made to run away; and when they found that very few Turks were killed, and that none of them ran away, the surprise at the discovery quite upset them, and they became panic-stricken, and there was the rout to Larissa in consequence."

There was an impression in the army and elsewhere in Greece that the Greek campaign was much influenced by

letters which passed between the King and his relatives in various courts of Europe. The Greek soldiers at one time fully believed that they had been betrayed by their King, and that the Crown Prince had received secret orders not to give battle but to retreat continually. There certainly was much danger in Athens of an attempt at revolution. It would have been much more to the King's credit had he told his people firmly from the first that they were wholly unprepared for war, instead of assuring them from the balcony of his palace that if war should come he himself would lead them into Thessaly. But King George was unfortunate in having been carried beyond his depth by a wave of excitement got up among a people who seem as easily moved as those of a Spanish-American republic.¹

It was not until December that a treaty of peace was signed, and Turkish troops were withdrawn from Thessaly. The Powers found it very hard to agree upon the terms, and Turkey and Greece were equally dissatisfied with their propositions. Germany struck the most discordant note in the European "concert." Her Emperor was anxious to conciliate Turkey, and yet so arrange the indemnity to be paid by Greece that the outlay should not imperil the interests of German capitalists who had put much money into Greek loans. England insisted that Turkey should not be allowed to keep troops upon Greek soil until the indemnity (or part of it at least) was paid; Russia was very anxious to arrange for its satisfactory payment, and she intended to press for payment of the war indemnity accorded to her twenty years before by the Treaty of Berlin, when the Sultan should have money in his hands. Finally all was arranged. Turkey was forced reluctantly to give up Thessaly; Greece was forced to let an international committee preside over her financial affairs. So great was popular indignation in Athens that the Premier, foreseeing that the treaty would be rejected by an immense majority in the Boule (or Legislative Chamber), made

¹ See "A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book," by Richard Harding Davis.

some pretext for its being signed without submitting it to the representatives.

Briefly speaking, Turkey gave up Thessaly, but there was "a rectified frontier" laid down between Thessaly and Macedonia. From 1881 to the war the frontier had been on the summit of the mountain range which separates Greece from Turkey. The new frontier left Turkey the hills and the passes, Mount Olympus, Ossa, and Pelion, and was drawn at the base of the dividing range. An indemnity of 152,000,000 drachmas, or four million Turkish pounds, was to be paid by Greece. She was also to renounce all schemes of annexing Crete. Some villages on the frontier, inhabited by Christian Wallachs (Roumanians) petitioned to be annexed to Turkey rather than to Greece. Their petition was granted. Greece also renounced her treaty-right to have her subjects, if guilty of any offence while in Turkey, tried by their own consuls, and not by Turkish law. Since this treaty was concluded, the world has heard little from Greece except what relates to archæological discoveries. In 1896 the Olympic Games were revived in Athens, and were largely attended by athletes and enthusiastic students of classical Greek literature all over the world. It was proposed to hold these games every four years. Greece claimed that they must be held at Athens, but Paris in 1900, during the Exhibition, was the place and time preferred. The matter, however, seems to have been dropped. Greece has been out of heart since 1896, and Paris during the Exhibition year has been too crowded with attractions.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE BALKANS

A WRITER in the "Economist," November, 1899, speaks thus of the situation in the Balkans: —

"Politics in the Balkans at the present time must be very like what politics were in Western Europe during the Middle Ages. The entire peninsula is divided, as Europe was then, among separate states which have no bond except their common creed, and are governed by princes, each of whom is occupied in getting the better, by fair means or foul, of all the others. Each state is inhabited by people who have in the main only two occupations, agriculture and fighting, and who agree with their princes, that in the domain of politics, laws, consciences, and agreements are almost equally burdensome. The regular means of aggrandizement are war and intrigue, but if individuals, whether princes or statesmen, are too much in the way, the people or their princes resort to assassination without the slightest scruple."

These words read like a *résumé* of the events that took place in Bulgaria after September, 1893, when I concluded my account of "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century," and of the petty states that had been successively torn from the Ottoman Empire and granted autonomy under the sovereignty, for the most part, of alien princes. I concluded my account of Bulgaria (a tiny principality no larger than Scotland and Wales combined) with these words: —

"Prince Ferdinand has been fortunate in his prime minister, M. Stambuloff, who was president of the provisional government during the change of princes. His fortunes are bound up with those of Prince Ferdinand, for whose acceptance of the Bulgarian throne he is mainly responsible. He is extremely popular in the country. That Russia is bitterly opposed both to him and

his prince is probably an additional reason why they are beloved by the Bulgarians."

"I do not envy the man who may be called to fill the place of Prince Alexander," wrote an old resident of Constantinople, when the choice of a new prince was yet to be made. "If he attempts to rule in the interests of Bulgaria, he will be subjected to every insult and thwarted at every step. If he is simply a Russian satrap, he will be hated by his people."

Such has been the history of Prince Ferdinand and of his principality since 1893.

During the first years of his reign Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg had little hold on the sympathies or affections of his people. He was a foreigner and a Catholic. He knew nothing of the country; he was even ignorant of its language, though it must be said to his credit that he studied it with great diligence, and before long overcame this disadvantage. But "his chief, if not his only, hold upon his people was that he was believed to be the safeguard of their national independence, while the main ground for this belief lay in the fact that he was the nominee of Stambuloff, and was supposed to enjoy the full confidence of his nominator."

Stefan Stambuloff, the Bismarck of Bulgaria, was born in the small fortified city of Tirnova, the ancient capital of the Peasant State, on Jan. 31, 1854. His father was an inn-keeper. He had two brothers who, during his days of power and prosperity, never attempted to rise above their original station, but Stefan from his earliest years was ambitious, and the first step to a rise in life was to obtain instruction. His father apprenticed him to a tailor, but he sought every opportunity of acquiring knowledge. Midhat Pasha, who was at that time Vali or Governor of Bulgaria, had been at pains to establish good schools in his vilayet, and Stefan contrived to receive private lessons at night from one of the schoolmasters. In 1866, news of a Cretan revolt excited the Christians in Bulgaria. Revolutionary committees were formed in the chief towns, and Stambuloff,

while still pursuing his studies, joined one of these committees. Next, much against the wishes of his father, he obtained, in consideration of his zeal for learning, an opportunity to pursue his studies at the University of Odessa, where he proposed to himself to study for the priesthood. Odessa was at that time overrun with Nihilists. Out of three hundred students in the University, not more than thirty or forty were free from taint. They held secret meetings in cellars and lone places; but at last they were all arrested, and the Bulgarians among them were ordered to go back to Turkey in twenty-four hours. Stambuloff chose that part of Turkey which is now Roumania; thence, however, as he was looked upon as a revolutionist, he was sent to his own province of Bulgaria. It is strange that after this he was offered by the Turks an appointment as schoolmaster in one of the government schools. But he preferred to become a book-peddler, and in that character to act as the "walking delegate" of revolutionary committees, while disseminating revolutionary literature. He had many dangerous adventures in this part of his career, and often suffered greatly from cold and hunger. At length he found himself in Constantinople, where Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador, who favored risings and revolts in Turkish territory, gave him a Russian passport to Odessa.

But the chief Revolutionary Committee at Bucharest subsequently lost confidence in Stambuloff. He was not of the stuff that makes thorough-going Nihilist conspirators. Russian officials facilitated his escape, both from the Turks and from the Nihilists. In the various confusions of that time, in the Turko-Servian war, and in insurrections against the Turkish Government in Bulgaria and Roumania, Stambuloff acted with Russia.

At one time he undertook to organize insurrection against the Turks among the brigand bands of Macedonia, and grew thoroughly disgusted with their self-seeking and unreliability.

In the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, he served with the Russian soldiers, who proclaimed themselves the deliverers

of their Bulgarian brothers from the yoke of the infidel. When the war ended, Stambuloff was selected to carry an address of gratitude, with two hundred and fifty thousand Bulgarian signatures, to the Russian Emperor; but before he could deliver it, he learned that the Treaty of San Stefano had been abrogated by the Powers, that Bulgaria was not to possess Roumelia, and was not to become an appendage of Russia, but was to continue under the suzerainty of the Sultan as an autonomous principality.

Stambuloff then retired to Tirnova, and began practice as a lawyer. Since independence — or semi-independence — had been granted to Bulgaria by the Powers, it became the object of his life to maintain her nationality, and to fit his countrymen for self-government; meantime, under the rule of Alexander of Battenberg, he took no active part in public affairs.

When Bulgaria found herself deprived of a sovereign by the abduction and abdication of Prince Alexander, there was wild confusion throughout the country, but everywhere among the people popular feeling was with their lost Prince. There were doubts, however, whether all the army could be trusted, and Russian agitators were everywhere at work in Bulgaria and Roumelia.

A provisional regency was appointed in which Stambuloff took the lead, and, as I have told in "*Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century*," the choice of the Regents fell upon Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg. As the young Prince was inexperienced in the art of government, and wholly unacquainted with the language of the people he was called to rule, Stambuloff may be said to have taken him at once under his patronage and protection. At the point when my narrative broke off in "*Russia and Turkey*," Ferdinand had been on the throne five years.

It was the earnest desire of Stambuloff to see him married, for he felt that the independence of Bulgaria depended on a permanent dynasty. The Constitution permitted the people of Bulgaria to elect a prince not of the Orthodox Greek Church, but insisted that his successor must belong

to the national religion. Stambuloff exerted himself to have this clause of the Constitution changed.

The birth of a male heir to Prince Ferdinand (who had married Princess Maria Louisa of Parma) was hailed with rapture by the Bulgarians; for the first time for many centuries a Bulgarian prince was born on Bulgarian soil, and he was to bear the name of Boris, the national hero of Bulgarian legend. Old residents in Bulgaria declared that they had never witnessed such a display of enthusiasm among a singularly undemonstrative people as that which greeted the news of this prince's birth.

"From that time Prince Ferdinand felt, with some amount of justice, that his title to the throne rested on grounds independent of his great minister's support and favor."

Stambuloff, having obtained a repeal of the article in the Constitution of Bulgaria which made it essential that Prince Ferdinand's successor should be of the Orthodox Church, incurred thereby additional distrust and more personal dislike from Alexander III., whose dearest hope was to spread the Orthodox faith among Slavs. Prince Boris was born Jan. 30, 1894, and was baptized a week later by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Bulgaria. His godparents (who were both present) were Prince Robert of Parma, his maternal grandfather, and his paternal grandmother, the Princess Clementine of Orleans. He received at the same time the title of Prince of Tirnova.

There had been rumors in Bulgaria that Prince Ferdinand might apostatize and declare himself a member of the national Orthodox Church. When this rumor reached his ears, he replied, "Rather than apostatize I would renounce my crown and my life!"

"Noble words!" cried a French abbé, writing early in 1895 on the affairs of Bulgaria.

Alas! Prince Boris when two years old was rebaptized in the Orthodox Greek Church, the Czar being invited to be his godfather.

It was a keen disappointment to the Catholics of Bulgaria,

of whom there are a large number. It was also a surprise, for Ferdinand had written with enthusiasm to Pope Leo on his marriage, that he hoped to found a Catholic dynasty in Bulgaria.

The crook in Prince Ferdinand's lot was that he had never been officially recognized by other European sovereigns; for the Treaty of Berlin required the formal assent of the six Great Powers, as well as that of the Sultan (the suzerain of Bulgaria), to make a prince's election valid. England, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, and Italy had assented without difficulty, but not Russia.

"To a man like Ferdinand, fond of court ceremonies, vain of his personal position and morbidly susceptible as to his own dignity, the constant slights and rebuffs which his non-recognition entailed were more galling than they would have been to common mortals. But apart from this, a less sensitive prince might well have considered that not only his own prospects, but those of his dynasty were seriously imperilled by the reluctance of his ministers to take any steps to force on his recognition."

It was even intimated to him from trustworthy sources that Stambuloff, being considered the friend of Turkey, and the archenemy of Russia, no reconciliation with that power could take place, and no recognition from the Czar could be expected, unless the man who held the helm of state could be thrown overboard. The Princess Maria Louisa was very ill for weeks after her son's birth; when she grew better, she was removed for change of scene to the neighborhood of Vienna. Her husband went with her, and in his absence Stambuloff, as usual, was appointed regent.

A very serious dispute occurred at this time (1894) with the Sultan concerning the appointment of Christian bishops in Macedonia. It was a conflict between the Greek, Bulgarian, and Servian nationalities in that disordered province, each hoping to increase its importance and influence by control of religion and the schools.

Stambuloff took it upon himself to visit the Sultan in

Constantinople, and succeeded so well in his personal communications with Abdul Hamid that two extra bishops of the Bulgarian Church were appointed in Macedonia, thereby giving increased authority to the Bulgarian clergy.

This triumph over Orthodox Greek Christians greatly increased Stambuloff's popularity among his people. Mass meetings and torchlight processions were held in his honor, and he was wildly cheered when, in a speech to the crowd, he declared that the interests of Bulgaria would be best promoted by cordial and loyal co-operation with the suzerain.

But while the people of the Peasant State were wild with enthusiasm for Stambuloff, Prince Ferdinand's feeling was the reverse. "That so important an arrangement had been concluded without his approval, and concluded in such a way that the whole credit of its conclusion devolved on the premier, rankled in the Prince's mind, and later on furnished one of the chief pretexts for the Minister's dismissal."

Meantime while Stambuloff, confident that he was absolutely indispensable to his royal master, believed that that master knew him to be indispensable, Prince Ferdinand was growing more and more anxious to escape from his leading strings and to lean for support instead upon the arm of Russia. This feeling grew stronger when Alexander III., whose personal animosity he never could have appeased, gave place to his son Nicholas upon the Russian throne.

I cannot enter into an account of the conspiracies, assassinations, false accusations, executions, and intrigues, that disturbed the court and capital of Bulgaria, before Russian agents, with the sympathy and connivance of Prince Ferdinand, accomplished the great minister's fall. Falsehoods affecting his moral character, and falsehoods to the effect that torture had been inflicted by his orders on political prisoners were freely circulated. The most obvious and, perhaps I may venture to say, the most national way of getting rid of him was to kill him. Several methods were tried with this intent. One was a duel with a M. Savoff, who, with no

shadow of evidence, accused M. Stambuloff of an intrigue with his wife. But, the matter being placed in the hands of seconds, they unanimously decided that Savoff was insanely jealous, and could show no cause whatever for demanding satisfaction from the prime minister. A surer way seemed to be to resort to assassination. As Stambuloff was walking home from his club one night in company with M. Beltscheff, the Finance Minister, a shot was fired from behind a wall. It was intended to hit Stambuloff, but it killed his companion.

Prince Ferdinand had had in his hands, since his dissatisfaction concerning the bishoprics in Macedonia, an undated resignation, signed by Stambuloff. He had hesitated to use it. But now, the ignorant and fickle populace being sufficiently roused against the great minister, who had sought his country's good, he was dismissed from office and virtually imprisoned in his own house, where even his fast friends were denied free access to him.

Unfortunately his sense of wrong got the better of his discretion. He was editor of a paper, in which he attacked his enemies, including Prince Ferdinand, with great bitterness and persistency, and he was unfortunately led to unbosom himself to a German newspaper reporter, who, of course, in the columns of his journal made the story of the wrongs that the great minister had received from Prince Ferdinand as sensational as possible.

After this, every kind of persecution of Stambuloff and of his friends was carried on with the approval, if not at the instigation, of the court of Sofia. In vain the fallen minister implored the intercession of his Prince to save him from his enemies, or to grant him leave, as his health needed a change of climate, to retire from Bulgaria. But Ferdinand refused "to risk his own prospects of reconciliation with St. Petersburg in order to serve the minister who had served him so faithfully." "This was," says Mr. Edward Dicey, "according to the well-known saying, 'worse than a crime, it was a blunder,' and for blunders of this kind there is no place for repentance."

During the year 1895, the persecution of Stambuloff, his friends, and his adherents went steadily on. A military court actually issued an order for his arrest on the charge that he had himself murdered his friend Beltscheff, while the real murderer, who had confessed the crime and had been committed for five years to prison, was released. The mob, eager for excitement, clamorously approved of these proceedings. Adherents of Stambuloff to whom he had given official positions were summarily dismissed, and officers whom he had promoted were turned out of the army.

On July 15, as Stambuloff was driving home to his own house, attended by a friend and by his faithful body servant, his carriage was attacked by four bravos, whose leader was Tufekcheff, a man who had been sentenced to death in Constantinople for the murder of Dr. Vulkovich, the "diplomatic agent of Bulgaria." He was at large, however, for the Bulgarian Government had claimed him as its subject from Turkey, and had taken him under its protection, Vulkovich having been a friend and appointee of Stambuloff. Two of the assassins shot, and two stabbed their victim, besides inflicting wounds upon all those who attempted to assist him. The police, instead of at once arresting Tufekcheff and his fellow-ruffians, allowed them to escape, and arrested instead Stambuloff's devoted servant and the friend who was with him in the carriage.

He died in his own house three days after the attack, denouncing his murderers, and forbidding his wife to accept any favor whatever from his ungrateful sovereign. At the funeral a rabble danced, and sang ribald songs over his grave.

Stambuloff died a poor man. He had neglected the care of his own fortune in his zeal to promote the best interests of his country. He was stern and sometimes savage in his dealings with political criminals, and with a just view of his own importance to the government of his Prince and of his country, he took little pains to conciliate a sensitive and vain man who for some years had been

growing extremely jealous of him, and very restive under his tutelage.

Stambuloff left three young children, a baby boy and two little girls.

Prince Ferdinand was out of the way when the murder took place, and he was in no hurry to get back and face public opinion. No one, I think, was punished for the murder.

At once the Prince set himself to carry out his private policy, to conciliate the new Czar, and to obtain recognition of his title to the throne of Bulgaria. In March, 1896, the "conversion" of Prince Boris having taken place as a preliminary, the Czar's consent was gained to his recognition as Prince of Bulgaria, that of the other five Powers needed no negotiation, and the Sultan granted his firman for Prince Ferdinand's investiture.

Stambuloff, when in the plenitude of his power, said to Mr. Edward Dicey that in his opinion the consent of Russia to the recognition so much desired by the Prince, and its accomplishment, would be a national calamity. The recognition would be of no practical value, but were it once accomplished, a Russian minister would be sent to foment disturbances at Sofia, and Russian consuls would become centres of disaffection in every little town. Indeed, in that event all public men who since Prince Alexander's downfall had governed the country might have reason to tremble for their lives.

These prognostications have been in great measure accomplished. It would be useless here to tell of the anarchy and discord, the intrigues, assassinations, and conspiracies, that have since prevailed in Bulgaria.

During the Turko-Grecian war, Bulgarians made raids into Macedonia, but these were not encouraged by the Government, for the Prince and his counsellors well knew that Russia and Austria had planned, when any division of the "Sick Man's" property should take place, to give at least part of Macedonia to Austria-Hungary. The great object of Prince Ferdinand, now that he has been officially

recognized as a European sovereign, is to curry favor with the two emperors at St. Petersburg and Vienna. He has made repeated visits to the young Czar, who is not supposed to like him personally, and has always returned home the recipient of many courtesies, but of no material advantages. The Emperor of Austria was far from pleased at what is called "the conversion" of Prince Boris, but Prince Ferdinand continues his visits to Vienna. Recently he is said to have been much wounded by finding himself while there treated as only a prince, while the Kings of Roumania and Serbia took precedence of him. He is now reported to be making great efforts to secure a "kingly crown." Meanwhile his peasant people are growing discontented, and when the Emperor of Russia visits Bulgaria, as it was said he proposed to do after he had been to Paris to attend the Exposition, he may find its peasant population in open armed revolt.

Prince Ferdinand certainly has lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the Russians. He has recalled from exile all Bulgarian refugees and army officers implicated in the abduction of Prince Alexander, or convicted of taking part in other Russian-Bulgarian conspiracies. Not only this, but these officers have been restored to their military rank, have received pensions for good service, and have been promoted over the heads of those who have been always faithful and loyal. To the Prince of Montenegro, who is understood to be high in favor at the court of Russia, Prince Ferdinand is effusively cordial. Not only this, but he has endeavored to bring back the National Church of Bulgaria into the ranks of the Orthodox Greek Church. The differences between these churches are political and not doctrinal. In this, however, he has not succeeded. His people no sooner got wind of the project than they declared that it would be a renunciation of Bulgarian political interests in favor of Greece; and the matter was dropped in consideration of almost general opposition.

Prince Ferdinand is now a widower. His young wife, Princess Maria Louisa of Parma, died early in 1899, and

the Prince seized the occasion to have as many crowned heads as possible come to Sofia, and do him honor by being present at her funeral.

Roumania officially declines to be counted one of the Balkan States. She says that geographically she has no connection with the peninsula; that she has an aristocracy, which Bulgaria, Servia, Macedonia, Bosnia, and Hertzegovina have not; a settled government and a people attached to their own sovereign. But there seems no other way in which to class a kingdom made out of the Turkish provinces of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Dobrudscha. Of the history of Roumania before 1893, I have told at length in "*Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century*." Since May 23, 1881, when Charles of Hohenzollern, its prince, was crowned with an iron crown made from cannon captured from the Turks at Plevna, his kingdom has been one of those fortunate countries which may be said to have had no history. Roumania has gone on increasing in prosperity and strength, and has silently developed her resources.

When firmly seated on his throne, King Carol I. turned his attention to his country's peaceful development.

As unhappily he and his charming wife, Queen Elizabeth, known in literature as *Carmen Sylva*, have no living child, he selected Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, the second son of his elder brother, to be Crown Prince of Roumania and his heir. This choice was confirmed by the Parliament of Roumania in 1889. In 1893 this Prince married Marie, daughter of Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh and Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.¹ Her mother was the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, daughter of Alexander II.

There have been no events connected with foreign policy to mark King Carol's reign. As a Hohenzollern and as a soldier, he has devoted much attention to his army. Sir Charles Dilke said of the Roumanian troops, after their deeds in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, that as war material they were not inferior to British soldiers, and it has been

¹ Prince Alfred died July 30, 1900.

their monarch's care to train them, and to discipline them, to the highest mark of military efficiency. He does not content himself with merely watching the behavior of his troops at the annual manœuvres, but keeps in constant touch with their officers, and masters every detail that may tend to increase their efficiency and raise their standard. Meantime no efforts to promote education have been neglected by himself or by his wife ; both are indefatigable in their efforts for the welfare of the national schools and for the culture of the daughters of the nobility. Agriculturally Roumania might be one of the richest countries in Europe. Of its inhabitants, a recent French writer has said that they are "brilliant, intelligent, less given to work than to spend, seldom looking ahead, and too ready to run into debt to gratify their momentary caprices."

Occasionally a ripple of domestic trouble disturbs the peace that seems to brood over this favored land. At one time it was an ecclesiastical difficulty. Roumania had originally belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church, which was governed by the Patriarch at Constantinople, and in ritual and in doctrine it still adheres to the same form of Christianity. While heartily attached to the Greek Church as governed from Constantinople, it was bitterly opposed to the Russian form of the Greek Church, which holds the Czar to be its national head. In former days (say as far back as the early forties, when I was in Paris as a young girl) no Roumanian would enter the Russian Greek Church in the Rue Neuve de Berri, be married or buried or baptized by one of its ministers ; but in 1882 Roumania severed its connection with the Patriarchate at Constantinople, selected an exarch of its own choice to be its spiritual head, consecrated its own holy anointing oil, and in 1885 the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople acknowledged its independence. In 1897 the Prime Minister, who was inclined to Radicalism, brought much odium on himself by his arbitrary treatment of the Metropolitan Primate Gennadius, who, for political reasons and under government pressure, was tried by the Holy Synod on charges of violating some of the funda-

mental precepts of the Orthodox Church and of misappropriating ecclesiastical funds. He was deprived of his dignities and sentenced to retire to a monastery ; but the people were indignant at what they considered political persecution, and the affair ended by discrediting the Ministry. The sentence on Gennadius was annulled, and he was restored to the dignity of Metropolitan Primate, which he at once resigned.

Another difficulty was caused by a bill that was brought forward by the Radical party, not only to prevent aliens from buying land in Roumania, but even from owning real estate, if it came to them by inheritance. The extremists thought it ought, in that case, to be forfeited to the State ; the more moderate wished that the alien inheritor should have power to sell his land and to pocket the proceeds. This compromise was afterwards adopted. In 1897 arose also a great anti-Semitic movement, which was popular throughout the country. The Jews had been admitted to citizenship in 1879, when nine hundred Jews, who had served in the Roumanian army, came forward and claimed the franchise. In 1897 a persecution began. An attempt was made to deprive them of certain privileges, especially admission into the higher schools or colleges. The Jews in Roumania, as in Germany, Austria, and Russia, had created great jealousy by carrying off a disproportionate number of school honors and prizes. This was visited on their humbler co-religionists. Riots occurred all over the country ; in Bucharest the mob attacked Jewish shops and houses ; in Galatz more than a hundred and sixty Jewish shops were sacked, and though many of their owners were severely wounded, the police did not interfere. Nevertheless Roumania was able officially to congratulate herself that she was "free from the fermentations" of other States in the Balkan Peninsula.

The present Emperor William of Germany, writing to King Carol in 1891, thus expressed himself :—

" Five and twenty years have elapsed since your Majesty was first summoned to undertake the government of the Roumanian State, and a decade will have passed on the 22d of this

month since that memorable day on which your Majesty was able, after a regency victorious in war, and proved in peace, to receive a royal crown for Roumania and your illustrious house, from God's altar, by the unanimous desire of the Roumanian nation. Thanks to your Majesty's wise and vigorous rule over a richly endowed and sober nation, Roumania has become an equal and respected member of the Council of the nations, and under your Majesty's sceptre every Roumanian can rejoice in the proud consciousness of belonging to a State which, as warden of an old-world civilization, enjoys the sympathetic good-will of all civilized nations.

"Since our houses are so closely connected, it is my heart's desire to express my warm congratulations to your Majesty on this joyful occasion, and also the hope that as the bonds of our personal friendship, so also the firm political relations of Roumania to the German Empire may be preserved in time to come, such as they have been in past years, under the enlightened government of your Majesty.

"Your Majesty will place me under an obligation by laying my sincere congratulations before her Majesty the Queen, who has earned undying honor by your side, in cultivating Art and the Ideal, as well as in the formation of the Roumanian nation."

Of Bosnia and Hertzegovina since 1893 there is nothing to be said. They have lived peaceably and prosperously under the rule of the Emperor of Austria, but a few words may be added concerning Montenegro and Servia.

Montenegro, or Tchernogora, as its people call it, though the smallest European state that can be recognized as a state by other nations, with a population not exceeding that of a third-rate United States city, has had, as I have said in "*Russia and Turkey*," a most interesting history. Mr. Gladstone said that it might have risen to world-wide and immortal fame, had there been a Scott to learn and tell the marvels of its history, or a Byron to spend and be spent on its behalf.

Its hardy inhabitants have for centuries held their Black Mountains against the Turks, and have sturdily maintained their independence. It has of late years made some long

strides in the march of progress, in large part due to its Prince Nicholas (or Nikita) who has reigned over it for forty years. His rule is a paternal despotism, well suited to the wants and disposition of his people. Under a tree near his palace he sits in public to hear of grievances and dispense justice. He is a man of good education, and of many accomplishments. He has given his subjects a written code of laws, made roads, built bridges and school-houses, and has organized a standing army, though of the very smallest kind. His popularity is great, and is not confined to his own dominions.

Alexander III. spoke of him as "Russia's only ally," and some persons in Austria and in Servia indulge hopes that if anything should happen to change the dynasty of Servia, it may be Nicholas of Montenegro who will be called to fill the throne. Several of the beautiful, well-trained, and stately daughters of this prince have made marriages in royal families of Europe, and these alliances have given much importance to their family and its little state in the eyes of the world. The Princess Elena married the Prince of Naples, and is now the Queen of Italy; and in another century Europe may see offshoots from the princely line of Montenegro presiding over other courts. But Servia, unless it can find means to offer Nicholas of Montenegro its kingly crown (in which his now gray head would lie uneasy) must continue to endure the intrigues of ex-King Milan, the most disreputable man and most contemptible sovereign at present in the world.

When I broke off the history of Servia in "Russia and Turkey," the boy-king Alexander had anticipated his legal majority, and by a clever *coup d'état* had taken the reins of government into his own hands.

He is the son of King Milan of the Obrenovitch family, who when a boy succeeded his uncle, Prince Milosch, an able ruler, who was assassinated. During his minority a regency governed the country well, while Milan was sent to Paris for his education. He came back thoroughly accomplished in all that the worst side of Parisian life

could teach him. He married a Russian lady who became his Queen Natalie, and their conjugal disputes agitated Eastern Europe for several years. I have told something about them elsewhere. In 1889 King Milan was forced to abdicate, receiving an immense sum of money to pay off his gambling debts and to start him in a new career of fast life in European capitals, but he made in return a promise that he would never show his face again in Servia.

After the *coup d'état* of 1894, when young King Alexander upset the ministry and suspended the Constitution, the poor boy grew weary of governing his unruly subjects, and became unpopular.¹ His father took advantage of his friendlessness and inexperience to persuade him to invite

¹ "The marriage of King Alexander of Servia calls attention to the remarkable history of that country so far as the Obrenovitch dynasty is concerned. Not three-quarters of a century ago, Milosch Obrenovitch was a swineherd. Milan, his descendant, the father of King Alexander, was himself King of Servia until eleven years ago, when his dissipations not only cost him his throne, but forced Queen Natalie to divorce him. After his abdication in favor of his son, then only thirteen years old, Servian history went on with greater placidity, the ministries as a whole coping not incapably with the situation. In 1893, however, two events occurred which changed this course. The King's majority was proclaimed, and a formal reconciliation took place between Milan and Natalie, though each has since pursued a separate and certainly a nomadic way of life. The Queen had as one of her ladies-in-waiting Madame Maschin, the widow of a mining engineer. Madame Maschin was apparently much beloved by the Queen, and also fascinated the impressionable young King by her beauty and her mental ability. An intimacy followed which did not seem to excite any great comment in Servia, but when the young King, having had his marriage proposals refused by every royal princess to whom he paid his addresses, proposed to make Madame Maschin the Queen of Servia, the announcement was received with not a little amazement and severe criticism throughout Europe, except, strangely enough, in Servia itself. The people of that country had seen quite enough of the tutelage of King Milan, who had, unfortunately, returned to Servia two years ago, having induced his son to appoint him Commander-in-chief of the Army. The general opinion therefore was that a change in tutelage could not be for the worse. The new Queen of Servia is said to be thirty-eight years old. Let us hope that her influence may be for good in that strange country where heretofore grotesqueness and tyranny have been so prevalent." — *The Outlook*, Aug. 11, 1900.

him to return to Belgrade, and there act as his adviser. He came back, therefore, to Serbia in 1894 in this capacity, and at once put himself in opposition to the Radical party, which he deemed the party of Queen Natalie, whom he had illegally divorced and whom he was now forced to take back again.

In 1898 King Milan was made Commander-in-Chief of the Servian Army, and caused the Radical leader, M. Pasich, to be tried for high treason, for disaffection to him. M. Pasich was, however, acquitted. Next King Milan took his son away with him to show him the world, and to increase his own influence with him, for the ex-king is a man of delightful manners and very considerable information and intelligence. Soon after the two kings got home to Belgrade, a man named Knezevich fired in the street at ex-King Milan, who was not hurt, but having escaped the bullet, thought it a good occasion for arresting all his opponents. Their trial was taking place in Serbia while the Dreyfus court-martial was going on at Rennes, and I found it curious to read day by day, in the London "*Times*," the reports of both trials. Day after day in Serbia no evidence whatever bearing on the case before the court was produced. Knezevich confessed his crime, and made various contradictory statements, but the object of the trial was to prove a conspiracy which should implicate the Radicals and Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, a young man who has lately published a very interesting book on India. All that was brought forward bearing on this subject was some evidence that Knezevich—a former member of the Belgrade Fire Brigade, who was in search of employment—had met on board a steamer on the Danube a strange gentleman, name unknown, who might have been Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, if he was not somebody else. Evidence against others who were arrested for conspiracy, and were in danger of their lives, was such as this; for example, that one had been known to shake hands with Pasich; that another had in his possession a proclamation put forth by Alexander

Karageorgevitch, son of the founder of the Karageorgevitch family, in 1883; and there were other accusations of the same irrelevant and trivial kind. But even a packed court could not convict King Milan's forty detractors on a capital charge of conspiracy to assassinate him. Russia and Austria also stepped in to prevent the wholesale judicial murder of the accused, some of whom in political disputes were their adherents. At the close of the trial in September, 1899, the "*Economist*," an English paper, thus summed up the proceedings:—

"The evidence proved nothing except that Knezevich did shoot at King Milan, and that a great many people wished he had succeeded in his object, but the court, which palpably believed none of the evidence, sentenced the majority of the accused to penal servitude for twenty years. Even the forms of justice were scarcely observed. Among the accused was the mistress of one of the implicated officers. There was no particle of evidence against her, but the court held that if she had not known of the plot (supposing there had been a plot) she ought to have known it, and on the strength of that cynical opinion involved her in the general sentence. There is no resistance from the people, because the soldiers are with King Milan, and the people dislike being shot, and there is no one to whom to appeal except the Emperors, who only intervene to preserve their adherents' lives, leaving them to suffer any lesser penalty which their jailers, who are in fact their accusers, may think it expedient to inflict. These penalties will be grave or light, according to the amount of support which the accused, if released, can offer to King Milan."

Part III

ENGLAND

CHAPTER I. THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

“ II. THE QUEEN'S MINISTERS FROM 1880-1900.

“ III. FRONTIER WARS IN INDIA.

“ IV. INDIA, THE PLAGUE AND THE FAMINE.

Part III

ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

“ENGLAND,” the third volume of my Historical Narratives of the Nineteenth Century, carried the story through my own lifetime (I may almost say through that of Queen Victoria), up to the close of 1894. It began in 1822, during the reign of George IV., and its last chapter contained an account of the Queen’s Jubilee in 1887, when she had reigned for half a century.

It is from 1894 to the close of 1900 that I have now to write, and, except as regards the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, when the Queen’s reign had lasted sixty years, there were no picturesque events in England (on her own soil) during these years. All stirring events in English history happened out of England, mainly in Africa, and these must be related in the fourth part of this volume, which, taking up the history of Europe in Africa from 1895, will bring it down to the present time.

The history of England during the ten years that elapsed from the Golden Jubilee in 1887 to the Diamond Jubilee in 1897 was almost entirely parliamentary; its interest has lain not with individuals, — not with their achievements or with biography, — but with the working out of English institutions, the deepening in men’s hearts of English feeling, of loyalty to their mother-land, and, above all, to their Queen. June 22, 1897, was the Great Jubilee Day. The Government

had been especially desirous to make it an occasion on which the representatives of Greater Britain should join with the English people in demonstrating at once their loyalty to the mother-land and their devotion to the Queen.¹ Hitherto Great Britain had been accused of apathy and indifference to her remote dependencies and her colonies; this time the great princes of India were bidden to the festival, and the premiers of the self-governing colonies were invited to bring with them detachments of their colonial troops, and leading men from their colonies.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis on this remarks: —

“There was much reason to envy these happy few who were chosen to represent the different British colonies and possessions at the Jubilee. . . . They were probably worthy young

¹ As I was born a subject of Queen Victoria, and all my ancestors for more than two hundred years had been born English subjects in Virginia or Massachusetts, I felt that in any account I might give of the Jubilee, I might either have to suppress what I felt, or be suspected by my American readers of a too effusive loyalty. I have therefore copied what I have to say from sources no one can look on with suspicion. The details of the day are partly from Mr. Richard Harding Davis, an American, partly from an account of how much foreign nations were impressed and affected by the Jubilee, from M. Francis de Pressensé, a Frenchman, and partly a *résumé* of a statement of the changes wrought during the Queen's reign in England, from the pen of Mr. W. T. Stead, the free-lance editor of the “Pall Mall Gazette,” and the English “Review of Reviews.” The passages I quote are taken from an account telling how he, a boy brought up in a non-conformist family in the north of England in all the traditions of the old Cromwellian days, became convinced that monarchy under Queen Victoria was something very different from what he had been taught to think “kingship” was, by his stern old father in North Country Independent schools. Probably no one not born and brought up a subject of the Queen can understand anything of personal feelings entertained for her by such persons in all parts of the world. Not long since at a dinner table where many people were present, a lady made some disparaging remarks about the Queen, and, turning to me, added, “Don't you think so, Mrs. Latimer?” I answered, “You do not understand — you cannot understand. If you had said such things of my own father and mother, you could not have pained me more.” My questioner was a *lady*, intelligent and kind-hearted. “I am sorry,” she said — and no more. This was far better than apology.

men, but at home they were part of a whole regiment, and of no more honor in their own country than so many policemen, while in their eyes London was the capital of the world. . . . These men found, when they reached the great capital, that they were as gods and heroes, and their strange uniforms passed them freely into theatres and music halls and public houses, and women smiled on them, and men quarrelled to have the privilege of standing them a drink. Banquets and special performances, medals and titles, were showered upon them according to their rank and degree, and they in their turn furnished the most picturesque feature of the spectacle when it came."

For six miles the fronts of all houses in the London streets along which the procession was to pass were hidden behind pine scaffolding (the price of lumber and of labor rose daily higher and higher), but on the day of the procession the scaffoldings were hidden by red drapery, and adorned with flags, emblems, and pots of flowers. All London had worked to make the occasion a success. And indeed the festival of the Jubilee was a success without a drawback. Even the skies were kind. The weather, which when day dawned had been doubtful, brightened a few minutes before the Queen left Buckingham Palace. As she passed the gates, she touched a button which sped her message to every government under her sway: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

Answers to this message came back over the wires from Australia, Canada, and the Cape, before the Queen reached London Bridge.

Says the London "Spectator": —

"The words of the Queen's message are the simple thanks a mother would give to her children who had been paying her a compliment; but imagine how every other sovereign in the world would have announced that message; how stilted it would have been, how cautious, how suggestive of a head slightly turned with adulation. The Queen, who we know had been described by John Bright, as well as Ministers of State, as 'the most truthful woman in England,' said nothing but what it rose in her heart to say, and in her outburst as in her self-restraint

thanked her people more warmly than if she had employed any amount of literary skill in framing her message."

All over England and in all the colonies there were responsive Jubilee celebrations. Ireland alone refused to join. Two thousand five hundred bonfires blazed upon hill-tops through England, Wales, and Scotland on the night of the Jubilee.

If any one looks over a file of London papers of the month preceding the Jubilee he will find forebodings of falling stands and sudden panics, of fires and of mobs, of people crushing each other to death as in Paris and Moscow. It is said that with cautious foresight in the week previous to the Jubilee eight thousand coffins had been shipped to London.

"That no accident happened was perhaps the most remarkable and interesting fact of the whole Jubilee, but English conservatism, and the English regard for the law, and the wonderful management and executive ability shown in organizing the procession, and in disciplining the spectators, prevented it. The chief credit is undoubtedly due to the head of the police, and to the fact that when he had decided which was the best way to regulate the movements of the people, the people were willing to abide by his decision. . . . This route over which the Queen was to drive, and which was guarded so admirably, and made beautiful by the display of such loyal good feeling, held in its six miles of extent more places of historical value to the English-speaking race than perhaps any other six miles that could be picked off on a map of the world."

After the Queen the one of all the individuals in the procession most cheered by the people was Lord Roberts of Cabul and Kandahar, on his white pony, decorated with six war medals hanging from its breast-strap. That pony had carried its master nineteen days from Cabul to Kandahar. The crowd saluted their hero with shouts of "God bless you, Bobs!" and every now and then during a halt the General would rein up and speak to some soldier in the line who had served with him in India.

The Queen was in an open landau drawn by the eight



GENERAL KELLY-KENNY.

cream-colored State Hanoverian horses. With her on the back seat of the carriage were the Princess of Wales and Princess Helena. The Queen, as usual, wore black, but had a large white parasol.

"The procession with its mile and a half of carriages, European and Asiatic Princes, Colonial Premiers, British troops, Colonial troops, and black, brown, and yellow auxiliaries, passed to St. Paul's Cathedral and afterwards by the south side of the river back to the Palace, without a delay or an accident; though the crowd amazed foreigners and the Queen was accompanied along that six mile route by that continuous roar of enthusiastic acclaim which is like no other sound on earth, and which no one who has heard it ever forgets. The scene before the great Cathedral moved the Queen to tears and ended, as it should have done, in a spontaneous and irresistible outburst of the National Anthem, — an unrehearsed and therefore most magnificent effect. The vast crowds were more than gratified, they were deeply moved; and neither during the procession nor at night, when London was illuminated as it never had been before, was there any violence or any disobedience to the police, who maintained their great rules for the guidance of the endless streams of humanity more easily than on any previous occasion.¹

"Rising from the lowest step of the Cathedral was a great tribune separated into three parts, and back of this, red-covered balconies hung between the great black pillars like birds' nests in the branches of a tree.

"Below them the vast tribune shone with colored silk and gold cloth, and radiated with jewels like a vast bank of beautiful flowers. Among these flowers were Indian princes in coats sewn with diamonds that hid them in flashes of light; there were archbishops and bishops in robes of gold that suggested those of the Church of Rome, ambassadors in stars and sashes, with their official families in gold braid and decorations. In the centre was a great mass of smiling-faced choir-boys, like cherubs in night-gowns, and two hundred musicians picked from the bands of many regiments, and wearing many uniforms. On the lowest step were dignitaries of the Church in the pink and crimson capes the different universities had bestowed upon them, and the Bishop of Finland, the representative of Russia, and the Bishop of New York, and, what was perhaps the most

¹ London "Spectator," June 26, 1897.

striking example of the all-embracing nature of the celebration, a captain from the Salvation Army with his red ribbon around his cap. There were Judges in wigs and black silk gowns, and Chinamen in robes of colored silk, and Turkish envoys in fezes, and Persian envoys in astrakhan caps. . . . There were rows of beef-eaters in the costume of the Tudors, and Blue-coat boys in the costume of Edward VI.

"The ceremony that followed upon the arrival of the Queen was a very simple one, but it was the most impressive one that could have been selected for that moment in the history of the Empire. It consisted of the *Te Deum*, the National Anthem, and the Doxology. . . . The last was probably sung as it was never sung before . . . for there were ten thousand people singing 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,' as loudly as they could, and with tears running down their faces. . . . There was probably never before such a moment, in which so many races of people, of so many castes, and of such different values to this world, sang praises to God at one time, and in one place, and with one heart. And when it was all over, and the cannon at the Tower were booming across the water-front, the Archbishop of Canterbury, of all the people in the world, waved his arm and shouted, 'Three cheers for the Queen!' and the soldiers stuck their bearskins on their bayonets and swung them above their heads and cheered, and the women on the house-tops and balconies waved their handkerchiefs and cheered, and the men beat the air with their hats and cheered, and the Lady in the Black Dress nodded and bowed her head at them, and winked away the tears in her eyes."¹

Thus the Jubilee appealed to noble sensibilities and to generous natures, and moved them to their depths.

Said M. de Pressensé, speaking of the Jubilee and of the effect it must have produced upon foreign nations:—

"A great people have celebrated worthily the great reign of a justly beloved Queen. It has been not only the glorification of their sovereign, it has been also the self-glorification of her people. . . . England has been right in extolling the public and private virtues which have so much altered public feeling. Englishmen have not been slow in thankfully acknowledging how much the last sixty years have owed of their prosperity and glory to what Queen Victoria has done, and yet more to what

¹ R. H. Davis: "A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book."

she has been. Truly this is enviable praise! Yes, by what she has done and what she has left undone, Queen Victoria has been a perfect constitutional queen. She has never been an inch below her duties or above her rights. She has known how to be a loving, dutiful, obedient wife in her home, and a sovereign lady by her own birthright in her kingdom. . . . London has solemnized a kind of semi-secular retrospect. Its people have passed in review with a sort of proud contentment sixty years of change, — of radical, thorough-going, organic change, of revolution political, social, and moral, which have been also sixty years of perfect internal order, peace, and prosperity. They have above all become sensible of a new fact, the Empire in its greatness. . . . But Great Britain ought not to forget that Imperialism is not empire; that the Empire has been created not by Imperialists, but by those healthy, vigorous, liberal-minded generations who took for their first duty the conquest and preservation of freedom at home and abroad, and that perhaps the worst foes of England's greatness might be so-called Imperialists trying to tighten purely ideal bonds, which cannot be shortened or materialized without becoming shackles."

From Mr. Davis, the American, and M. de Pressensé, the Frenchman, both writing on the Jubilee, we turn to Mr. William T. Stead, who asks us to think of him as an ex-non-conformist bred up in the north of England in ideas utterly opposed to monarchy and monarchical institutions.

Contrasting England now (in the June number of "Review of Reviews," 1897) with what she was when Queen Victoria in her girlhood mounted the throne, he says, after dwelling on the extraordinary improvements science and art have effected in the conveniences of our daily life: —

"To-day the poor man gets more for his penny than sixty years ago the rich man got for his shilling; and besides that each penny goes twice as far, he has twice as many pennies. He has all London — and such a London! — a city of glory and splendor compared to what it used to be, kept in cleanliness and order for him, as his own, with its museums, libraries, and art galleries. Free baths and wash-houses are in every district, and schools are almost at his own door. He is free of the parks as if they were his own demesnes. He has more constant

work, and much higher wages, with cheap bread, cheap sugar, and cheap tea. He has shorter hours of labor, bank holidays, and half holidays on Saturdays; the hospitals provide him with free medicine, the work-houses with free shelter. Pure water is laid on in every house, and the magnificent drainage system carries off all the sewage. All this is new since sixty years ago. Besides all this, a half-penny post-card will carry his message to John O'Groat's House, or the Land's End. A half-penny will bring all the news of the earth fresh to his own door, and a workman's ticket on any line to and from his work is a half-penny a mile. For sixpence the lightning will carry his message to any part of the United Kingdom, in the twinkling of an eye, and for another sixpence the sun will take his portrait in a flash of light.

"'But the poor and the vicious are with us all the same,' objected young Rip (for this was an imaginary conversation in which Rip Van Winkle, who had slept for sixty years, made note of the changes from 1837 to 1897). 'Last year,' he continued, 'there were nearly five thousand criminals in our prisons.' 'How many did you say?' cried his father. 'Fifty thousand?' 'Good heavens, no! Five thousand.' 'It was fifty thousand in my time,' said his father, 'with only half the population.'"

The greatest change brought about in Queen Victoria's reign is that men and women are now anxious to share what they have with other people. Sixty years ago, the leading idea was exclusion and privilege. Now, in England it is said, whatever we have we share. When the Queen ascended the throne, cable messages were but projected, now they link together the whole world. In the first five years after the Queen ascended the throne, there was no reason to think that her reign would be prosperous.

"A succession of bad harvests since 1836," says Sir Theodore Martin, "had sent up the price of provisions to an alarming extent, while languishing manufactures and a general stagnation of trade had so greatly lowered the scale of wages as to make the pressure of high prices all but intolerable.

"Serious insurrections all over the country as late as 1842 required to be put down by military force. . . . Disorderly mobs traversed the country, forcing their way into mills and manufactories, destroying their machinery, and compelling by

threats and intimidation those who were willing to work to cease working and join in their riotous demonstrations." . . .

Canada, too, when the Queen came to the throne, was in incipient insurrection. There is now no more loyal colony under the flag of England. In the non-conformist churches, as well as in the Established Church, there has been a great revival of real religion, obscured, it may be, sometimes by sectarianism or formalism, but in all denominations tending to increased activity and benevolent interest in the ignorant and poor. "Not at any previous period," adds Mr. Stead, "have there been so many good men and women, stout-hearted Englishmen and clear-souled Englishwomen, living and praying and toiling for the common weal."

Of course the poet-laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, did his duty on the occasion, and was thought by London critics to have produced one very fine line.

The Queen says, speaking of her people, —

"Their thoughts shall be my thoughts, their aim my aim,
Their free-lent loyalty my right divine."

But the poem that went to the nation's heart was Mr. Kipling's *Recessional*. Even more striking to my mind were some verses republished in the "*Daily Chronicle*," in the week of the Jubilee. Some one had dug them out of an old play, "*The Royal Convert*," by Nicholas Rowe, but not published until 1774, when he had long been dead.

Thus prophesies a sage who peers into the future : —

"Of Royal race a British Queen shall rise
Great, Gracious, Pious, fortunate and wise :
To distant lands she shall extend her fame,
And leave to later times a mighty name.
Tyrants shall fall, and faithless kings shall bleed,
And groaning nations by her arms be freed.
But chief this happy land her care shall prove
And find from her a more than mother's love.
From hostile rage she shall preserve it free,
Safe in the compass of her ambient sea ;
Though famed her arms in many a cruel fight,

Yet most in peaceful arts she shall delight;
 And her chief glory shall be to UNITE.
 Picts, Saxons, Angles, shall be no more known,
 But Britons be the noble name alone.
 With joy their ancient hate they shall forego,
 While Discord hangs her hateful head below,
 Mercy and truth and right she shall maintain,
 And every virtue crowd to grace her reign:
 Auspicious Heaven on all her days shall smile,
 And with eternal Union bless her British isle."

I will add to these poems on the Jubilee a sonnet, called by its author "An American Echo of the Jubilee," which I have thought extremely beautiful:—

AUGUST, 1897.

Even in a palace life may be lived well.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

"Queen of the home, and Empress of the earth!
 Where'er to-day her fettered lightnings run,
 Girdling the world more swiftly than the sun,
 They tell her love, her sympathy, her worth
 Through sixty years of mingled dole and mirth,
 Since that benignant, splendid reign begun,—
 Since the slim girl first heard that first glad gun
 Which lit the fire upon her sacred hearth.
 Not to the Monarch,—to the mighty Queen
 Whose sceptre sweeps the farthest seas to-day,
 Whose standard floats where'er a wave is seen,—
 Men kneel in homage,—from all lands they come,
 And bow in reverence to that loftiest sway—
 The Mother-Queen, the high ideal of Home."¹

Perhaps the most beautiful and suggestive exhibition during the Week of Jubilee was the naval review and illumination of the ships at Spithead. No contrast can be greater than that of the state of feeling among English seamen in 1797 (the year of the great mutiny at the Nore and at Spithead) and the feeling of loyalty to Queen and country that animated every seaman who took part in the naval exhibition at the Jubilee.

My father always said that seamen in the English navy had had great grievances to complain of when they muti-

¹ William P. Andrews.

nied at the Nore and at Spithead in 1797. It was the year he entered the service, and he used to tell how even in the midshipmen's mess, when a biscuit was broken, weevils would try to run away with the crumbs. The result of the mutiny (though for the sake of discipline the ring-leaders were severely punished) was to make great changes for the better in the food and comfort of English seamen.

In almost every particular the sailors of 1797 had been ill used. Impressment, pay, food, personal ill-treatment, all were causes of the mutiny. Nelson, who was always solicitous for seamen, thought their grievances very real. The result was that in May, 1797, the mutiny broke out, — the greatest danger possibly that England had had to face since the Armada sailed up the Channel. Yet the spirit of the sailors was such that the following noble words formed part of the remonstrance of the mutineers at Spithead: "We agree in opinion that we should suffer double the hardships we have hitherto experienced before we would suffer the Crown of England to be in the least imposed upon by any Power in the world."

The mutiny alarmed the country and gave rise to exceptional legislation, which went far to reduce the wrongs of which the seamen complained.

"Now what have we seen at Spithead within the last few days?" writes a correspondent to the London "Spectator," — "a magnificent fleet, a contented and disciplined navy, — a harvest from the culture of the seaman as liberal as it has been foreseeing. The Jack Tar of 1897 glories in his duties; his brother of 1797 did his duty, but revolted from his treatment by his country. It is something to dwell upon with pure satisfaction."

Brilliant as a spectacular display and cheering as a demonstration of friendliness from the world's Great Powers, the naval review was perhaps the most interesting feature of the jubilee celebration. The Queen was not present; it was necessary at her age that she should rest after the strain of the great day in London. The Prince of Wales therefore took her place.

There were twenty-five miles of battle-ships arranged in five parallel lines, each five miles long. The foreign ships were on the outside lines. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the royal visitors, went through the lines in the Queen's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," about ten o'clock, amid royal salutes and cheers. Then the Prince held a reception on the "Victoria and Albert" for the admirals, who all came in steam-launches except the Russian and American ones; and these made far the most nautical and picturesque effect as they were rowed up in their long-boats by their own blue-jackets, who saluted with their oars. At nine o'clock the Prince gave an electric signal, and instantly every ship burst into a blaze of illumination. Again the Prince went through the lines. The "Brooklyn" represented the United States, and it was agreed on all hands that her illumination was the most beautiful. What was very singular in connection with events a few months after, she was moored not far from the Spanish "Vizcaya."

There have been few events that concerned the royal family of England during the last ten years. From time to time, one or another of the princesses, grand-daughters of Queen Victoria, has been married. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, lost his only son, who died in the Tyrol, February, 1899, while on a journey in search of health; and the Prince himself died at Rosenau Castle, 30 July, 1900, from paralysis of the heart. He had been suffering from cancer of the tongue and larynx. The next heir to the dukedom of Saxe-Coburg was the third son of Queen Victoria, Arthur, Duke of Connaught; but the people of Saxe-Coburg insisted that their Duke must be brought up as a German, live in Saxe-Coburg, and be educated in a German university. The young Prince, son of the Duke of Connaught, preferred to be an Englishman. The succession was then offered to the posthumous son of Prince Leopold, the deceased Duke of Albany. He accepted it, and is being educated to succeed his uncle.

The Duke of York, son of the Prince of Wales, who married his second cousin, the Princess May of Teck, is a thorough sailor, though not the typical rough sailor of the old school. He is a genial, kindly, well-educated man. His wife, betrothed at first to his brother, the Duke of Clarence, is a great favorite with the English people. Her mother, Princess Mary of Cambridge, wife of the Duke of Teck, was always popular. The Englishmen on the street called her Aunt Mary. The Queen was very fond of her. She was the typical good Englishwoman. Her husband's family was never illustrious, but it was a family of shrewd sense and high integrity. The Tecks were a branch of the Würtemberg family. They began in a small way as country gentlemen. In the thirteenth century they were Counts of Teck, owning a strong castle and ruling over a small valley. They were men of enterprise and capacity, and many of them sought fortune in other lands.

Their castle and their county, however, at last came into possession of their relatives and rivals, the family of Würtemberg, whose chief in the fifteenth century was Duke Eberhard, who said, on some occasion when at a feast of princes each boasted of his principality: "Of my land I can say but this: there is not a Swabian shepherd in it on whose knees, when weary, I could not lay my head and sleep, knowing he would protect me to the last drop of his blood."

Eberhard without solicitation was made Duke of Würtemberg and Teck by the Emperor Maximilian in 1495. By virtue of his will, Würtemberg and Teck enjoyed for three hundred years a more liberal government than any other German principality. In 1805, the Duke of Würtemberg and Teck was made King of Würtemberg by Napoleon. His brother Louis left a son Alexander, who entered the Austrian service. His son was made Duke of Teck. He married the English Princess Mary in 1866, and has since resided in England.

Princess Mary was proud of her royal birth, but, says the "Spectator": —

"Like a royal personage in a fairy story, she went through life shedding royal smiles and royal kindnesses on great and small. And the best of it was that her royal smiles were entirely human, and her royal kindnesses — most of them — the simplest acts of charity and courtesy, such as any human being with a heart as warm, and a sympathy as alert, may render to another." ¹

Her daughter, Princess May, now Duchess of York, will in all probability be some day Queen of England. The Duke of York has never taken any part in politics, but recently he has begun to make speeches on public occasions, as is expected of his father, the Prince of Wales, — a duty which did much to wear out the frail constitution of his grandfather, the Prince Consort.

The Queen, who when she first came to the throne was looked upon as delicate, is now in her eighty-second year, with every prospect that she may yet live some years longer. Part of each winter she has been accustomed of late years to pass at Nice or in Italy. She is always received with cordiality when she passes through France.

In 1897, a few weeks before the Jubilee, my son saw her at Nice, and stood near her as she was setting out for a drive. She noticed his bow and smiled; the smile, he said, brightening up her face and giving it a wholly changed expression.

She has been earnestly desirous to conciliate her excitable Irish people. It was very brave on her part to pay her visit in 1900 to Ireland, which had shown itself so hostile to her on the occasion of her Jubilee, while the Irish Members

¹ Among the homely anecdotes told of her and her children is how they helped a poor woman to pick up sticks in Richmond Park; how she pushed a perambulator for a nursemaid in difficulties; how they cleared the road of broken glass to save the feet of horses; how, caught in a heavy rain in Kew Gardens, she and her daughter shared their cloaks with two little girls in a similar plight, but who had no cloaks; how one Christmas Eve the Duke, who was looking from his window, ran out of the house to buy up all the nuts and apples of an old woman in the street, that she might have a happy Christmas Day.

in the House of Commons kept up persistent and virulent demonstrations of undisguised disaffection both to England and their Queen. But in Dublin the Irish people received her with enthusiasm.

Her visit was regarded as a royal recognition of the splendid services of her Irish troops in the Transvaal, and of such Irishmen as Lord Roberts, Sir George White, General Kelly-Kenny, and others.

The Queen spent three weeks in Ireland, showing herself daily to her people, everywhere treated with cordiality and cheers. On one occasion she had driven some way into the country in an open carriage when a thunder-storm broke over her; she refused to turn back, saying that people along her route were expecting her. Any other woman of eighty-one would certainly have avoided being wet through, but the Queen kept bravely on, and happily without any serious hurt.

She also visited a Roman Catholic convent a few miles from Dublin. The Queen's love of children has been long well known, and probably nothing in her visit was more impressive than the review in Phoenix Park, when children numbering according to Irish newspapers more than fifty thousand, many of them brought by train from long distances, were collected to meet their sovereign. It was a kind thought, but it was also an eminently wise one; it was certain to appeal powerfully to the parents, and at the same time to imprint on susceptible child-natures a vivid memory never likely to be obliterated.

The Queen's last act in Dublin was to address to the Lord Lieutenant one of those warm and grateful letters "which," says an English newspaper, "her subjects have learned to look for from their sovereign. When her Majesty says that, 'during the three weeks she has spent in this charming place she has been received by all ranks and creeds with an enthusiasm and affection which cannot be surpassed,' she is using no mere words of course. Her visit to Ireland has been an absolute and perfect success."

The visit might have had its very tragic side had the

attempt to assassinate the Prince of Wales in Belgium succeeded.

On April 14, the Prince, on his way to Copenhagen, had taken his seat in the railroad carriage, when a boy named Sipido, who had bought a penny ticket which admitted him to the platform, jumped on the step of the Prince's saloon carriage, and fired at him with a revolver. The weapon twice missed fire, and two bullets fortunately missed the Prince, who proceeded quietly on his journey. Sipido declared that he wished to kill the Prince "because he was an accomplice of Chamberlain in killing Boers;" but a quantity of Anarchist rubbish was found in his pocket, and it is probable he was an ordinary shallow-brained boy excited by attending meetings where he had heard vitriolic speeches, the natural effects of bitter journalism. How Dr. Leyds could have so far imposed upon the Flemings as to raise up the sympathies of the clerical party in favor of a state which, alone of all Christian states, now disfranchises and persecutes Roman Catholics, it is not easy to say. He has, however, saturated them with hatred of England, and this boy's insane attempt was the outcome. Sipido seems to have been one of a group of lads whose minds had been unwholesomely affected by their attendance at an Anarchist club, and who revelled in blood-and-thunder speeches. He had been taunted with want of courage by two of his companions, and to prove his manliness went and shot at a scion of royalty.

In consideration of his youth (sixteen), he was committed to a reformatory, but after three months, he either escaped or was released unconditionally.

CHAPTER II

THE QUEEN'S MINISTERS FROM 1880 TO 1900

THE Disraeli Ministry of 1874 which in 1878 laid the foundation of bitter enmity to England on the part of Russia, by its action at the Congress of Berlin, went out of office in 1880, and Mr. Disraeli was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone. The Disraeli Ministry had made few changes in the domestic policy of England, as transmitted to it by the Liberal party, but its foreign policy was one of complete change, and was followed by severe conflicts, of which the evil effects endure to the present day. England barely escaped a war with Russia; she became involved in war with the hill tribes in Afghanistan. The country began to dread the imperialism of a ruler who cherished Oriental ideas, and Mr. Gladstone came into power to reverse, if possible, the policy of his predecessor. The Transvaal and the Soudan were surrendered, to avoid war; Gordon was abandoned at Khartoum; and the price of Mr. Gladstone's policy is being paid by England at the present day. The policy pursued in Egypt ended in a relief expedition to Khartoum, which, arriving too late to save the life of Gordon, stirred the hearts of Englishmen; and although Mr. Gladstone had greatly enlarged the franchise, and both hoped and expected to find support among the rural population, he was defeated in Parliament. He found himself too ill supported to govern the country, and on his resignation Lord Salisbury became prime minister. A general election took place to test whether the country would sustain a Liberal or a Conservative Ministry, the result of which was, that while a host of new electors cast their ballots for the first time, and Mr. Gladstone appealed to

English voters to give him a majority which would relieve him in an emergency from relying in Parliament on the votes of the Irish members, he secured Liberal supporters only in the North of England, Wales, and Scotland; the rest of England was far from voting according to his wishes. It was a great disappointment to Mr. Gladstone, and it caused him for the future to take Home Rule in Ireland for the main feature of his policy. To Englishmen the scheme of Home Rule, which would separate Ireland from the United Kingdom, seemed what Secession had seemed to our Northern States, which opposed the break-up of the Union. But Irish Home Rule had another danger; namely, that if England were ever involved in war, Ireland, as she did in 1798, and aimed to do in 1848, would side with the enemies of England and give them a base of operations if they attempted invasion. Supported, however, by the party of Home Rule in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone expected to return to power, but he broke up his own party in England. His former followers, who refused to support his Irish policy, became what are now known as Liberal Unionists.

Mr. Gladstone was prime minister from February to August, 1886, after which the Conservatives came back to power. But although Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy lost him his support in Parliament, his personal popularity was hardly impaired.

To those who ask the question, "Why should not Ireland have her own Parliament and rule herself as successfully as Canada, the Cape, or the Australian colonies?" the answer is as I have said, that Ireland being the Ireland she is, is too near England to be trusted. If she were two thousand miles away in a distant sea, the experiment might be tried; but even then England would probably hesitate to commit the fortunes of one-third of her population (the Protestants of Ulster, who have looked to the mother country for protection for three hundred years) to enemies whose national character is so excitable, turbulent, and unrestrainable as that of Irishmen. But Mr. Gladstone's

splendid courage, his great learning, his persuasiveness, and his wonderful powers of oratory excited enthusiasm among all those brought personally into contact with him. "No man could be thrown into his society without feeling the magic of his personal influence." "Had he died," says one of his critics, "at the age at which Sir Robert Peel was killed, he would have been acknowledged, beyond all question, as the greatest minister of his age."¹

When the massacres in Armenia took place in 1895, Mr. Gladstone was not in office, — he was not even in Parliament, — but he used all his powers of eloquence, both by speech and by his pen, to rouse his countrymen to active intervention. It was Gladstone-like to have at one time inaugurated a peace policy at any cost, and to have urged a war policy upon his country at another time. I have spoken in a former chapter of that Eastern crisis, and in the light of events may presume to consider that Mr. Gladstone was in the wrong. He always wanted to hurry up reforms. Armenia is now practically at peace; Crete is prospering under Prince George, the Commissioner of the Four Powers; Greece has measured her strength against that of the Turks, and to the surprise of the civilized world the glory of the Thirty Days' War, both for courage and good discipline, lies with the Moslems. In 1897 the Sultan was shorn of his gains by the action of the Powers. The result of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, in very difficult circumstances, was that no nation gained much advantage, or suffered much loss. England, indeed, learned, and will doubtless remember, that the Sultan absolutely *cannot*

¹ Mr. Gladstone's literary interests were multifold. But his prevailing attachment was to the works of Homer. Ten years ago I gave lectures, intended especially "for those who knew no Greek," on the Iliad and the Odyssey. They have never been published, but I have reason to know that they have excited great interest in Homer in the minds of young people to whom, from time to time, I have imparted them. In preparing these lectures I felt myself brought under the influence of Mr. Gladstone, and I can never feel grateful enough for the pleasure and profit his writings on Homer have given me.

keep his promises ; therefore nothing is to be gained by exacting them.

Mr. Gladstone's vigorous vitality during his long and laborious career is one of the most remarkable things in modern history. Palmerston, Bismarck, and Pope Leo as statesmen, Radetzky and Von Moltke as generals, did much of their life-work after the age of seventy ; but Mr. Gladstone, after he had passed that age, developed a perfectly new phase of oratorical power ; and from being a great parliamentary debater, whose speeches abounded in statesmanship, and classical or literary allusions, he became a great master of the oratory of the platform and the open air. But his success in this branch of oratory tended during the later years of his life to injure him as a statesman and a thinker. It seems strange that a man of eighty should have become more boy-like as he advanced in years, and should have been carried away by the responsiveness of a large and uncritical audience. In the House of Commons his impulses must have been often placed under restraint.

"I cannot but think," says Mr. Richard Holt Hobson, in the "*Contemporary Review*," "that a good deal of Mr. Gladstone's rasher policy during the last few years of his life has been due to that higher estimate of vague popular sentiment, and the lower estimate of trained official knowledge, which he has insensibly inhaled from the popular audiences over which he has acquired an influence so powerful and so exhilarating.

"During Mr. Gladstone's early parliamentary career, Mr. Bagehot described him as a 'problem.' He became more and more a problem as his life and his work went on. But through all his changes, his indiscretions, and his inconsistencies, he has the right to claim 'integrity of purpose' and a 'desire to learn' (and, indeed, to unlearn). Many of his most cherished early convictions he lived to unlearn, and at the same time imposed his altered opinions somewhat forcibly on others. 'He could even speak with passionate condemnation of political creeds and political policies which, but a few months before, had been his own ;' for his deeply religious mind regarded the opinions he took up as convictions sent to him from heaven. In some of his chief lines of policy he brought England over to his own views ; and Mr. Hutton, whom I have already quoted,

gives a long list of what his foreign policy accomplished, — for Neapolitan prisoners, for Italy, and for Greece. But he adds, 'On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone's audacious donning of the penitential white sheet on behalf of his country at the time of the retrocession of the Transvaal, just after the defeat and disgrace of Majuba Hill, — perhaps his boldest act of public humiliation, although it was not altogether unpopular with the working classes at the time, — probably did more to undermine his influence as an English statesman than to confirm it.' "

These lines were written in 1894, before the world had any prevision of the terrible sequel to that act of national altruism, — an ideal which the great leader pursued in that case, and in others, with a blind and indiscriminate zeal which risked all consequences.

But those who most lament the occasional indiscretions of the Grand Old Englishman of the Nineteenth Century, cannot but acknowledge the benefits that he conferred upon his country during his four administrations. For some of these he was personally responsible. He secured to travellers whose means are limited what in England are called parliamentary trains; he made the railroads take children at half price; he abolished the stamp duty on newspapers, the sixpenny tax on every advertisement, and the tax on paper, and thus enabled the workingman to take his daily newspaper; he lightened the burden of taxation, and improved the relations between tenant and landlord in Ireland. He disestablished the English Church in Ireland, which had been one of the standing grievances of the Irish people. Earnest Churchmen acquiesced in its disendowment, believing that church work would not prosper unless a manifest wrong had been repealed. Now the principle that prevails in American churches has been introduced into Ireland; the congregations of the Anglican communion support their pastors. The ballot was bestowed on voters, though it may not fulfil all that was hoped by those who considered that its adoption would put an end to fraudulent voting and intimidation. Education among the masses was promoted by the influence of Mr. Gladstone.

He was a great reader, an enthusiastic horseman, and a good musician. We all know how he felled trees in the park at Hawarden. But I have told of his private life elsewhere.¹

In April, 1898, the public knew that Mr. Gladstone was dying, and Lord Salisbury was reported very ill at the same time. Mr. Gladstone's last illness was long and very painful; it was a case of tumor in the face, which at first had been diagnosed as cancer, but he earnestly requested that no bulletins should be issued, and no details of the progress of the disease given to the public. He named Mr. John Morley his literary executor. He died May 19, 1898. His coffin was carried to London, away from the home he had so dearly loved, and was placed upon a dais in the centre of Westminster Hall, where it lay in state for three days. Two hundred and fifty thousand people, it is thought, passed reverently through the hall to take their leave of what was mortal of the great Englishman. All was very simple, but the more impressive.

A few days later, when the United States was listening for the first echoes from the guns at Santiago, Mr. Gladstone was buried in Westminster Abbey. His most intimate friends attended the coffin, and Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and many others, both political opponents and personal friends. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York brought up the line of pall-bearers. Representatives from the House of Commons, from the diplomatic corps, from the universities, from the army and navy, and many other public bodies, filled the great cathedral. Among the hymns on the occasion was "Rock of Ages," all the congregation joining in it as it was sung. It had been an especial favorite with Mr. Gladstone, and he had made a translation of it into Latin verse. At the close of the service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prince of Wales, who stood near Mrs. Gladstone, bent over and kissed her hand.

"This admirable lady had been so intimately associated with the work and personality of her husband that in popular esteem

¹ "England in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 408-410.



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and affection they were almost one. For sixty years of their married life she was constantly shielding him from bores, intrusion, over-exertion, exposure to fatigue, and all sorts of minor troubles, anxieties, and annoyances.

"In a letter written by Mr. Gladstone in 1855, he spoke with shrewd self-knowledge of his own 'vulnerable temper and impetuous moods.' To soothe that temper, to modify those moods, was the main part of Mrs. Gladstone's work in life. Her husband was screened from every breath of annoyance. No 'evil report' was, if it was possible to intercept it, allowed to reach his ear. If a generally friendly newspaper ventured on an occasional criticism, it was conveniently mislaid. If the conversation at dinner took a distasteful turn, it was promptly interrupted by some artless inquiry about the children's whooping-cough, or the decorations of the dinner-table. Eager listeners, who saw the great man's eyes begin to lighten, and hoped to hear him thunder, were immensely disgusted, and ascribed to silliness what was really a carefully organized and long practised system of tactics. The system had its obvious drawbacks, but it was the deliberate opinion of one who knew both wife and husband well, that but for the unremitting solicitude which warded off all of the minor and most of the major troubles of life, — all the imaginary ones and most of the real, — the 'vulnerable temper' would long ago have been mortally wounded, and the 'impetuous moods' would have wrecked the political career."

Nor is this most beautiful side of Mrs. Gladstone's woman's life the only one that claims at once our sympathy and admiration. Outside her own family, and beyond the confines of Hawarden estate and parish, which always occupied the first place in her loving nature, she did other practical and patient works for the good of her fellow men and women. She was one of the first supporters of the House of Charity for Distressed Persons, founded in Soho, London, in 1846. In this house she may be said to have graduated in the art of administering relief to the needy of the metropolis, and there she first learned how much misery there is outside the ranks of the raggedly poor or obviously destitute.

Having occasion to observe, in connection with another House of Charity intended for a different class, how many

applications for shelter after nightfall had to be refused, Mrs. Gladstone threw herself into the work of raising funds to hire and fit up a large block of disused buildings in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, and there to provide temporary accommodation for the houseless, for in 1863 the work-houses in London had no "casual wards." This, which was then a novel form of charity, proved singularly successful, and Mrs. Gladstone was by all regarded as the founder and mainspring of the movement for founding refuge homes. It was in consequence of the interest thus attracted to the condition of the outcast poor in London streets, that the Homeless Poor Act became law, and London work-houses became bound to make special provision for tramps or casual travellers, at the cost of a rate levied on the whole metropolis. When cholera prevailed in England in 1866, it found in Mrs. Gladstone a brave and practical foe. She went almost daily to Whitechapel, into the horrible hospital wards, with sympathy and cheering words and flowers, giving fresh courage by her presence and example not only to the sick, but to doctors and nurses. When all was at an end she took a large part in securing a house at Clapton for boys left orphans by the cholera; while Mrs. Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, established a similar orphanage for girls at Fulham. This set the example of attaching to nearly all the hospitals of London "Free Convalescent Homes for the Poor."

It is impossible here to enumerate half the works of benevolence in which Mrs. Gladstone actively interested herself. Almost everybody knows of her Orphanage at the gates of Hawarden Castle, and her almshouse for aged women. Some one recently bore witness that in respect to one of the charities that I have not found space to mention, Mrs. Gladstone's connection with its management was so thorough and consistent that it might have been supposed it was her only charity.

She died at Hawarden Castle in June, 1900, and was buried beside her husband in Westminster Abbey, accord-

ing to a promise made her by the Dean of Westminster at the time of Mr. Gladstone's funeral.

One drawback to Mr. Gladstone's active exertions in his latter years (and yet he did not allow it seriously to impair his activity) was that he suffered for a while from cataract, caused by an injury inflicted upon one of his eyes by a hard ginger cake thrown at him by a woman in a crowd. An operation was performed when the eye was in the right condition for the knife, and, like most modern operations for cataract, it was attended with little pain, and was entirely successful.

Lord Salisbury, like many other Englishmen prominent in public life, has changed many of his views since he entered into politics, but it must be remembered that the condition of things in England since 1854 has changed too. He has passed through three marked stages in his political career. He has been the independent Tory of the old school, the foreign minister in Lord Beaconsfield's imperialistic cabinet, and is the present head of the Conservative party.

"As such, he is said to be ready to play many cards once held by his political opponents. He favors measures that will lighten the burdens on agriculture, he inclines to grant allowances and pensions to the aged, and he would like to see each English laborer attached to the land of his birth by owning his own home. It is also thought that he would further a joint organization that might unite employers and employed. If he, or his successor, can carry out these things, 'they will render no mean service, not only to English Conservatism, but to the Conservatism of Europe; to all, indeed, who hope and trust that society may be served without recourse to the rough surgery of revolution.'"

But on three things Lord Salisbury is absolutely conservative: he will have no tampering with the constitution of the United Kingdom; no party and no nation shall flout the English flag; and he will not consent that the conduct of foreign affairs shall pass out of the hands of the Foreign Office into those of the Fourth Estate, or even those of the Third.

Lord Salisbury's first speech was made in Parliament when he was Lord Robert Cecil, in 1854. For a short time, some years later, he sat in the House of Commons as Lord Cranbourne, until, by the death of his father, he became Marquis of Salisbury, and passed into the House of Lords. His parliamentary experience in the House of Commons has been of the greatest value to him, as it is to every other English statesman who aspires to take a prominent part in the government of his country. As I have just said, the condition of things in England during the half-century or more that Lord Salisbury has been a prominent politician has changed —

“changed even to the point of making men like Lord Salisbury advocates of measures which they formerly condemned. Lord Salisbury, indeed, became the opponent of certain bits of legislation to which he once appeared tenderly attached. But his convictions have remained as unshaken in the main as the general lines of his character.”

From a very early day he acquired the reputation of saying indiscreet things in public speeches; and in the present year, when all England was enthusiastic over Irish generals, Irish fusileers, and the reception of the Queen in Ireland, he took the opportunity to assure the Irish that they need not expect especial legislation in favor of their aspirations.

He first occupied a prominent political position when he accompanied Mr. Disraeli to the Congress of Berlin as his colleague and supporter. Disraeli had a genius for selecting men of ability, and for furthering their advancement, and in Lord Salisbury he seems to have felt great confidence, though more than once the “noble Lord” had been opposed to him in political emergencies.

Lord Salisbury, on his return to England, was sent to confer with other statesmen at Constantinople, after which he succeeded Lord Derby at the Foreign Office in Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet, and entered on an active and arduous career. The Beaconsfield cabinet went out of power before

he had been in it three years, but in 1885 Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. In the mean time Mr. Gladstone had abandoned the Soudan, and had made a free gift to the Boers of their South African Republic, exacting only the condition that, in their foreign relations, they should acknowledge the suzerainty of the Queen.

Lord Salisbury, in accepting the Premiership vacated by Mr. Gladstone, could not undo the work of his predecessor. He had to accept it and its consequences, and to shape his policy accordingly.

"He assumed the liabilities and embarrassments of Mr. Gladstone's administration, paying debts which he had not contracted, continuing to repose confidence in agents whom he had not chosen, and trying to solve problems which he had not set."

But, prudent and fortunate, Lord Salisbury's administration seems to have been a success. In the present war with the Transvaal the people support him with enthusiasm. The honor of England is at stake; and what Englishman will not make any sacrifice to uphold it?

He insisted that the French expedition should retreat from Fashoda, and not render nugatory the Sirdar's victory at Omdurman, and he directed Sir Edmund Monson, the English Ambassador at Paris, to make an after-dinner speech assuring the French public that England would endure no more pin-pricks from either the French press or the French Government. He made large concessions to France, however, in Nigeria, and has left the French to struggle alone with the coming Mohammedan problem in Central Africa; he has not interfered with their unhappy policy in Madagascar, nor with their claims in Siam.

In the Venezuela Question, started on the world when the attention of all men was occupied by what was passing in the East, and which some people think withheld the English Government from taking a more active part in Cretan and Armenian affairs, Lord Salisbury appears to have acted in a very conciliatory spirit, though in December,

1895, he was confronted by a sharp despatch from Secretary Olney and a similar message to Congress from President Cleveland, — a man far less likely than Lord Salisbury to indulge himself in a public document with incautious words. The boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana was a very ancient one, and, as neither party cared much for the territory in dispute, it had been hanging on unsettled for a number of years. But gold had been discovered on the border, and the few miles of disputed land became valuable, especially to English gold-seekers. A dispute arose between these strangers and the Venezuelans, in which Englishmen conceived themselves to be wronged, and they appealed to their government. It was a great surprise to all when Mr. Cleveland sent his message to Congress, and his Secretary of State addressed a letter to Lord Salisbury, demanding, as the guardian of Venezuela under the Monroe doctrine, an immediate settlement of the dispute. In all subsequent proceedings on the subject, "Mr. Cleveland showed himself," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, "the same cool, sensible, conciliatory statesman he had proved himself to be in all his previous career." Nevertheless, the affair for some weeks stirred up a little ferment in both countries; and, as I have said, it is thought to have impeded vigorous action on England's part on the Armenian and Cretan questions. However, the affairs of Armenia and Crete came all right in the end, and so did the boundary dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela, which was settled by a conference in which United States Commissioners, all men of high standing and great worth, took part as the advocates of Venezuela. By the time the Conference gave its decision, October 3, 1899, few persons probably cared much which party might be favored by the award. For some years Venezuela has been in such a chronic state of revolution that she can have taken little interest in a matter which at one time threatened strife for her sake between two great civilized nations.

I repeat that all that is most interesting in the history of England during the last years of the nineteenth century

may best be related in that part of my book which concerns "Europe in Africa."

Lord Salisbury, like Mr. Gladstone, was most fortunate in a wife. Lady Salisbury was the invaluable helpmeet of her husband, and was deeply regretted by all who knew her. Probably the last months of her life were clouded by anxiety for her son, Lord Edward Cecil, who was one of the force besieged in Mafeking.

"It was for her friends and family she lived, and she had her reward in their unstinted love and admiration. . . . To lose such a partner after more than forty years of happy wedded life is to suffer a bereavement which is irreparable. . . . She was her husband's helpmeet in the truest sense of the word, not by virtue of mere incurious silence, but by active gifts of intelligent counsel and advice."

It is not a little significant of the great changes that have taken place in England during the reign of Queen Victoria that the great statesmen of the present day have, with hardly an exception, changed, or greatly modified, their early political views. Mr. Gladstone began life as a disciple of George Canning; at college he became a Tory of the old school; then a Conservative; then a Liberal; and toward the end of his life he broke up his party on the Irish question of Home Rule and was accounted a Radical.

Lord Salisbury was in 1854 an aristocrat in politics and an uncompromising Tory. He is still a Conservative, but a Conservative who advocates liberal measures that were considered almost revolutionary when he entered the House of Commons.

Mr. Chamberlain boldly proclaimed himself an advanced Radical, was at one time, together with his friend, Sir Charles Dilke, a supporter of Home Rule for Ireland, broke away from his party in 1886, and is now, in a Conservative Cabinet, Secretary for the Colonies, over whose loyal adhesion to the mother country he persists in keeping a firm hand.

Lord Rosebery, now Liberal leader in the House of

Lords, began by opposing liberalism. He belongs to a great family, and was born to a large estate. He married a daughter of the house of Rothschild. He has a lordly house near Edinburgh, another in London at the West End, and a beautiful English country residence. His social powers are very great. He is a charming host, a brilliant and sympathetic conversationalist, an admirable lecturer, an accomplished writer, a skilled yachtsman, and his horses have won two Derbys on the turf.

To him many have long looked as the man who might steer England through all her dangers, but as yet he has not found that opportunity. A born orator, it was his misfortune to have missed valuable training as a debater in the House of Commons. He too early succeeded his grandfather in the peerage, and he had to begin his political career in the House of Lords. Anxious in some way to be useful to his country, he early devoted himself to municipal affairs. London outside "the City" (which is but a small patch in the great metropolis) was governed by old-fashioned parochial vestries, and, to a certain extent, by a more recent institution called the Metropolitan Board of Works. Lord Rosebery, joined by Lord Randolph Churchill, reformed this system, and succeeded in displacing it in favor of the London County Council, — an elective body responsible to its constituents and to the public.

"I think," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, "that it would be hardly possible for a man of Lord Rosebery's rank and culture and tastes to give a more genuine proof of patriotic public spirit than he did when he threw himself heart and soul into the business of the Municipal Council."

When Mr. Gladstone resigned on the question of Home Rule in 1894, the Queen sent for Lord Rosebery and wished him to form an administration; but there were keen jealousies among the Liberal leaders. Sir William Vernon Harcourt thought he had won for himself the right to succeed Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister. Lord Rosebery, however, accepted the post offered him, but his

premiership lasted a very short time ; he was defeated in Parliament on a vote of supply ; and as this was virtually a vote of censure on the Secretary of State for War, the ministry resigned, Parliament was dissolved, and a General Election followed. Then was seen the full force of the reaction which had begun to set in against the policy of Mr. Gladstone.

"The Conservatives came into power with a large majority. Lord Rosebery became merely the leader of the Liberal party in opposition, and even this position he did not long retain. Some of the most brilliant speeches he ever made in the House of Lords were made at this time, but somehow people began to think that his heart was not in the leadership, and before long it was made known to the country that he had ceased to be the Liberal commander-in-chief."

Some said that Lord Rosebery did not see his way to agitating the country as Mr. Gladstone would have done on the question of Turkey and Armenia ; others thought him unwilling to adopt the policy of Mr. Gladstone in South Africa, as tending to weaken the supremacy and prestige of his country.

Lord Rosebery is now classed as an Imperialist. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, and their followers are termed by their opponents Little Englanders. "The Little Englander," as Mr. McCarthy describes him, "believes that England's noblest work for a long time to come will be found in the endeavor to spread peace, education, and happiness among the people who already acknowledge England's supremacy."

Again, in concluding a brief sketch of Lord Rosebery, the same impartial writer ends it with these words : "Though he became Prime Minister only to be defeated, and leader of the Liberal party only to resign, he is at this moment the one public man in England about whom people are asking one another whether the time for him to take his real position is not near at hand."

But among leading statesmen in England at the present day the most prominent is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Lord

Rosebery has political opponents, but may be said to have no enemies ; Mr. Chamberlain has many, both political and personal. He is the son of a manufacturer in Birmingham, which in his youth was the most violently Radical great city in England. It also had the distinction of being the city where municipal affairs were the most admirably managed, and it was in connection with the city government of Birmingham that Mr. Chamberlain won his first fame. When elected to Parliament it was as an advanced Radical, a democrat of the levelling order, a more aggressive democrat than Mr. Bright or Mr. Cobden had ever been. Here are the impressions of one who heard him make his first speech in the House of Commons : —

“Judging from his previous political speeches members had set him down as a wild republican, and they expected to see a rough and shaggy man, dressed with an uncouth disregard for the ways of society, a sort of Birmingham Orson, who would probably scowl fiercely at his opponents in the House, and deliver his opinions in a voice of thunder. The political opinions which his speech expressed were such as every one might have expected to come from so resolute a democrat, but their quiet, self-possessed delivery greatly astonished those who had expected to see and hear a mob-orator.”

Ever since then Mr. Chamberlain has proved himself one of the ablest debaters in the House of Commons. He disappointed the Home Rule party by breaking away from it and resigning his place in Mr. Gladstone's government. He ranked himself thenceforth not only as an opponent of Home Rule, but as a Conservative and anti-Radical. The change took place in less than three months. Mr. Gladstone began as a Tory and grew by slow degrees into a Radical, but Mr. Chamberlain's conversion was accomplished with the suddenness of a miracle ; yet no man has ever dared to say that it was prompted by any selfish motive, or that it was not the work of genuine conviction, such as in the language of theology is called “a change of heart.”

CHAPTER III

FRONTIER WARS IN INDIA

AMONG the most brilliant wars in the latter half of the nineteenth century (by "brilliant" I mean the most remarkable for courage, daring, and resources) have been the Frontier Wars of India; yet as they led to no visible success that the general public can appreciate, they are very little known. Those who fought in them, and the correspondents who recorded them, sometimes complain that deeds of far less personal prowess have received world-wide recognition, medals and honors, while heroes of the frontier have been overlooked and forgotten.

It is impossible here to give anything like a complete account of what took place in northwestern India in 1895, 1897, and 1898. I cannot even spare space for an abridged account of all the military operations. I think it best therefore to select one event, — a very important one. It was the outbreak of the Frontier War; and many persons think that had the British Government taken no part in the dispute concerning succession among those who aspired to the Mehtarship of Chitral, England might have been spared a great loss of gallant lives, and the Government of India an expenditure of many millions of pounds.

The northwestern frontier of India is very little known to most of us. I humbly confess that until recently my own ideas upon the subject were by no means clear. We all know in a general way that British India on the north touches Afghanistan and much recently acquired Russian territory, from both of which it is divided by almost impassable chains of mountains, — the Hindoo Koosh and the Himalayas.

The Punjaub, we all know, is the great province of northern India; northeast of it, under its own Maharajah, is Kashmir. But the mountains and their valleys to the north and west are inhabited by wild tribes, splendid fighters, men of great intelligence, who have never made submission to the Ameer of Afghanistan or to any of the rulers of India. They are known under the common name of Pathans, as the inhabitants of the Scotch mountains were all known as Highlanders. They are divided, like the Highlanders, into numerous tribes or clans, Afridis, Swatis, Mahmonds, Ozakais, Hanzu, Chitralis, etc.; and some of the tribes are divided and subdivided. For instance, the Afridis have eight clans. Constantly at feud among themselves, they unite at once to oppose a common enemy. It is thus that G. W. Steevens opens his chapter on the frontier question in his little volume entitled "India":—

"The frontier question is like the frontier country. Toilfully surmount one branch of it, and it is commanded and controlled by another. Struggle through the pass of one problem, and it opens onto a worse tangle of others. Take a typical case,—Chitral; at the first reconnaissance nothing could be simpler. Obviously, for a host of reasons, we ought to keep clear of Chitral. An invasion of India in anything like force from that side is all but inconceivable. The country, as well as all the country between it and India, is infernal, the inhabitants devilish. Before we began to meddle they were content to exercise their devilishness upon each other. Our interference brought on us two costly wars. . . . Decidedly we ought never to have gone to Chitral; ought never to have stayed there; ought, if we must stay there, to have communicated with it, as originally, from Gilgit. The whole business is a palpable, costly, ghastly blunder.

"Thus triumphantly we crown that height, and then, unfortunately for our comfort of mind, we begin to observe fresh heights to be crowned above us. . . . The more you look at it, the more it mazes you—point topping point, and argument crossing argument. And that is only the very tiniest fraction of the whole frontier question. There are a dozen places like Chitral, each with a tangled problem of its own, and above all are the greater questions,—the influence on India proper, the defence against

Russia, — with all their branches. And the peculiarly exasperating feature of these difficulties is that every action we take seems to leave them more confounded than before."

The Pathans are all Mohammedans, but they are not all of the same sect. The men of most influence in these tribes are the *mullahs*, holy men who are supposed in some way to have attained especial sanctity. Some ten years ago I read an amusing article, making fun of apprehensions felt by the Government of India concerning the Alkund of Swat. Who or what, it was asked, could the Alkund of Swat be? He was one of these mullahs; and England in the past six years has had abundant reason to know him and his fellows.

Now, England, ever since I can remember, has had jealousy of Russia on the brain. She conceived it her duty, when a scientific frontier between India and Afghanistan was laid out, to extend her "sphere of influence" over the mountain tribesmen, and to establish British outposts along the frontiers. The Chitralis had a country close up to Afghanistan, and a pass of their own over which no army could transport guns, baggage, and ammunition. Their chief town was Chitral, and it had a small fort very badly situated on the bank of a river, and completely commanded by hills.

The Chitralis were good fighters, bold riders, and strong swimmers, loving polo and the dance. Their country is surrounded by magnificent mountains and their valleys produce abundantly fruit and flowers. The ruler of Chitral was called the Mehtar; his residence was in the little fort with his wives and their families. In 1892, Aman-ul-Mulk, the "Great Mehtar," died. It was a thing not before known in the history of Chitral that a Mehtar should die a natural death; according to the custom of the country, he should have been assassinated. But Aman-ul-Mulk had been greatly respected by his people, and had reigned many years. He left as many sons by different wives as Phrygian Priam, but of these only four were considered of sufficiently royal lineage to succeed him as Mehtar. Their

names were Nizam, Afzul, Amir, and Shuja ; the last a little boy. Nizam, the eldest, was visiting British India when his father died, so his place as Mehtar was seized by Afzul, his next brother ; and Nizam sought protection at Gilgit, two hundred and twenty miles east of Chitral, where lived an English agent in charge of a British garrison. Afzul-ul-Mulk had no fears of his brothers, Amir and Shuja, — the one was weak, the other a child ; but he had not bethought him of his uncle Sher Afzul, who had for years been living as an exile at the court of Cabul. He came suddenly to Chitral, and tried to enter the fort secretly by night ; the guards, however, opposed him. Afzul-ul-Mulk, the reigning Mehtar, hearing the noise, came from his chamber, and was shot in the back. At once Sher Afzul seized the reins of government. But as suddenly as he had arrived from Cabul, came Nizam from Gilgit. The troops collected to oppose him went over to his side at once, and his uncle Sher Afzul went once more into exile.

Nizam was a cultivated man, and friendly to the English Government, which sent a mission to offer him the support formerly given to his father. His subjects were, however, not well pleased with the civilized ideas he had acquired in British India, and while he was out hawking, his brother Amir, or some of his followers, shot him dead.

It is supposed that this murder was suggested by Umra Khan, lord of the neighboring country of Jandol, who was father-in-law to Amir, and who, after making a tool of that weak young man, was ambitious of acquiring for himself the Mehtarship of Chitral.

Umra Khan was a formidable chief. He was a handsome man, and a man of marked ability. An English political officer was at Chitral with an escort of eight Sikhs when Nizam was murdered, and Amir insisted that he should, on the part of the British Government, recognize his right to the throne. This, Lieutenant Gurdon refused to do. He would write to his superior officer at Gilgit on the subject if Amir would forward the letter. This, Amir declined to do, and Gurdon continued to maintain that he

had no right to pledge his government to give the usurping Mehtar recognition.

Matters became such that Gurdon, the English political agent, moved into the fort with his eight Sikhs, where he received a reinforcement of fifty Sikhs of his own escort, whom, not apprehending danger, he had left at Mastaj, sixty-five miles from Chitral. Nothing but the coolness of Gurdon saved him from being slain, for the Chitralis were maddened by excitement. Meantime, as Umra Khan had hoped, his son-in-law called upon him for assistance.

As soon as Mr. Robertson, the British agent at Gilgit (which is an outpost in the northern part of Kashmir), heard what was taking place at Chitral, he started for it with two hundred and eighty men of the Kashmir Rifles, and thirty-three Sikhs under Lieutenant Harley. He was also accompanied by Captain Baird, Captain Campbell, and Dr. Witchchurch.

At once, as Gurdon's superior officer, he wrote to Umra Khan to leave Chitral territory and return to his own country of Jandol. A wealthy native of Chitral assisted the English to provision the little fort for a siege, and moved into it himself with about eighty Chitralis. The English professed to recognize Shuja-ul-Mulk as Mehtar, and to have deposed Amir-ul-Mulk for treachery. Both these princes were in the fort, but the latter was a prisoner.

Shah Afzul meantime had come back from Cabul, and was in alliance with Umra Kahn. News at the close of March was brought to the fort that it was to be besieged. The little garrison decided to send out a party to reconnoitre. It was a most unhappy decision. The party consisted of two hundred men of the Kashmir Rifles, who had never been in action, a few Sikhs, hospital assistants, and stretcher-bearers. Captain Campbell was in command of the party. Captain Baird, Lieutenants Townshend and Gurdon, and Dr. Witchchurch accompanied him. Harley and his Sikhs were left to guard the fort. There were only half a dozen white faces in the little band.

It met with disaster. The Chitralis and Jandolis were

around them on the hills in force, and strongly posted. Baird was shot down; Whitchurch at once hastened to his side. The wound was mortal, but he was placed in a dooly and carried to the rear. Both sides fought bravely, but soon the officer in command of the British force found his enemy in so strong a position, behind stone breastworks, that there was nothing for his little party, which was without support, to do but to retreat. Captain Campbell was wounded in the knee, but insisted that he must be lifted on his horse and go back into the fighting. The native hospital assistant remonstrated with him, but these were his last words. A bullet went smashing through his head, and he lay dead beside the horse of Captain Campbell.

The little party, now retiring, were two miles from the fort. It grew dark when they reached the Chitral village. The inhabitants, seeing them retreat, and anxious—both men and women—to be on the winning side, turned against them. Robertson, a solitary horseman, galloped to the fort to get a handful of Harley's Sikhs to assist them. Fired at with bullets and assailed with sticks and stones, Robertson happily was not once hit. On nearing the fort, "Fifty Sikhs to cover the retirement!" he shouted. At once they marched out of the gate, ready for action, with Harley at their head.

There is a touching story of Gurdon's syce, who brought him his pony from the fort, which he refused to mount, and the faithful groom was shot dead while leading it away.

At last all were in the fort. Then came the inquiry, "Where is Baird? Where is Whitchurch, the doctor?"

Baird had not been brought in; Whitchurch was nowhere; Campbell had fainted from his wound. The wounded were all asking for the doctor.

Baird was a great favorite. His genial, kindly ways had endeared him to every one.

Hampered by the dooly, the small hospital party, consisting of the doctor, a dozen of the Kashmir troops, and four stretcher-bearers, had been left behind. Darkness was coming on. They lost their way. They perceived that

fighting was going on in advance of them. "There's another way to the fort,—a roundabout way," some one cried out. "But it is three miles round."

"Then a weak voice called the doctor from the stretcher.

"'I am only hindering you. It's all up with me, I know. Leave me, and look after the safety of those brave fellows, and your own.'

"'What say you, my men,' cried the doctor, repeating the dying officer's request; 'shall we leave your wounded officer in the field, to look after our own skins?'

"'We'll take the river bank, sahib!' was the quick response of the stretcher-bearers; and not one dreamed of laying his burden down.

"But the enemy soon perceived them. One after another was killed, and as a stretcher-bearer fell, one of the soldiers, without a word, took his place.

"At last all were gone. It was impossible to carry the stretcher further; the Sepoys were all wanted to fight. Then the doctor put his arm firmly round his patient's waist and lifted him from the stretcher.

"'Whitchurch! I protest against it! Whitchurch, are you mad? For God's sake, save yourself! Leave me! leave me!'

"But the doctor would not give him up, and carried him as best he could, over the rough ground in the darkness, wounded himself by a bullet in his heel. But they reached the fort. The gate was flung open, and they staggered in."

And that was how the V. C. — the Victoria Cross — was nobly won by the doctor.

"It was never won more splendidly," said Baird, as with almost his dying breath he reported all that had taken place to Mr. Robertson.

From that time for forty-two days the fort was closely invested. The enemy could fire into its enclosure and pick off any man who showed himself. An attempt was made to burn the watch-tower; twice the covered way by which the garrison drew water was nearly destroyed.

The besieged knew that relief would be sent to them. Upheld by the confidence of the English officers and that of the undaunted Sikhs, all felt sure that it was coming, —

but would it come in time? Already the poor fellows looked pinched and hollow-eyed from insufficient food, as only half-rations were served out to them. What little rum they had was reserved for the Sikhs. "Brave fellows! they deserve it," said their officers. To the Kashmir Rifles a little tea was served out every second day.

The British officers, early in the siege, had killed and salted their ponies. The Sikhs could not touch such food. They ate only their cakes of flour and water, and went back uncomplainingly to their posts.

At last the enemy took possession of a summer house in a garden, about eighty yards from the fort. Day and night, for two nights and two days, they kept up a hideous din with yells and tom-toms. The besieged began to suspect that the enemy were digging a mine, and that the noise they made was to deaden the sound of their picks, as they worked under ground. Harley and his Sikhs made a sortie, drove off the workers, entered the mine, and blew it up, or rather, an accident after they entered it blew it up; but happily none of the party was injured by the explosion.

All was silent the next night; the yells and tom-toms ceased, when at midnight came a cry outside the fort, "News! news! Important news!"

For some time, dreading treachery, they hesitated to let in the messenger. But the news was true. A relieving force was at hand. When the first excitement was over, "I suggest a good square meal!" cried an officer; and double rations were served out all round.

It was Colonel Kelly who had come two hundred and twenty-five miles from Gilgit to their relief, over mountains deep in snow. He had with him his own splendid regiment of Sikhs, the Thirty-Second Pioneers. He had altogether only about five hundred enlisted men and two guns of the Kashmir Mountain Battery. Three years before, the English had been fighting the Hunzas, a people inhabiting a mountain district very close to Kashmir. The Hunzas had since appeared loyal, but it seemed almost too much to hope that they would join the English Relief Ex-

pedition. Nevertheless, on its being suggested to them, their prime minister marched into Gilgit with two thousand men, bringing with them a fortnight's rations. And the Rajah of the Punials, another mountain tribe of "men as agile as cats, and as sure-footed as goats," came with a large party of his followers. The Hunzas are a light-haired, blue-eyed race, and claim descent from the soldiers Alexander left behind, when he pushed on into the Punjaub with his main army.

I cannot tell the whole story of this marvellous march. It must suffice here to say, that when they reached the Shangar Pass, the mules that carried the guns (which with their carriages were divided for transport into sections) were up to their bodies in snow, and, laden as they were, the poor creatures could hardly stagger along.

"They'll never do it!" cried one of the officers.

"Sahib, they *cannot*," answered one of the drivers. To advance without the guns would be worse than folly. The guns were needed to shell the enemy on the heights, and to drive their marksmen from their positions.

"Without the guns the expedition would be hopeless. And the garrison at Chitral was possibly in extremity.

"But the pioneers knew their colonel's face. They saw his anxiety.

"Said one of them to his fellows: 'We must not march without the guns.' . . .

"There was a pause among the Sikh soldiers. 'Purity, chastity, and charity'—is the motto of their race, and when lived up to, it cannot but make men brave to endure.

"'Brothers, could not we carry the guns?' Another breathless pause, and then came the hoarse, determined chorus: 'If the Commanding Sahib permits, *we shall!*'

"No sooner said than acted upon. They sought their native officers. The case was laid before them, and the spokesmen added, 'Beg the Commanding Sahib that we may carry the guns.' As the message was being delivered to Colonel Kelly, a native officer of the Kashmir Rifles came up also to say that his men volunteered to take part in the arduous task.

"Colonel Kelly was moved. His eye kindled as he gave his answer, 'Tell my men I thank them.'"

The next day all was bustle ; cheerfully and with determination the men equipped themselves for their task. An awful task it proved, especially the next day in the steepest part of the pass, which was three feet deep in snow. It was dark before they had staggered to their stopping-place, having made only five miles' progress in one day.

On the next day, which was bitterly cold with a fierce wind blowing, an advance party went forward to try to break a track, but many of the men suffered from snow-blindness and from frost-bite.

As it was growing dark, the poor fellows, who kept slipping and falling under their loads, seemed so exhausted that their officers were fearing they must camp out that night in the snow, when suddenly from the advance guard a shout was heard. They had unexpectedly reached the end of the pass, and the descent would be comparatively easy.

All this time the relief column had had little or no fighting. Nature had been their enemy. Umra Khan had never dreamed that British and Sikhs would attempt to come over the pass in such weather.

When they were through the pass the worst was over. They marched on without much opposition, relieved Mastaj, a fort about two days' march from Chitral, where Lieutenant Moberly and a small body of men were besieged.

When the force surrounding Chitral received news of the relief of Mastaj, it melted away. On the arrival of the force under Colonel Kelly, Shuja-ul-Mulk was recognized as Mehtar. His brother Amir was sent to India as a prisoner, and Umra Khan was dispossessed of his dominions, though, to do him justice, he had behaved with magnanimity to some English officers belonging to a relief party who, on the way to assist Fort Chitral, had fallen into his hands. Another relief column under General Gatacre was coming up from the west and through the Malakand Pass, which no white soldiers had ventured to do before. This forcing the Malakand, and its being held by the English after the relief of Chitral, was highly displeasing to the tribesmen,

who, in 1897, fought the fiercest fight of the war to expel the invaders. The force that first traversed it for the relief of Chitral did not reach its destination as soon as Kelly's. A few days after its arrival General Gatacre read the burial service over a new grave in the Fort Garden, where were interred the remains of Captain Baird, and an officer of the expedition put up a stone to his memory, and with his own hands carved on it the story of his death. Six months' extra pay was given to the Sikhs and Kashmir Rifles. Mr. Robertson was made Sir George Robertson, and has written an interesting account of the siege. Other officers received promotion and honors; and the V. C., as poor Baird with his dying breath had hoped, was given to the doctor.¹

From the summer of 1895 to the summer of 1897, all seemed quiet along the frontier. When Colonel Warburton (Sir Robert Warburton) quitted Peshawar on the afternoon of May 10, 1897, a crowd of Afridi chiefs and head men came down to the railroad station to see him off, and, as he says, "to take a last look at one who had been associated with them, off and on, for nigh eighteen years."

And who was Colonel Warburton? We know him from his own book, "Eighteen Years in the Khyber," published after his death by Murray in 1900; but we will turn to what was said of him in 1893 by the well-known traveller and correspondent, Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, premising that the principal passes through the Hindoo Koosh are the Khyber and the Malakand. There are here and there also some mere goat tracks from Afghanistan, one of which leads down to Chitral. Thus, says Mr. Wilkinson:—

"The only road by which traffic is possible follows the Khyber Pass, and Peshawar is the mart for all trade between India and Central Asia.

"Jellallabad belongs to the Ameer, and Peshawar to Great Britain, but the Khyber block of mountains belongs to the

¹ It may be well to say that my account of the siege and the relief of Chitral is taken from a little book called "The Heroes of the Siege of Chitral," which I commend to the perusal of any readers I may have among my friends, the boys.

tribes who inhabit it, — independent Afghans, or, in border language, Pathans. These Khyber Pathans can raise but scant crops from their native rocks. They cannot 'live on their holdings,' and must needs have some other resource with which to eke out their sustenance. This additional source of revenue is the pass. From time immemorial, they have taken toll from all who go through. Being poor, uncivilized, and accustomed to fight, their methods of levying what they conceived to be their due were formerly rough and irregular. But, from their point of view, the dues are their traditional, inalienable right. They are, however, very business-like people. Their point is to receive the money. Accordingly, they were open to contract for the tolls. During the first Afghan war, they took a rent in lieu of pass dues from the British, and caused trouble only when they believed they were being defrauded. Since the last Afghan war the same arrangement has been renewed. Each tribe receives an annual payment from the British Government, in return for which the pass is free to all authorized travellers on certain days in the week. There is also a modern device by which the good relations between the British Government and the tribes are increased. A corps of troops, called the Khyber Rifles, is recruited from the tribesmen, and is employed to guard the pass on the open days, and to supply escorts for caravans and travellers. The pay of the men, of course, found its way into their villages, and the whole population grew accustomed to a sort of respect for British authority. All these arrangements had been many years in the hands of Colonel Warburton, whose official title was 'Political Officer, Khyber Pass.' His position as paymaster of the tribes made him a sort of half-recognized king. He often settled their disputes, and by the exercise of a delicate tact and an immense personal influence, for years he kept the whole Khyber border — a thousand square miles of hills — in comparative order. The cost of the whole business — the rent charge in lieu of dues, the Khyber Rifles, and Colonel Warburton — did not exceed £10,000 a year."

Colonel Warburton was eminently the right man in a very difficult position. He was the son of an English officer of good family, who, while at Cabul before the great disaster of 1841, married an Afghan lady of high rank, a relation of Dost Mohammed. The marriage was witnessed by Sir Alexander Barnes, Colonel Street, and Colonel

Jenkins. But when the English were driven away from Cabul, the lady's relatives became very much angered by her marriage. Her husband's house was burned down, and for months the soldiers of Akbar Khan sought everywhere to find her. "But Providence sheltered her through all her trials and vicissitudes," says Sir Robert Warburton, "and in the midst of it all, in July, 1842, her son, myself, was born."

Thus Colonel Warburton, though an accomplished English gentleman, was allied to the Afghans and Afridis, and possessed personal influence over them, such as is rarely attained by a European over Orientals.

The government of the hill tribes is intrusted to the Governor of the Punjaub, not to the General Government of India. Colonel Warburton ventured to think that it would have been more advisable to put the hill tribes under one English official who, under the General Government of India, could act on his own authority. Meantime he earnestly entreated the Punjaub Government to give him an English assistant whom he might train up to take his place when his term of service expired. But the Punjaub Government was not willing to incur additional expense, and a man to fill the post was hard to find, seeing that it seemed banishment to an English gentleman to be stationed at Peshawar.

Peshawar is a place of immense bustle and trade, entirely inhabited by eighty thousand natives. The English and their troops live in cantonments about two miles out of the city; and a few miles away from it, frown the foot-hills of the Hindoo Koosh.

When Colonel Warburton left Peshawar in May, 1897, the Afridis complained of no grievances. There was occasionally a little grumbling about minor matters, but nothing to presage the revolt which in the month of August broke out among their tribes. All accounts attribute it to the same cause.

In 1896 and 1897 the English papers were full of bitter invectives against the "unspeakable Turk" and "the great

assassin at Constantinople." Now, although legally the Sultan is not Caliph, and the larger part of the Mohammedan world will not accept him as such,—to those who belong to one division of the faith and call themselves Sunnites, he occupies the place of defender of the faith. He is the great Mussulman potentate, the most important personage who holds the faith of Islam. Afghanistan, "the God-granted kingdom," is the bulwark of Islamism in Southern Asia. Its ruler and its people are Sunnites; and when the abuse showered in England on the Sultan of Turkey had caused deep indignation in the hearts of many Mohammedans, a propaganda was attempted. England might be attacked where she was most vulnerable. Of course tribesmen on the Peshawar Border were not likely to know (and not knowing would not care) what was said in the English Parliament or in the English papers, but it could be brought home to them if political missionaries inflamed their minds against the infidel and preached a holy war.

Such an agent was sent to the Ameer of Afghanistan, who sent at once for all the noted mullahs of his faith, introduced them to this agent, and after telling them to go to their homes and preach a religious war, advised them to make arrangements for a reserve force to be called out when all should be ready. The Ameer also wrote and circulated a pamphlet to the same effect.

Among the hill tribes, there were three formidable mullahs (holy men, generally priests) who were held in especial estimation, — Sayad Akbar, who lived in the beautiful valley of Tirah, beside the simple, unostentatious mosque which was the meeting-place of seven Afridi clans; the Hadda Mullah of Jarobi; and the "Mad Fakir" of Swat. Of these, Sayad Akbar was the least respected, — he was worldly and avaricious; the Haddah Mullah lived a quiet life, and had a great reputation for sanctity; the Mad Mullah was the successor of the Alkund of Swat, and was an insane fanatic. Each of these men raised a *lashkar*, or army. In one of these lashkars, there were, it is said, no less than fifteen hundred mullahs, all preaching a holy war

against the infidels; and a report was circulated that the Turks had fought the infidels, invaded their country, and completely got the better of them. The "infidels" so conquered were the Greeks, but of course ignorant mountaineers in a remote part of the world were not likely to know the insignificance of Greece. It was enough for them that the Children of the Prophet had triumphed upon unbelievers. Why, if Allah had lent them His assistance, might they not do so again?

The *lashkar* under their mullahs attacked and burned British posts all along the frontier. Then of course the English Government assembled its forces, and *la revanche* began.

The first expedition undertaken was against the Mahmonds; it lasted barely six weeks, and the troops suffered much from the extreme heat. The Mahmonds were forced to acknowledge themselves conquered and to accept the terms offered by their enemies. These included rupees, grain, and, above all, three hundred of their rifles. Now to a hill tribesman his rifle is dearer than his wife; in fact, he could buy several wives for the price it would cost him to purchase one rifle. Therefore for many years rifle-stealing from British camps, outposts, or even British sentries, has been a national industry, — a source of great profit where it could be carried on with success.

This is why the hill marksmen have of late years grown so formidable. In the hill campaigns of 1897 there were hardly any fights, but a continual picking off, or "sniping" of men and officers, often at very long range.

"Like all Pathans the Mahmonds live in a constant state of blood feuds, and the country is covered with towers of refuge. These are generally circular, and a rope ladder hangs from the entrance, which is in the top storey. The fugitive, hard pressed, reaches the tower and enters, hauling the ladder up after him. He then from the loopholes fires down on his pursuers. His women folk may bring him bread and meat, for no Pathan will fire on a woman."¹

¹ "Indian Frontier War, 1897." Lionel James.

But the great end and object of the war was the Tirah Expedition.

These were the orders issued in the "Gazette": —

"The general object of this expedition is to exact reparation for the unprovoked aggression of the Afridi and Orakzai tribes on the Peshawar and Kohat Borders, in the attacks on our frontier posts, and for the damage to life and property which had been inflicted on British subjects and those in British service.

"It is believed that this object will best be attained by the invasion of Tirah, the summer home of the Afridis and Orakzais, which has never before been entered by a British force."

It was October 9, 1897, when the English army, about thirty-two thousand strong, of which ten thousand were British soldiers, and the remainder chiefly Sikhs and Gourkas, entered the beautiful Tirah Valley; where in summer the Afridis pastured their flocks and made their dwellings. The valley is so fertile and so beautiful that part of it has long been called by the Mohammedan tribesmen, "The Garden of Eden." It is surrounded by rugged mountains, whose tops in October were covered with snow, and whose passes glittered with ice. It cost the British some severe fighting before they could get into the valley. It had never before been entered by any army, and had been scarcely seen by a white man. Its peaceful beauty and its air of pastoral comfort and prosperity touched the hearts of the English who had come to lay it waste, tear down its cottages, and replenish their commissariat with all things eatable that its inhabitants, who had fled, had left behind. The house that the Mullah Seyd Akbar had constructed for himself, at great cost of money and labor, was razed to the ground, and small respect was paid to the mosque that stood near it, which owed none of its importance to its architecture, but which had been long the meeting-place of the chiefs of the Afridi clans when in council assembled. It was the political character of this place, where Seyd Akbar had preached his Holy War, that made it of importance. At that council he also encouraged his followers by a miracle.

In a dream he had been reminded of a legend which said that in a certain spot a clay jar had been anciently buried. If on the eve of a war with Kafirs, that jar were dug up and found unbroken, the invaders of Tirah would retire discomfited. Instead of that, the invaders burned and destroyed all that was associated with Seyd Akbar, but when they afterwards descended into the Valley of the Swat, they respected the shrine of the Alkund of Swat, and even allowed their Mohammedan soldiers to pay their devotions at his tomb, for he had been considered a man of great sanctity.

I may here say that the Sikhs are not Mohammedans, nor do they worship the gods of the Hindoos. Their religion is a compromise between Brahminism and Mohammedanism. They worship one God, without a mediator and without the use of images; they look upon the eating of beef as a deadly offence, but they eat other kinds of animal food. Their first pontiff was Nānak of Lahore, who flourished about 1500; their last and most influential was Govind, who was assassinated in 1708. He instructed them to eschew superstition, to practise strict morality, and to live by the sword; but since his days their morality has degenerated. However, they are still regarded as a kind of Hindoo Puritans. "From Puritans," says Steevens, "they became Ironsides, praying and fighting with equal fervor." They made themselves masters of the Punjaub, and under Runjeet Singh were the greatest power in India. I have told of the war waged against them by Lord Gough and Sir Charles Napier,¹ — a war well within my memory.

The English though conquerors have been always very friendly to this splendid people; especially have they treated their religion with tolerance and respect.

During the mutiny (only ten years after they had submitted to English rule), they rendered splendid service to their conquerors; and it is only necessary to name the Sikhs to remember at once that they are worthy to fight

¹ See "England in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 212-216.

side by side with the Gordon and Seaforth Highlanders, some of the noblest soldiers in the world.

Their sufferings from the cold and those of other soldiers in the Tirah campaign were terrible. The Sikhs had never before experienced frost and snow, their uniforms were ill calculated to protect them, and the bitter blasts that came down from the mountains are dwelt upon by officers and correspondents who have written accounts of the campaign as having been almost intolerable. Yet these men had tents and blankets, and all appliances and means that could be procured in such a country to enable them to keep out the cold.

There had been many Afridis enlisted as soldiers in the English army, but they were sent away to garrison other places. The temptation to desert with their rifles it was thought might be too great if they were brought face to face with their own tribesmen. Yet some who stayed with their old masters acted with great fidelity.

The best brief account of the war may be found in a General Order issued April 4, 1898, when happily it was over.

"From the beginning of October to the end of January the force was engaged in active operations, and seldom brave troops have been called upon to endure greater fatigues, and to meet a more vigilant and enterprising enemy. After long marches in cold and wet, harassed by distant rifle-fire, and by assaults at close quarters, the places where they bivouacked had to be protected by men strongly posted on commanding heights, and these pickets were always liable to sudden attack, and to molestation on withdrawal. There was, in fact, little or no rest for the force, the most carefully chosen camping-ground being generally open to long range-fire from scattered individual marksmen armed with the most accurate weapons."

Sir Robert Warburton was with the army, it being thought that he would exercise more influence over the Afridis than any other man when the time came for proposing peace. He went through the campaign on foot. His heart bled for the desolation wrought in the Happy Valley; but he says:—

"The Tirah campaign brought out the finest qualities of the British generals and British soldiers, and of the native army and India troops; and this campaign made me respect the Afridis greatly, not only as fighting men, but as friends."¹

Indeed, it was with great reluctance that the Afridis broke their alliance with the English, threw up the pay and privileges they had earned in the British service, and became the enemies of their former friends. All said — and it appears to have been the truth — that they were forced into the war by their mullahs; that they dared not disobey their mullahs, especially when these men had issued a proclamation threatening with excommunication any one of the clans which should separately make terms with the infidels.

Having ravaged the Valley of Tirah, the English army left it at the close of November and descended into the Beza Valley watered by the Swat River. They marched through ravines and over boulders, often knee-deep in icy water, fighting all the while a continuous rear-guard action with skilful marksmen who had rifles of the latest pattern, and who fired down on them from high cliffs among the hills. The generals, Sir William Lockhart and General

¹ An amusing instance of the old unregenerate nature that still lay beneath the discipline of the Guides, the trusted soldiers of Lumsden, was once offered to him on the occasion of the inspection of his corps by Sir John Lawrence, when Governor of the Punjaub: "Sir John, though cordially relying on Lumsden's judgment, spent two or three days in cultivating a personal knowledge, as was his habit, with all who came before him; and thus it seemed to the men of the Guides that their leader was harassed by explanations instead of being with them as usual in the field or at sports. The night before Sir John was to march with his retinue from Murdan, Lumsden, after Sir John had gone to bed, went outside and sat on the parapet of the fort. After a while an Afridi orderly, who always attended him in sport or fight, crept up to him and said: 'Since the great Lawrence came, you have been worried and distressed. Many have observed this; and he is always looking at papers, asking questions, and overhauling your accounts. Has he said anything to pain you? Is he interfering with you? He starts for Peshawar to-morrow morning; there is no reason why he should reach it.' " — "*Lumsden of the Guides*," by Sir P. Lumsden.

Westmacott, had said that they would not propose terms of peace till they announced them in the Tirah Valley. All winter negotiations were carried on. The terms were not severe. The English demanded submission, fifty thousand rupees, and five hundred breech-loading rifles.

We may imagine the difficulties and the cost of that campaign when we think that its transport demanded sixteen thousand camels, forty-five thousand mules, and twelve thousand bullocks. If the English left desolation in the valley, they at least left it good roads, made by the sappers and miners of the pioneer corps, where before the invasion there had been only goat paths, barely practicable.

Peace was definitely concluded April 4, 1898. And in the summer months of the same year, this is how Mr. Steevens writes of the Khyber country:—

“Frowning over your head, slipping away from under your foot, letting in vast perspectives of more khaki-colored rock and black bush, shutting up the world into two cliffs and an abyss, the Khyber is a mere perplexity of riotous mountain. You would say that these savage hills could support nothing but solitude, yet here are the mountaineers. A couple of lithe, aquiline young men in khaki and sandals rise out of a heap of stones as you pass, and shoulder Snider muskets. On the hill above, under the mud-walled blockhouse, loll half a dozen more. These are of the Khyber Rifles,—Afridis who, now that the war is over, have returned, without malice and without abashment, to their old service of guarding the pass. They start out of nothing at every turn of the road; on all the lower summits you can just make out khaki pickets against the khaki country. The pass is now, or was then, open two days a week, which means that it is picketed by Khyber Rifles while the caravans go through. Twice a week they go up towards Cabul; twice a week they come down into India, needing the whole day to make the pass.” . . .

As you find the pass opening out on the Afghan side of the mountain, you see a white encampment, and a quadrangular fort with towers at the angles of its loopholed walls. Over it flies the Union Jack. It is at Landi Kotal, the very edge of British India.



GENERAL LOCKHART.

"Here are three battalions and a mountain battery and sappers under the best-trusted brigadier in India. . . . The surrounding population is obedient in large things and sportive in small. The Shinwari villagers are thoroughly friendly. The very Afridis southward submit to the general as their arbiter. They have a custom when they plough, of meeting in *jirgah*, and there each man lays a stone before him. While the ploughing lasts the stones are down, and all blood feuds sleep. The other day, the war with the Sirkai being over, and a feeling abroad that their rifles had been silent too long, they came to the General Sahib for permission to lift the stones and open the each-other-shooting season. 'The first village that begins will be destroyed,' said he; and they went away sorrowful, but obedient. Only in small things they are a law unto themselves. You could hardly expect them to deny themselves the exercise of rifle-stealing with a whole brigade of Lee-Mitfords and Martinis before their very eyes. So on dark nights the promising young Afridi creeps down towards the sentry, who, if he is sleeping, will be found next morning with a knife in his back instead of a rifle."¹

This is a long extract, but taken in connection with all that had come before, I think it a very interesting one. The Afridis fought a good fight, and they are proud of it. The game is over, and they bear no malice. They are as ready to discuss the subject with absolute calmness and impartiality as they would be the points in a game of polo or football.

When may we hope to witness such a state of things among the Filipinos?

¹ "In India," by G. W. Steevens.

CHAPTER IV

INDIA, THE PLAGUE AND THE FAMINE

THERE are two classes in India which, restless and dissatisfied, cannot reconcile themselves to the rule of England. One of these is composed of the most fanatical Mohammedans, who detest the supremacy of the infidel (though the infidel officially treats their religion with respect) ; the other is the half-educated Hindoo Babu with his veneer of Europeanism.

There is also one especial city where disaffection seethes continually. This is Poona, a city beautifully situated on high ground in the Presidency of Bombay. Poona has as its excuse for turbulence and disaffection the fact that for one hundred years, during the empire of the Mahrattas, it was their capital ; in 1818, after a brief succession of incompetent and cruel rulers, the Mahratta empire was overthrown, and Poona fell into the hands of the English. Other provinces in India were ceded to England or conquered from some alien ruler who had established his authority over them by force ; “but the Mahrattas have never forgotten how high they were less than one hundred years ago, and who it was that brought them low. They lost more than others, and they feel the loss more.” Besides this, Poona is the stronghold of what we might call the High Church party of the Hindoo faith. The Brahmins who inhabit it cannot tolerate the infidel. Each feels that his empire, his supremacy, his nationality, his religion, his honor, and even his beautiful language are now lost, — the English invader has taken them all. As he looks upon Englishmen, he says in his heart : “These men, who will be burning in hell, while I am enjoying heaven, have at present

the power to rule me, and I cannot shake them off; nevertheless, what I can do to obstruct their plans and worry the officials in whom they trust, that will I do." So anything that the English Government is supposed to support meets with opposition in Poona, and the influence of Poona through its Brahmins spreads more or less over the whole land.

In 1896 the bubonic plague broke out in Bombay, where it still exists. A few isolated cases have appeared in Western lands, but *there* its advance has been opposed by science and law; and possibly law and science might have dealt with it in India with some success, had they not met with persistent opposition. But the native population of Bombay looked with apathy upon the plague while they violently resented the intrusion of medical men and health officers into their houses. They were resigned to the prospect that one-tenth of the population of their city would die of it before the year 1904, when by some superstitious calculation they believe its visitation will cease. The English Government was not so minded. Human life may be held cheap in India, but even the lives of coolies are not worthless in the eyes of Englishmen. So house visitations were ordered, and were made by doctors, escorted by sailors or soldiers. But the natives — Hindoos and Mohammedans — were so appalled at the idea of interference with their religious customs, their caste rules, or their domestic proprieties, that they systematically opposed all precautions that the Government attempted to take to prevent the plague from spreading.

The Government then endeavored to persuade Brahmins and Mohammedans of influence to accompany the health officers and see that nothing was unnecessarily done to violate religion or domestic decencies. At first it was very hard to find men of consideration willing to take any interest in the work. What was it to them if the poor man died, or if he lost caste, or any other misfortune happened to him? But after a time some Brahmins and Mohammedans of the better sort came forward to assist in the saving of poor wretches whose friends were unwilling to allow them to be

saved if preservation of their lives involved the risk of incurring loss of caste, or if women's apartments were to be searched in Mohammedan houses. No notions of sanitary conditions exist in India, and, to say truth, nothing excites peasants, or people who live in slums, even in Christian countries, so much as the enforcement of the laws of health by municipal or government authority.

Sanitary reforms and the domiciliary visits of public functionaries had been resisted in Bombay; but when the plague spread to Poona, they were held to be intolerable.

On the evening of the day of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, June 21, 1897, a party of conspirators in Poona (high-caste Brahmins, one of whom had been educated in England and had studied at an English university), murdered Mr. Rand, a doctor, and Lieutenant Ayerst, who was accompanying him on a round of inspection. The gang fell into the hands of the law, and four of them were hanged; but they were hardly more guilty than the writers who had incited them to the deed, writing in Hindoo and Mohammedan papers against all those engaged in plague work, and disseminating endless calumnies about the behavior of British soldiers in private houses.

"Compared with Orientals," Mr. Steevens says, "we Western people do not know what religion is. Hindooism prescribes and enters into every single act in the lives of those who profess it. It tells them what to eat, what to drink, wherewithal to be clothed, whom to marry, whom not to touch with so much as their shadows. You may call it unspiritual, — religion fossilized into unmeaning, stupid custom, — yet it is their all, and they prize it beyond life."

It stands, too, in the way of all modern improvements that the English are trying to introduce into India. A simple thing like riding in a tram-car is enough to defile a high-caste Brahmin if a defiling person is in the car too. All modern improvements that Western civilization is introducing into India are a fertile source of religious offence to those who lay claim to sanctity. The most rigid and fanatical

Brahmins constantly endeavor to overload religion with more and more onerous observances, in the hope that these one day may lead to strife. To them the visitation of the plague in 1897 and the employment of British troops in house-to-house examinations was a golden chance. They might have protected their religion from Western ignorance of the laws of caste, and saved the lives of their countrymen, had they been willing to aid the government officers in their work, but for many months after the plague appeared all were apathetic. The system of house visitation has now been discontinued ; it was found impossible, without rousing the susceptibilities of the people, to carry it out.

The bubonic plague is believed to cease at the approach of the hot weather. It is a germ disease, and its bacilli are thought to have been discovered by a Japanese physician ; as yet, however, no successful mode of prevention has been devised. Since 1897 the plague has been succeeded by cholera in India, and by the terrible Indian famine. As far back as 1892 the Government began to accumulate a famine fund, and it has spent in the past two years £60,000,000 for the relief of sufferers ; but an immense sum will still be needed, if by irrigation throughout the country, future famines are to be avoided. India is not the land of gold and diamonds, as it is popularly supposed to be. The government is poor, its expenses enormous, and its *employés* by no means richly paid. Nabob uncles who come home to England bringing lakhs of rupees wrung from the natives of India are now only heard of in novels. Government is sometimes accused of overtaxing the agricultural population, but it must be remembered that the money paid in taxes is paid back to the people in material improvements. It is not squandered on favorites, or laid up in vaults as hidden treasure ; it helps to provide for the maintenance of law and order in the districts, now no longer ravaged by internecine wars, and to protect the people from the high-handed spoliation which in past times was carried on by native officials.

The famine is now almost over ; but the poverty and

desolation it must leave behind cannot but be lasting, and will call for help either from the Imperial Government, the Indian Government, or private sources, for many years.

I will give my readers a specimen of what, in spite of all that has been done to help the sufferers, must have been the case for many months all over India. The account appears to have come from a safe source, and tells of the condition in a country district while the bread-winners were away in the relief camp working for pay that had not as yet reached their homes.

“On the fourth instant I visited Dohad, a large native town about one hundred miles east of Anand in Gujerat. I am somewhat at a loss to know how to begin anything like a perfect description of this visit. On reaching the station I was informed by the station-master that large numbers of the people that had been employed on government relief works there had been, ten days before, removed to another place twenty-five miles distant. ‘But,’ said he, ‘if you wish to see something of the work of the famine, you have only to step down there by our first signal, and you will see the bodies of two persons who starved to death there two days ago.’ He deputed a porter to act as our guide through the native city, where we went first. Such sights met our eyes! We had never thought that such a state of affairs ever existed in India! On every hand were the dead and dying. Sometimes it was an aged person, sometimes a youth or an infant. The sun beat down almost unbearably. The wind carried the sand in clouds. There was scarcely any noise, though there were many people. They sat, or lay, quietly in groups of from five to fifty beneath the trees by the roadside. Often one had fallen alone, and was left there to die as he had fallen. The living, the dying, and the dead were all together. If one died in the centre of a group, no one attempted to remove the body. Why should they? All have sat or lain down there to die, and one by one they meet death; they all wait for it. They are all hopeless. They say there is no one who will give, so they resign themselves to their awful fate. Passing on through the city about one mile, we came to its eastern boundary. In the bottom of the dry river-bed and on its banks were scores of dead bodies. In many parts of the city unburied bodies were also to be found. They have what they call a municipality at Dohad, but its members do not care.

The heartlessness of rich natives who could help if they would, and are within a stone's throw of the sufferers, is very manifest. Many we found dying of thirst within half a minute's walk of some rich Mohammedan or high-caste Hindoo who, unless almost forced to do it, would not turn a hand to alleviate the sufferings of the dying.

"It was dreadful to look upon the faces of the small children who had starved to death. Marks of infant beauty intermingled with those indicative of a painful death were traceable. What deaths they have met! And near them on every side sat others enduring the same terrible suffering and awaiting the same terrible end. Is any one responsible, and will any one have to answer and say why it was permitted to be so? The missionaries are doing much, and would do more if they had the means. . . . We saw many who we were sure were too weak to raise a hand, and who we were certain could not defend themselves in the event of an attack from a jackal or hungry dog. . . . One of the bravest acts we witnessed was that of a little girl about seven years of age, attempting the care of her two little brothers after the mother had given up hope, and had lain down near them to die. She was feeding a fire which burned beneath a broken pot in which simmered the almost rotten bones and feet of a dead animal. The scene was the most heart-rending we ever witnessed. It cannot be painted too black. No account we have ever read of any famine would picture the state of things at Dohad."¹

This account might be supplemented by many others; for instance, by one from the pen of Pundita Ramabai, well known in America, and another written by Julian Hawthorne. But the subject is too painful, and if we cannot send them any help, "let us not speak of them, but, having glanced, pass on."

Famines in some part of India or another were of almost yearly occurrence a hundred years ago, and the English Government congratulated itself on what appeared the greatest triumph of the English régime; namely, that it had made it possible to bring the surplus food of one district to the relief of starving people in another, when, alas! the

¹ The "Times," London. Letter copied into the "Catholic World," New York.

present famine, due to the drought that for three years has extended over three-fourths of the land in India, has taxed government resources to the utmost, and has presented difficulties that no facilities in transportation have been able to overcome. Year after year, since 1897, rains have almost ceased. They are due twice a year, about Christmas and in June. These rains generally accompany the monsoon; but for two years past the rainfall has failed.

In the spring of 1897 the Indian Government was doing all it could to meet the threatened disaster. It had half a million of people employed upon relief works; but it was feared (which proved too true) that no expenditure of care or money would be able to prevent the deaths of thousands, or of hundreds of thousands, in the coming years.

India raises two crops annually. The first is sown in May and June, the second from September to November. Then it is expected that the summer and the winter rain will nourish the blade as it comes up out of the ground. In the last three years the grain has lain simply buried in the ground. The people became wholly discouraged.

"Dust — dust —" says an observer, writing from Rajputana in June, 1900, — "dust is everywhere. And here are lean cattle with sharp, knife-like backs, and each rib standing out in a gaunt semicircle, wandering feebly over the barren plains, where there is not a green leaf or a blade of grass that they can eat. So far as one can see there is no more for them to eat than they would find in a paved street." In one district an official report said that a million of cattle had died of starvation. As the cattle, though never used for food, are absolutely essential in every phase of Indian agriculture, this will prove a more lasting blow than the failure of the crops. Government bought up whole herds of these emaciated creatures, and sent them to hospital farms in other parts of the country, where it is hoped they may recover their vitality. Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India, told the House

of Commons last spring that even if Central India had this summer abundant rains, it would take it six years to recover from its loss of livestock. When farming operations should be renewed, men and women would have to draw their ploughs.

The situation up to June, 1900, when the monsoon rains were expected, grew more and appalling, and the rains were late this year; instead of coming by the 10th of June, they were delayed several weeks. In spite of all the efforts of the Government, no less than forty millions of people were reported to be actually famine-stricken, while twenty millions were suffering in a greater or less degree from the scarcity of food. In Central and Western India, over a tract of three hundred thousand square miles, there was no money to buy grain, even if grain could be procured to reach the suffering people. It was feared that the famine might be even worse than that of 1877, when six millions of people died from want. Cholera too broke out in the relief camps, where men, women, and children were huddled together under the worst sanitary conditions.

India has four times the population of the United States with about half the acreage. Thirty millions of people have to be fed from their own crops. The country in good years produces little more food than can be eaten by its inhabitants. In northern India those crops are wheat, barley, and some other grains; in the south rice and millet.

The first great Indian famine of which western history has any record was in 1770, when ten millions of people died in Bengal alone. It was then calculated that great famines might be expected twice in a century, but the English Government in India hoped that with its large Famine Fund and increased facilities for transport such calamities might be prevented in the future.

Government has done its best to assume the responsibility of feeding the starving millions. It has undertaken great works to give destitute people a chance to earn their living. It apportions funds to feed those who cannot

work, and appoints Englishmen to look after them. The case of Dohad, which I have reported, was in the dominions of a native prince ; but it must be said that many of these native rulers, stirred up by the example and exhortations of the English Government, have endeavored to do their duty ; they are, however, not accustomed to organize relief work, and the supply of Englishmen is far too small to minister adequately to the wants of millions of people.

The tasks of laborers on the relief works are made very light, and the pay that they receive, though it seems infinitesimal to us, is enough in India to support them day by day. Many have to travel a hundred miles on foot to reach the place where work and pay can be obtained, — three cents a day for men, and less for women and children.

In addition to the Famine Fund, which, as I have said, has spent £60,000,000, charitable contributions are now flowing in. At first the Indian Government, relying on its own resources and unwilling to ask help, discouraged the efforts to raise private contributions. But as the evil increased, the Lord Mayor opened a fund at the Mansion House, which has now amounted to about £1,000,000. Religious bodies throughout England, Canada, and the United States have raised large sums which they have placed in the hands of their missionaries. Kansas and Nebraska, in 1897, offered to load a ship with corn for Indian sufferers ; and quite recently Governor Stanley, residing at Topeka, has been foremost in encouraging his people to raise funds. One religious newspaper received contributions which purchased twenty thousand bushels of corn, sold to it at half price by Western farmers. The Government chartered a steamer, the "Quito," for its transport, and on the 10th of May it sailed from New York with directions that its cargo should be divided among missionaries, without any distinction of denomination.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the "North American Review," speaks thus of the effects of starvation and of the Indian famine : —

"Officers of keen ability and devoted energy have been appointed to administer the affairs of the Famine Department, to watch, inspect, inquire, and report constantly and ubiquitously, doing a work which no conqueror, or power, or maharajah ever before attempted in India; for the Christian Government of the Queen-Empress stands self-pledged before Heaven to 'save life by all available means in its power.'¹ . . . Starvation is essentially a slow disease, the crisis of which rarely arrives early, and oftentimes is unsuspected by its victim and by his would-be helpers. The physical condition of the Hindoo race is not a strong one; it is imperfectly fitted, we may fear, for a crisis by a vegetable diet, which must be consumed in large bulk to get adequate nourishment. Under daily stress of hunger, the mucous membranes become impoverished, and their functions impaired. The little store of fat in the tissues wastes quickly away. The poor thin blood lacks current and substance to feed the failing limbs; and the man or woman has really died weeks before that day upon which — walking skeletons of bone and shrunken skin — they have found the government distributor, and have taken with lean fingers the food they can no longer digest, and which poisons instead of nourishing them."

¹ Government's official declaration in a Blue Book.

Part IV

EUROPE IN AFRICA

CHAPTER I. EGYPT.

- “ II. THE DONGOLA CAMPAIGN.
- “ III. ATBARA AND OMDURMAN.
- “ IV. FASHODA. END OF THE KHALIFA.
- “ V. TRANSVAAL AND KRUGER.
- “ VI. JAMESON RAID.
- “ VII. LADYSMITH.
- “ VIII. PRETORIA.
- “ IX. OTHER NOTES ON AFRICA.

Part IV

EUROPE IN AFRICA

CHAPTER I

EGYPT

IN my account of Egypt and the Soudan, in "Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century," I broke off in 1895 when Slatin Bey (now Slatin Pasha) had escaped from the Dervishes. The English had then retired from the Soudan; their most southern outpost—or rather the most southern outpost of the Egyptian army—was at Wady Halfa on the edge of the dominions of the Khalifa Abdullah (or Abdullahi), who had succeeded the Mahdi, Abdullah Ahmed, in 1885.

The Nile, on its course from Khartoum to Wady Halfa, makes two extraordinary loops or bends. Having passed Berber and reached Abu Hammed, it turns to the southwest, flows between two deserts to Old Dongola, and then takes a tolerably direct course northward to the sea, passing Wady Halfa at the second cataract. It was at Assouan, an Egyptian outpost on the Nile north of Wady Halfa and close to the first cataract, that Slatin made his appearance on his escape from the land of his captivity. I have already told the story at some length,¹ but here is an account of his arrival, as related by eye-witnesses to Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill.

"Early on the 16th of March, 1895, a weary, travel-stained Arab, in a tattered *gibba* and mounted on a lame and emaciated

¹ "Europe in Africa," pp. 107-109.

camel, presented himself to the commandant. He was received with delighted wonder, and speedily conducted to the best bath-room the place afforded. Two hours later a little Austrian gentleman stepped forth, and the telegraph hastened to tell the news that Slatin, sometime Governor of Darfur, had escaped from the Khalifa's clutches. Here at last was a man who knew everything that concerned the Dervish Empire; . . . and while his accurate knowledge confirmed the belief of the Egyptian authorities that the Dervish power was declining, his tale of 'Fire and Sword in the Soudan' increased the horror and anger of thoughtful people in England at the cruelties of the Khalifa; and public opinion began to veer toward the policy of the reconquest of the Soudan."

I told of desultory fighting in 1883 between Osman Digna and the small European and Egyptian force stationed at Suakim on the shore of the Red Sea. But although I spoke of the brave fight made by General Sir Gerard Graham and his British troops at El Teb, on their way home from India, I find no mention in my narrative of the name of Herbert Kitchener,—the man who to English and American readers is foremost after Gordon in connection with the history of the Soudan.

Horatio Herbert Kitchener, the eldest son of a lieutenant-colonel, was born in 1850. He was educated at no public school, but when old enough was appointed a cadet in the West Point of England, the Military Academy at Woolwich. He did not apparently distinguish himself at the Academy, but in 1871 he obtained his commission, and for ten years remained an obscure officer performing his routine duties to the satisfaction of his superiors. During that time, however, in 1874, he was employed with a surveying party in Cyprus, and went afterwards with the exploring expedition in Palestine. Always eager for knowledge, while there he learned Arabic, "though in those days Arabic was supposed to be of no more practical advantage to an English officer than proficiency in Patagonian." For Kitchener it laid the foundation of his future fortunes. In 1882, when the British fleet was at Alexandria, he obtained a furlough, and started for the scene of action. But to his mortification



LORD ROBERTS.

and disappointment, he found that his leave would run out before the crisis came. It had already been extended once and he could not hope to receive the same favor again.

"However, as a last chance, he applied for a further extension. He felt that it would be refused, and it was at the suggestion of a newspaper correspondent that he added that he would assume it granted unless he was recalled by telegraph. The telegram came with promptness; but it fell into the hands of the friendly newspaper correspondent, who did not manage to deliver it until the weekly Cyprus mail had left, and compliance with its order was for the time impossible. Thus a week was gained. Much might happen before the week was out. The event was fortunate. Four days later Alexandria was bombarded. Detachments from the fleet were landed to restore order. The British Government decided to send an army to Egypt. An officer who could speak Arabic was indispensable. Thus Kitchener came to Egypt, and set his foot firmly on the high road to fortune."¹

When Lord Wolseley came out to Alexandria, he was glad to avail himself of the services of an active officer who could speak Arabic. Kitchener was one of the twenty-six Europeans who undertook to form the "rabble rout" defeated at El Teb into an Egyptian army. Of the *fellaheen* in 1883 their unfortunate commander, Valentine Baker, said: "They do not even know how to handle their guns. They can just load and pull the trigger. It is ridiculous to call them soldiers." In twelve years from that time the Egyptian army was the pride of the Englishmen who had formed it; and it did splendid service in the Omdurman campaign.

In 1886, Major Kitchener was made Governor of Suakim, but he was not a successful civil administrator. Osman Digna² in 1887 reappeared, and for a couple of years

¹ "The River War." W. S. Churchill.

² It is said that the father of Osman Digna was a Scotsman who married a French lady. He died after the birth of a son, and his widow then married an Arab sheikh who adopted her child, and brought him up as a Mussulman to become a distinguished Dervish leader.

Kitchener, with his small force, carried on guerilla warfare. In a skirmish he was severely wounded in the face. After that he was made Adjutant-General of the Egyptian army. There he was in his element, — preparing for war, organizing all kinds of army reforms, transport reforms, and other military preparations. In 1892, he was made Sirdar; that is, Commander in Chief of the Egyptian army. Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer), had great confidence in his zeal and his ability, and looked upon him as the military officer most capable of reconquering the Soudan, as soon as the English Government should give the word “forward !”

The Soudan campaign had ample time to prepare for the transportation of stores, for the construction of its railways, and for utilizing the work of the Intelligence Department. The campaign in the Transvaal has had none of these advantages. It has no Nile, no concentration of its forces; its communications required the defence not of one line of railway, but of several. The Dervishes fought as an army, not behind bowlders as guerillas. It is easy to imagine the trials of Lord Kitchener, who, after his glorious campaign as commander-in-chief of a victorious army, was made second in command, and Master of Transportation, to forces in South Africa which had to advance under all these disadvantages.

In “Italy in the Nineteenth Century,” I told of the Italian invasion of Abyssinia, of the battle of Adowa, March 1, 1896, and of the withdrawal of the Italians from their expensive and unprofitable colony along the shores of the Red Sea.

With the consent and encouragement of other European Powers, England resolved to make war upon the Khalifa, and to draw nearer to Khartoum. But although preparations for this war had been making for a long time, the resolution to advance was sudden, and created much surprise. Mr. Gladstone’s party, which had just gone out of office, opposed any resumption of authority over the Soudan. But the movement was popular. “The man in the

street " cried, " Let us avenge Gordon ! " the military spirit in England was aroused, and the country, with bated breath, waited the outcome of the expedition.

Public feeling in ten years had undergone a remarkable reversal. The country had always in its heart regarded the evacuation of the Soudan with regret and shame. This was increased when the reports of Father Ohrwalder and Slatin Pasha revealed the character of the ruler to whom England had delivered over some millions of human beings. " These considerations gradually triumphed over the fear and hatred of Soudan warfare which a long series of profitless campaigns had created in the minds of the average English taxpayers. The reconquest of the Soudan became again, as far as English public opinion was concerned, a practical question."

Over Egypt, during the English occupation of the country from 1882 to 1898, hung, like a threatening cloud, danger from the Soudan. The constantly hostile Dervish power upon the frontier of Egypt was a perpetual menace, more wearing, more costly, than any campaign.

" Egypt will never quite sit down beneath our rule," said poor George Warrington Steevens, at the beginning of 1898, " so long as we have an enemy unbeaten on the south, and the very being of Mahdism forbids the possibility that the enemy should ever be a friend."

What is the English rule in Egypt? Logically speaking, it is a queer anomaly.

The occupation has lasted since 1882, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's vague assurances that it would be held only until England could establish order, and Egypt be fitted to take care of herself.

" Before the British occupation, Egypt had become virtually bankrupt. Fifteen years ago she was rebellious, miserable, depressed, defeated. To-day she is solvent, orderly, prosperous, well governed, and victorious."

There are classes in Egypt who profess to desire the departure of English troops and the restoration of " Egypt to the Egyptians." The most powerful of these is the aristo-

cratic class, headed by the Khedive. Under their rule Egypt would go back to its former vile condition. It would not mean "Egypt for the Egyptians," for the official class is all of foreign birth or foreign lineage. The strength and weakness of Arabi's rebellion was in the fact that he was an Egyptian. The statesmen of the official class were Armenians, the military officers were Circassians. Naturally the Khedive desires to be relieved from tutelage, and the old official class desire offices; but all, however they may gird or grumble against British rule, are agreed that if the English were to leave the country to-morrow, they would leave it too. "The wise, with their property, would go," said a certain Pasha, "in the last boat before the English took their departure; the unwise, despoiled of their wealth, would leave Egypt in the first boat that followed it." "If you English went to-morrow, it would be ruin," said another Pasha to Mr. Steevens, while almost in the same breath he was grumbling at the hardship of having to sit still and obey English masters.

The most clear and concise account of the English rule in Egypt that I have met is in the little book called "Egypt in 1898," where, in his own amusing style, in a very few pages, G. W. Steevens makes us understand what was the condition of things in Egypt *de facto* and *de jure*, three years ago.¹

In theory, Egypt belongs to Great Britain no more than Shepherd's Hotel belongs to the traveller who puts up there. British garrisons in Cairo and Alexandria are supposed to be there to maintain the authority of the Khedive and to restore order. In fact, they are there to maintain British authority, which protects the Khedive and maintains order. Egypt is now as orderly a country as exists on earth, and without English authority the Khedive might soon find himself overthrown by his suzerain, the Sultan, or by another Arabi. The real suzerain of the Khedive of Egypt, as every one knows, is Lord Cromer, but in theory Lord Cromer is not

¹ My account is an abridgment of that of Mr. Steevens.

even an ambassador, but just a consul-general. He is called a British agent, an office which has no authority, and may mean anything or nothing. There is also a class of Englishmen in Egypt not in the service of Lord Cromer (by whom they are controlled), but in the Egyptian service, — the Khedive's judicial adviser, his adviser as to public works, his advisers in affairs of the interior, the treasury, and education. There is also the Sirdar, the English commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army, at his war office. In theory, all these men are subordinate to the Khedive's Cabinet: they can only suggest reforms; but the Ministers and the Khedive know perfectly well that they are expected to approve of them.

There are, besides this complication of *de facto* and *de jure*, two very great difficulties in the way of a satisfactory government in Egypt, — the Caisse de la Dette, and the Capitulations.

Before the English occupation, Egypt had been made bankrupt by maladministration and the reckless extravagance of Ismail Pasha. So in the interest of her creditors and foreign bond-holders Europe set up the Caisse de la Dette. Over this preside six personages, each one the representative of some Great Power. The revenue of Egypt is divided into two nearly equal parts: one half goes into the Caisse, to pay the bond-holders; the other half is for Egyptian uses. But however short of money the Egyptian Government may be, and however great the surplus in the hands of the Caisse, the Government cannot touch a cent of it, unless the six representatives who preside over the Caisse agree to it unanimously. Hitherto France and Russia have always objected, although the needs of Egypt have been pressing, and the surplus (when bond-holders were all paid) has amounted to six or seven millions of pounds sterling.

The capitulations are a system forced by civilized countries on semi-barbarous peoples ostensibly for the protection of their subjects or citizens. A year or two since Japan, vehemently protesting that she was civilized, forced

the Powers in her case to do away with the capitulations. By virtue of them, if a foreigner commit an offence in a half-civilized country, the offender must be tried by his own consul, under the laws of his own land, and not under those of the country in which the offence was committed.

“For example,” says Mr. Steevens : —

“If I were to go out of Shepherd’s Hotel now and shoot an Egyptian, and then go into a Frenchman’s house, the Egyptian police could not enter the house without the presence of the French Consul, and could not arrest me without the presence of the English Consul, and by him I should be tried.

“Egypt is full of foreigners, especially of Greeks. The Greek courts, which formerly used to aid and abet their countrymen in all manner of crimes, have lately become much more judicial, but it is in the power of Greece if she refuse to convict her subjects, to let them go on assaulting and burgling at large throughout Egypt unconvicted of any crime.”

Another grievance is that by the capitulations Egypt is deprived of the power of taxing foreigners in the same ratio as she can tax her own people ; and as many of the wealthiest men in Egypt are foreigners, and many foreigners are the most rascally people in the country, the capitulations add a new perplexity to the task of government. However, by sheer unconscious English genius for rule, during the past nineteen years marvellous things in Egypt have been accomplished.

The man at the head of all these improvements is Lord Cromer, a member of the great banking family, Baring Brothers, so long associated with American affairs.

Mild, gentlemanly, soft-voiced, and fluent of speech, he would not seem a man cut out by nature to exact obedience from an Oriental ruler. But “velvet as long as he can, steel as soon as he must, — that is Lord Cromer. . . . At his back he has had England ; only too often it has been an England that did not know her own mind. But his own mind Lord Cromer has always known, and when things went too far, his opponents came to know it too.”

In the spring of the present year 1900, Lord Cromer

made his annual report on Egyptian affairs, in which he tells us that

"for the past year Egypt has had a revenue of over \$55,000,000, and a surplus of over \$2,000,000. The surplus would have been larger but for the sinking-fund requirement, imposed by the International Control of Egyptian bond-holders. The sinking fund now amounts to nearly \$40,000,000. In attaining this signal success, Lord Cromer has benefited not only the financial, but also the industrial and social worlds. He has not obtained his augmented revenues by augmented taxation; on the contrary, the fellahin are not burdened by the oppressive taxation which existed before the English came into power in Egypt. Further to help the fellahin, the Consul-General recently carried into effect a scheme of government loans at ten per cent; the fellahin had been paying four times that percentage to usurers. When Lord Cromer assumed authority in Egypt, only the slow-moving dahabiya was a means of communication; now there are hundreds of steamers on the Nile, and the country is grid-ironed with railways. An excellent postal service, which includes a telegraph service, has been established, and the returns from both the State railways and the postal departments show a surplus. The Nile has been the lowest on record during the past season, but the treasury is strong enough to meet the loss arising from this source; in olden times a low Nile would have meant famine. In a few years the great Assouan dam now building promises a continuous distribution of the river-flow. As in the case of General Wood's reforms in Cuba, all of these improvements have been carried out with but a part of the burden of taxation which the Khedives once levied to support their useless civilization and their make-believe government."¹

¹ Outlook, May 5, 1900.

CHAPTER II

THE DONGOLA CAMPAIGN

AT midnight on March 12, 1896, the Sirdar received orders to reopen hostilities with the Dervishes in the Soudan and with their master, the Khalifa Ablullahi, by marching with his Egyptian army into the province of Dongola, which lies south of Wady Halfa on the right bank of the Nile. Dongola, the most fertile province of the Soudan, is contained in a great loop between Abu Hammed and Wady Halfa, made by the mighty river.

March was not a favorable season for the advance, for the Nile was low, but operations had been delayed by the difficulties arising from the refusal of the Caisse de la Dette to grant Egypt any money from its surplus of £6,000,000 (\$29,000,000) for war expenses. However, England made up the deficiency; and although the army that made the Dongola campaign was always straitened for funds, the work went on. To strengthen the force under Kitchener, all available troops were drawn from the unhealthy island station of Suakim on the Red Sea, and an Indian brigade, the flower of the native Indian army, a force partly composed of Sikhs, landed at Suakim. They were full of enthusiasm, for the Sikh soldier, no less than his officer, heartily enjoys being sent on foreign service; for when he returns to his village the fact that he has made a foreign campaign procures him the deference of his inferiors and the respect of his equals. They had not expected to do garrison duty in a miserable, pestiferous, cholera-stricken town on the Red Sea. They thought that they were to be sent forward to the front to fight the Dervishes. But a dispute had arisen between the Indian

and the Egyptian governments concerning their pay. The former contended that being on foreign service they must be paid by the Egyptian (in other words, the English) Government; the latter, already short of funds, said that as the Indian Government must pay and feed its own troops anywhere, Egypt was responsible for only their transportation and war expenses. Besides this, bitter disputes arose between the men and officers of the Indian contingent and the men and officers of the small remnant of the Egyptian force still left at Suakim in garrison. The Indians jeered at the Egyptians, and cast up against them the record of their countrymen under Hicks and at El Teb. The Egyptians and their officers resented this, and the dispute became so bitter that when in a few months the Indian contingent—decimated by malaria and cholera—was ordered home to India, “the Egyptian Government terminated a policy of studied slights by neglecting to give the farewell salute which the customs and courtesies of military service prescribed.”

It had been planned that the garrison of Egyptian troops removed from Suakim should march on Kassala, now in possession of the Dervishes, and thence form a junction with the Sirdar's army when it should reach Abu Hammed. But in the end the Egyptians were ordered to cross the desert and join the miscellaneous force concentrating at Wady Halfa for the Dongola campaign. The Sirdar's army was composed of about ten thousand infantry, nine hundred cavalry, one thousand men in the camel corps, two thousand engaged in transportation, and some Arabic irregulars. In the transportation service were probably included the eight hundred men of the Railway Battalion, —navvies, in short, with military discipline and pay. This branch of the service was popular with the Egyptian fellahin. The fellah had been born and bred to work with a shovel in sand and mud. All the fatigue duty, so little liked by white soldiers, but that somebody must do in every army, was undertaken by the fellah with industry and cheerfulness. He is not like the black soldier

from the Soudan, a fighting animal by nature ; he is not even trained to love any kind of sport. Conscripted into the railway service, he had to shovel for his country, instead of fighting for her, with better treatment and better pay (a piastre, or five cents a day) than he could earn by shovelling in his native village. He is strong, patient, cheerful, industrious, and obedient, and has been converted by British officers and careful drill sergeants into an admirable soldier, proud of his service and deeply attached to his white superiors. In the Dongola campaign three-fourths of the army were fellahin. The cavalry were all Egyptians, for it was found that the Soudanese blacks would not care for their horses. The native regiments were for the most part officered by young subalterns drawn from the English army, doing work in the Egyptian service ; none in the Egyptian army were under the rank of Bimbashi (that is, Major). A colonel was a Bey, which signifies a Commander. Assuredly these men vindicated the right of youth to be intrusted with command and responsibility. Some of the regiments, however, had native officers ; for the most part these were Turks, Circassians, and Armenians who had entered the Egyptian service.

Far back in the days of Ismail, the ruinously extravagant, but progressive Khedive, a railway had been projected from Cairo to Khartoum. It was to follow up the right bank of the Nile to Wady Halfa, and there was talk that it then might strike across the desert to Abu Hammed, but all men of experience conceived this to be an impossibility. The Sirdar did not think so. He revived the project. Ismail's railway had been broken up from Sarras, a place upon the Nile south of Wady Halfa ; and from Sarras to Akasha, which was as far as surveys had been made in Ismail's time, even the embankments had been destroyed.

Three or four young English engineers under a French Canadian, Bimbashi Girouard, took this railroad in hand. The line was to be restored and put in working order as speedily as possible. All Halfa was turned into railway storehouses and workshops. The greatest difficulty was

with the engines. There were none but old broken-down derelict locomotives, many of which had lain rusting and out of service for many years. These had to be patched and repatched every time they went up or down the line. After the Dongola Campaign, during which the railroad had to make the best of what it could get, some new engines were sent out from England and from Baldwin's shops in Philadelphia, and Steevens tells us it was amusing to watch the black sentry looking up to one of them in admiration, and then warily around lest anybody should be upon the watch to steal it.

The Sirdar's force was concentrated at Wady Halfa by the middle of April. Then it marched to Akasha; the Nile and the railroad, so far as possible, carrying its supplies. It was four days' march to Akasha. Thence its objective point was Firkeh, near the bottom of the great loop formed by the Nile around Dongola, the most fertile province in the Soudan.

There was a sharp engagement at Firkeh on the 7th of June. The Dervishes were taken by surprise. At first they fought desperately, but soon, finding themselves attacked both in front and flank, they retired from the field, leaving in Firkeh their camels, ammunition, and many of their women. As soon as the black Soudanese riflemen of the Dervish army saw the Baggara horsemen ride off, together with their two principal Emirs, they ceased to fight. The Sirdar's army won a complete victory, and the conduct of the Egyptian soldiers received the highest praise. The ranks of the Soudanese regiments were recruited from among their late enemies, who gladly took service with their countrymen in the Egyptian army, and the inhabitants of Firkeh welcomed their new masters with enthusiasm.

The next stage in the army's advance was to march on New Dongola, the capital of the province, where the Dervishes had laid up large stores of grain, and to which the Emir Wad Bishara, defeated at Firkeh, had retired.

In accounts of this campaign we meet on every page names that have now become familiar to us as household

words, — Hector MacDonald, General Hunter, Colonel Broadwood, and others.

But while the army waited in camp upon the Nile, expectant of the river's rise, which was very late that year, and without which they could not get their gunboats or transports over the Second Cataract, cholera broke out among them.

"The violence of the battle may be cheaply braved, but the insidious attacks of disease appall the boldest. Death moved continuously about the ranks of the army, — not the death they had been trained to meet unflinchingly, — the death in high enthusiasm and in the pride of life, with all the world to weep or cheer, — but a silent, unnoticed, almost ignominious summons, scarcely less sudden and far more painful than the bullet or the sword-cut. The Egyptians, in spite of their fatalistic creed, manifested profound depression. The English soldier was moody and ill-tempered. Even the light-hearted Soudanese lost their spirits, their merry grins were seen no longer, their laughter and their drums were stilled. Only the British officers preserved a strong cheerfulness, and ceaselessly endeavored, by energy and example, to sustain the courage of their men. Yet they suffered most of all. Their education had developed their imaginations; and imagination, elsewhere a priceless gift, is, amid such circumstances, a dangerous burden. It was, indeed, a time of sore trouble. To find the servant dead in the camp kitchen; to catch a hurried glimpse of blanketed shapes hurried to the desert on a stretcher, to hold the lantern over the grave into which a friend or comrade — alive and well six hours before — was hastily lowered, even though it was still night; and through it all to work incessantly, at pressure, in the solid, roaring heat, with a mind ever on the watch for the earliest of the fatal symptoms, and a thirst that could only be quenched by the deadly contaminated waters of the Nile, — all these things combined to produce an experience which those who endured it are unwilling to remember, but unlikely to forget."¹

At last the river rose. But the wind, usually from the north, blew this year hot and adverse, from the south for forty days, impeding navigation and the passage of the gunboats up the river.

The Second Cataract has a total descent of sixty feet, and

¹ "The River War." W. S. Churchill.

is nine miles long, with a very narrow channel. It had been calculated that on the rise of the Nile in July the gunboats and *grasses*, or grain barges, would have been able to pass the cataract, but up to the middle of August this appeared impossible. There, by the Staffordshire Regiment¹ and the Egyptians, a steamer was literally hauled over the rocks and the cataract. Six other vessels were passed over in like manner for six successive days, and in a week the whole flotilla was in open water ready to sail up the Nile to New Dongola. Then the army marched one hundred and twenty miles across the desert; while, as the river was rising, the boats ascended the Third Cataract without difficulty.

While the troops were on the march, a tremendous storm of thunder, wind, and rain arose, for the Soudan has its rainy season. The Sirdar had not anticipated such an obstruction. The rains not only impeded the march (called "the Dead March" by the men who suffered in it), but it washed away the embankments of more than twelve miles of the railway, and the telegraph wires were broken. The Sirdar hastened to the scene of disaster; in a few hours he had five thousand men at work on sections of the broken line. Then a new misfortune was reported to him; the "Zafir," the gunboat on which so many hopes seemed to depend, had broken her cylinder. She was useless. As her captain made his report, the Sirdar stood for a moment speechless; then he said, "By Heaven, Colville! I don't know which of us has the hardest luck, — you or I."

But in a day or two he had revised his calculations, and the army again moved on.

Wad Bishara, the best and bravest of the Dervish Emirs, had concentrated his forces in New Dongola. He had not a large force; nine hundred Jehadin (Soudanese natives called forth for a Holy War against the infidel), eight hun-

¹ It pleases me to record the brave deeds of the Staffordshire Regiment, because my grandfather, Capt. James Wormeley, a Virginian, served twenty years with the Stafford Militia Regiment, appointed the King's body-guard.

dred Baggara horsemen, twenty-eight hundred spearmen, etc.; in all, about fifty-six hundred men.

As the Sirdar's army advanced, strong positions where the Dervishes had been expected to show fight were found deserted. Bishara, conscious of his weakness, had put the river between himself and the enemy. He was now on the left bank, prepared to prevent the armed flotilla from passing another cataract.

It was an exciting scene, and the Dervishes fought bravely, though an action with artillery was not fighting in which they were supposed to shine. Their leaders, Wad Bishara and Osman Azrak, had been both wounded; and Bishara, fearful lest his retreat should be cut off, decided, when the gunboats had got past his lines at Hafir, not to defend New Dongola, but to retire to the south. The Egyptian army crossed the river ready to fight. But the disparity of the forces was too great, and as the Egyptian army advanced, their foes slowly retired. They did not attempt to re-enter New Dongola; and when the Egyptians reached it, they found it already in possession of English detachments from the flotilla. The retreating army was hotly pursued into the desert. "Their line of retreat was strewn with weapons and other effects, and so many babies were abandoned by their parents that an artillery wagon had to be employed to collect and carry them."

Thus the first step had been made in putting down the Dervishes. After ten years, in which they had stood on the defensive, they had been at last attacked, and proved not so very terrible as public opinion in England had supposed. The campaign had ended; the army remained inactive so far as fighting went until 1897, preparing to reach Abu Hammed and Berber, and thence undertake a campaign to Omdurman farther up the Nile.

The navigation of the river on this part of its course was, however, so very difficult that the Sirdar determined to carry the railway across the Nubian Desert from Wady Halfa to Abu Hammed. There is no more interesting chapter in Winston Spencer Churchill's "*River War*" than

that which relates to the construction of the Desert Railway, but here it must be sufficient to say that the work was begun at Wady Halfa on the first day of the year 1897, and on the 3d of November of the same year, Sir Herbert Kitchener had the satisfaction of travelling to Abu Hammed over the line which owed its existence to his judgment, accomplishing in sixteen hours a journey which had previously required ten days. Since then on this railway three hundred and eighty-four miles has been made in thirteen hours from Fort Atbara to Wady Halfa.

When news that Dongola had been captured reached the Khalifa, confidence in his cause seemed to fail him. All business in Omdurman was at a standstill. Abdullahi shut himself up in his own house for five days. Then he came forth, proceeded to the mosque, and after service, addressed his people. He dwelt on the accounts he had received of the cholera and other afflictions in the Egyptian army. He deplored the pusillanimity of the Soudanese who had surrendered, but with grim satisfaction enlarged on the horrible tortures they were likely to receive from their English and Egyptian captors. He bewailed the lack of faith in God which had led some to desert the Holy War, and he reasserted his own trust in God and in the prophecies of the late Mahdi. He ended by saying that the Angel of the Lord and the spirit of the Mahdi had warned him in a vision that the souls of the accursed Egyptians and of the miserable English should leave their bodies between Dongola and Omdurman at some spot where the ground would be whitened by their bones. Then, drawing his sword, he cried with a loud voice, "Islam shall triumph! Our religion is victorious!" Then, when the cheering of his audience had subsided, he gave free permission to all who did not intend to remain faithful to him to go away.

Meantime, he assigned posts to his Emirs, and made preparations to oppose the advance of the Sirdar's army, which he concluded would be by the same route taken by the expeditionary force under General Wolseley in 1885.

After a time, however, it became evident that the "Turks"

(as the Dervishes called the Egyptians) were not advancing. Conjecture failed to discover a reason why they had not followed up their success at Dongola. By the beginning of 1897 the Khalifa and his people had taken heart, and he was making preparations for an attack upon his enemy. All this was known to the Sirdar through Colonel Wingate and his Intelligence Department. The Khalifa assembled his Emirs round him in Omdurman. His idea was evidently that the great battle foretold to him by the angel of the Lord and the spirit of the Mahdi would be fought on the plain outside that city, where indeed the battle of Omdurman did at length take place, only its result was very different from that which the Khalifa expected.

Mahmud with a large force was summoned from Kordofan. The loyalty of the Jaalin tribe, whose possessions extended along the river from the Egyptian frontier to Metammeh, was greatly doubted by the Khalifa, and not unreasonably, for they had been most cruelly treated by the Dervishes. He summoned Abdulla, their chief, to an interview, in which he told him he should send Mahmud with his army into their country, to defend them from the enemy, and that they might show their loyalty by furnishing these troops with supplies. The chief, knowing that the quartering of an army of Dervishes upon his people would mean the plunder of their goods, the ruin of their homes, and the forcible abduction of their women, reasserted his loyalty, but protested against having the burden of an army imposed upon his people. The Khalifa grew furious. He abused both Abdulla and the Jaalin. The chief retired from his presence, and, on returning to his tribe, related to them what had passed. At once they decided to revolt and join the Egyptians. Then Abdulla wrote two letters. One was to the Sirdar, entreating for assistance; the other, in a tone of defiance, was written to the Khalifa.

Unhappily the answer to the latter letter arrived first, for Mahmud's army at once invested and stormed Metammeh. Abdulla was killed, and frightful revenge was taken on his

people. The few who escaped met in the desert those sent by the Sirdar to their assistance, but it was too late. Little remained of the Jaalin but corpses and ruins.

Abu Hammed, toward which the Sirdar was directing his railroad, attracted little attention from the Khalifa, nor did he seem to appreciate the value of the desert line. There was only a small garrison at Abu Hammed when General Hunter, the pride and darling of the Egyptian army, was sent forward to take possession of it. When this was done, the railway advanced rapidly.

An amusing and characteristic anecdote is told of the Sirdar at this time by Mr. Churchill. He wanted a field telegraph to connect headquarters with his flying column. He sent for the enterprising and capable officer in charge, and told him to make arrangements to lay the wire as the force advanced. The officer for once was at a loss. He pointed out that there were no appliances for laying wire, no spools to unwind it from, no saddles to carry it, not even any transport animals. The Sirdar looked annoyed. After a little reflection he directed the officer to collect some donkeys from the villagers, who for daily rations would be glad with their donkeys to accompany the flying column. The next morning when the donkeys were collected the officer ventured to ask where the saddles and other appliances were to come from.

The Sirdar came slowly to the spot where the telegraph plant was collected. He picked up the largest coil of wire, and selected the smallest donkey. Then taking the little animal's two hind legs in his left hand he put them through the coil, and lifted the wire till it was in the middle of the beast's back. Taking hold of the loose end of the wire, he smacked the donkey with his other hand. The little beast moved on, the wire uncoiled, and by this method the field telegraph accompanied the flying column.

The next place of importance south of Abu Hammed was Berber. The Sirdar had not intended to occupy it until he had brought his steamers over some more cataracts on the

Nile. But the sudden dart on Abu Hammed had caused great consternation among the Dervishes. Zeki Osman, the Emir in command at Berber, despairing of reinforcements, and fearing the treachery of the exasperated local tribes, evacuated the city. This astounding news reached General Hunter at Abu Hammed on August 27. He sent out a reconnoitring party which found the surrounding country ready to welcome the Egyptians. There were no Dervish troops in the town, and the reconnoitring party, consisting chiefly of Arab irregulars, took possession of it, and sent back word to Abu Hammed how they had captured the city.

The deed was done, and though it interfered with the Sirdar's plan of campaign, he ordered General Hunter to occupy Berber. On September 5, the Egyptian flag floated over the town. The gunboats also were by this time up the stream. The Sirdar with a small escort came riding across the desert to Abu Hammed, and hastily prepared to meet the developments which he saw might follow at once, but which he had not expected until the next spring.

Berber stands in a fertile district, and stretches seven miles along the Nile. It consists of two towns, one utterly destroyed by the Dervishes, twelve years before this time, and the new town built to replace it. Both are foul and unhealthy. Berber had been called the Emporium of the Soudan trade ; but the English officers who entered it found only five thousand men and seven thousand women in the place, all miserable and as destitute of property as their houses were of elegance or cleanliness.

The capture of Berber destroyed Osman Digna's influence with the tribes around Suakim, in the neighborhood of the Red Sea. The route from Suakim to Berber, where it had once been proposed to make a railroad, was now open, and small caravans began to travel it, for the first time in thirteen years.

The gunboat flotilla, having passed the Fifth Cataract, and having with no decided result bombarded Mahmud in Metammeh, had to remain where it was, as it could not

return down the Nile until the river was again at flood. It was, however, in no great danger. The river was wide, and the Egyptians controlled the left bank, where the riverine population favored them.

Kassala, which had been taken by the Italians from the Dervishes, was still held by a small Italian garrison, though their countrymen had retired from Abyssinia. But on Christmas day, 1897, Kassala was made over to Colonel Parsons with a small garrison, who were to hold it for the Khedive of Egypt, and the Union Jack and the Khedival Crescent succeeded the Italian flag.

Several times during the early months of 1898 rumors reached the Sirdar that the Khalifa was contemplating an advance; and indeed he twice attempted it, but his plans were frustrated by jealousies among his Emirs. He fell back on Omdurman, where he concentrated a great force, leaving Mahmud with his army from Kordofan to threaten Kitchener's flank or rear if he moved forward.

The Sirdar concentrated his own army on the right bank of the Nile, bringing it by the Desert Railway from Wady Halfa, and he earnestly requested a brigade of British troops to reinforce his army. This was at once despatched under Major-General Gatacre, — an officer esteemed as a man of high character and ability. He had gained a great reputation in the Chitral campaign. Then he was ordered to Bombay to carry on a more desperate contest with the bubonic plague and native superstition. He left India, leaving behind him golden opinions, and was very shortly sent to the Soudan to reinforce the Sirdar. "He was a spare man of middle size, of great physical strength and energy, of marked capacity and unquestioned courage, but disturbed by a restless irritation to which even the most inordinate activity afforded little relief, and which often left him the exhausted victim of his own vitality."¹

The railway was being pushed on the right bank of the Nile as rapidly as possible to where the Atbara flows into the still more mighty river.

¹ "River War." W. S. Churchill.

The Anglo-Egyptian army reached Fort Atbara, and formed a camp a few miles off at Ras-el-Hudi, where better water could be procured.

While the army was waiting there for the order to advance, an expedition was planned to Shendi, farther up the Nile. When Mahmud, after ravaging Metamneh, took up his quarters on the right bank of the Nile, he made a sort of depot at Shendi, in which he left the wives of his Emirs, and part of his stores. A detachment from the Anglo-Egyptian army crossed the river, and without difficulty took possession of Shendi. When the Dervishes fled, pursuit was left to the Jaalin, who boasted that they killed a hundred and sixty of them, — a revenge that must have been doubly sweet since it was consummated near Metamneh, the scene of the destruction of their chief and his people. The wives of the chief Emirs made their escape to Omdurman, but upwards of six hundred and fifty women and children of inferior rank were taken prisoners. Most of these women remarried with Soudanese soldiers, "and as far as can be ascertained," says Mr. Churchill, "lived happily ever after." This may be the place to say that, as Soudanese blacks are enlisted for life in the Egyptian army, they are allowed to have their wives, who accompany them until they are in active service, when shelter and protection are found for the women in some strong post to the rear.

CHAPTER III

ATBARA AND OMDURMAN

WADY HALFA is two hundred and thirty-four miles from Abu Hammed. Everybody said and thought that to carry a railroad across the great waterless desert which separated the two places was an impossibility ; nevertheless, the thing has been done. The road was actually begun and half completed, while one end of the line was in the undisturbed possession of the enemy. The deadliest weapon England ever forged against Mahdism was the Soudan Military Railway. Water was bored for, and at once gushed forth abundant, clear, and excellent. This seems almost like a miracle ; for though in eight other places it was bored for in like manner, no other supply could be found.

By the end of 1897, the road, which had left the Nile at Wady Halfa to cross the Nubian Desert, met it again at Abu Hammed, from which place it was necessary to construct one hundred and forty-nine miles more railroad to the Atbara.

It was a great object to get the road as speedily as possible past the Fifth Cataract, about twenty miles below Berber. The line had to carry materials for its own construction. There was not even wood along its route with which to make the cross-ties.

At the Atbara the line had to wait for a bridge before it could go on, as it does now, to Khartoum. The contract for the bridge was given to workshops in America ; no English firm would venture to promise it in such short time as that in America, which already had in hand a similar bridge to be thrown over one of our Western rivers.

The Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, was only forty-eight when he made both his splendid campaign to Khartoum and his wonderful railroad; for in a certain sense both may be said to be the work of the talent for organization of this remarkable man. "You cannot imagine," says G. W. Steevens, "the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing, and then doing it. . . . He is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control, he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last." And this trait in his character must have been severely tried when, for eighteen months after the capture of Dongola, he had to delay his advance on Khartoum. His soldiers, who put their whole trust in him, had a saying among themselves, "The Sirdar won't fight if he is n't going to win."

At last the moment seemed to be approaching. The Dervishes, who could not estimate the Sirdar like his own men, had been long wondering why he did not attack them. The Khalifa had assembled a great army in and around Omdurman, which remained inactive, though a large force under Mahmud and Osman Digna (who cordially disliked each other) was ordered to lie in the way of the advance on the right bank of the Nile.

In March, 1898, the advanced post of the English army was at Fort Atbara, twenty-three miles south of Berber. It consisted of three Egyptian brigades and one British. This last was under General Hunter, the "sword-arm of the army." MacDonald was with it, and Major-General Gatacre, fresh from India, had just brought out reinforcements from England. It is thus that the correspondent of the "Daily Mail" describes him:—

"General Gatacre came up with a great reputation, which he seized every occasion to increase. His one overmastering quality is tireless, abounding, almost superhuman energy. Of middle height and lightly built, his body is all steel and wire. As a man, he radiates a gentle, serious courtesy. . . . In the ranks they call him 'General Back-acher,' and love him. Some thought he drove his officers and men a little hard. But, ever attentive to the needs of the soldiers under him, he was tireless



LORD CROMER.

in giving personal attention to see that nobody wanted for what could be obtained."

Osman Digna, who has given the British for many years more trouble than all the other Emirs put together, may not, as I have said before, be by race an Arab. The Turks claimed that his parentage was partly Turkish; there evidently was a general understanding that somehow he was not of pure Arab blood. He has not been eminent for generalship nor for personal bravery, but he is beyond question a man of great ability and dogged persistence.

The march up the right bank of the Nile was a great strain on the physical powers of troops recently arrived from England; nevertheless, they made ninety-eight miles within three days. At Fort Atbara only Egyptians were quartered; the place was too malarious for white soldiers, who had their camp at Ras-el-Hudi, a few miles up the Atbara River. There was a little green on the Atbara, a sight rarely seen in the Soudan.

"One bank too was thick with mimosa and dom-palms, and tufted with grass,—great coarse bunches, mostly as thick as straw, and as yellow,—but a few blades remained a sapless green, and horses and camels went without their sleep to tear at them. The camels eat the mimosa too; they rear up their affected heads, and ecstatically crunch thorns that would run any other beast's tongue through; their lips drop blood, but they never notice it. And the blacks eat the dom nuts,—things like petrified prize apricots, whose kernel makes vegetable ivory. Sambo was never tired of shying at them, and Private Atkins lent a hand with enthusiasm. Then Sambo would grin all round his head, and crack the flinty things with his shining teeth, while Tommy gazed on him with wonder."

The real enemy the English and Egyptians had to encounter was not the Dervishes, but the Soudan. Meantime though Mahmud was known to be on the right bank of the great river somewhere between the Blue Nile and the Atbara, day after day the Sirdar's army could not find him. General Hunter at last, in a reconnaissance on the

last day of March, caught sight of his zariba. A zariba is, in Soudanese warfare, what a laager is in South Africa, except that the latter is a barrier of wagons erected round an encampment, and the zariba is an erection of thorny bushes closely interwoven; it is carried often to a great height, and claimed to be as impenetrable as if made of barbed wires. The place on the Atbara where the Dervishes were encamped was called Nakheila. It was not more than twenty miles from the camp of the Sirdar.

But the delay had been very trying to the British troops, both men and officers. Under the idea that they were campaigning in the tropics, officers had brought only one blanket for each man, and no overcoats. They had not realized that the Soudan, so broiling hot by day, can be bitterly cold at night, and they suffered accordingly. When General Hunter's men returned to camp, they reported that the zariba round Mahmud's encampment was very high, very dense, and very prickly. The duty of first attacking it had been assigned to the Camerons, whose Highland dress did not seem the uniform best adapted to force a way through a wall of thorns. But the Camerons were delighted that such a feat should have been assigned to them.

The attack was to be made in the early morning of April 8, which was Good Friday. The day began for the Anglo-Egyptians at an hour past midnight, when, favored by a bright moon, they set forward to engage the enemy. They had with them a mountain battery, a field battery, and two batteries of Maxim guns. To fight with an army at long range was not the Dervishes' idea of warfare. Their mode of fighting was to make a swift rush upon their enemy, to hurl their spears, to fire their rifles, and to fling clubs at the legs of the horses. It was thus that they had annihilated Hicks's army. But the new weapons of destruction which mowed them down from a distance confused their tactics, and seemed to take all heart out of the Baggara horsemen. The Jehadin from Kordofan "fought but to die;" each man hoping, before he died himself, to kill one

of the infidels. The Jehadin had been enlisted for a Holy War ; they felt certain of the help of Allah and the discomfiture of the invaders ; each man if he fell was sure of Paradise. Meantime the miscellaneous army of Englishmen, black barbarians, Scotch Highlanders, and fellahin came slowly, silently, steadily on ; Egyptian and Highlander, white faces and black faces, all marching under one discipline, all controlled by one brain.

The zariba had been reported as very high, and to be three miles round the encampment. It was found that its height and its extent had been greatly overestimated. Inside it was defended by a stockade and a triple trench. At first the enemy did not show fight ; but after the bombs and shells of the Anglo-Egyptians began to tell, many seized their rifles and kept up an irregular fire on the Highlanders as they advanced, while a large body of cavalry was observed to be leaving the zariba. The bugles sounded, the pipes cheered on the Highlanders, and they advanced to the wall of thorns in splendid order, gravely and silently. "Pull it down !" cried a voice. The men fell upon it ; after a few hearty tugs a gap was made, and the soldiers poured through into the encampment. It was honeycombed with holes and pitfalls, over which with difficulty the soldiers made their way, for the trenches contained men who lay low till the step of the foe was almost upon them, when they sprang up and wounded him with a bullet or a sword-thrust. Dead camels, killed by shells, were found tethered in trenches. Sometimes a pit had been dug by some poor villager, large enough to hold himself and his donkey.

The recreant cavalry were gone ; the poor black soldiers fled in flocks, but they fired as they ran. The Egyptians had entered the zariba on the other side through a gap of their own making ; they even claimed to have been in before the Highlanders. Small mercy was shown by the Nubian tribesmen to those who for years had ravaged their country, destroyed their villages, and carried off their women. They were so eager for revenge, now that their enemies lay at their mercy, that, as Mr. Steevens says,

"the blacks and their brigaded Egyptians would have slicked through and picked out the thorns after the 'cease fire'!"

The hand-to-hand engagement lasted forty minutes; no one concerned in it could have told whether it was two minutes or two years. It was over. Mahmud's army was annihilated, and he himself was a prisoner. He was found alone, sitting on his carpet with his arms lying beside him, like a defiant chief of old awaiting death. He was brought before the English general, who asked him: —

"Are you the man Mahmud?"

"Yes, I am Mahmud, and I am the same as you" (meaning commander-in-chief).

"Why did you come to make war here?"

"Because I was told, the same as you."

He was a full-blooded Arab. His Arab features were intelligent, but their expression was cruel. He seemed between thirty and forty. He was dressed in loose drawers and a *gibba*, — the patched garment that the followers of the Mahdi still wore as a sign of poverty; but those who had wealth embroidered it with gold.

Every one admired him for looking at his fate so calmly and defiantly.

The English loss had been great among the officers: the Egyptians and Soudanese also lost heavily; though the total of the casualties, out of a force of about twelve thousand men, was only eighty-one killed and about five hundred wounded, but the army of Mahmud was erased from the face of the earth. The joy and pride of the Egyptians, and especially of their officers, who had trained them from fellahin into admirable soldiers, were pathetic and extravagant.

Osman Digna rode off with the cavalry very early in the action. The black infantry enlisted for the Jihad or Holy War fought stubbornly in the trenches. Among the killed were many Emirs, including Bishara. There was not much pursuit. Those who escaped made their way into the desert and were lost there.

G. W. Steevens tells a little anecdote of General Hunter which it gives me pleasure to repeat. He says : —

“Lewis’s never weary, never hungry, Egyptians had been bringing in the wounded, carrying them on stretchers across twelve black miles of desert, at something over a mile an hour. And General Hunter, who in the morning had been galloping bareheaded through the bullets, waving on the latest raised battalion of blacks, now chose to spend the night playing guide to the crawling convoy.”

The Sirdar, some days later, made a sort of triumphal procession into Berber. Hunter Pasha was at his side, and behind him rode a clanking escort of cavalry. Men, women, and children in the streets shrieked with delight. Well might they. They had tried both rules, and preferred the Anglo-Egyptian. In the procession, by himself, walked Mahmud, a prisoner. The sight of him made on the native population the deepest possible impression ; for only a year before, it was Mahmud the Great who had slaughtered their tribesmen, the Jaalin, at Metammeh. After this success the army rested four months. Many officers and correspondents obtained furloughs, among them G. W. Steevens, who seems to have put in his time making a visit to the scene of late military operations on the Indian frontier. He returned by way of the Nile to Wady Halfa, and thence by the Soudan military railroad, now completed to the Atbara. Here is what he says he saw on his arrival : —

“The platform was black and brown, blue and white, with a great crowd of natives. For drawn up in line opposite the waiting tracks were rigid squads of black figures in the familiar brown jersey and blue putties, and on their tarbushes the badges green, black, red, yellow, blue, and white of each of the six Soudanese battalions. Some were from the banks of the White Nile, some from Darfur, some from the West, — only the last time we had seen those particular blacks they were shooting at us. Every one had begun life as a Dervish, and had been taken prisoner at or after the Atbara. Now, not four months after, here they were, erect and soldierly, with at least the rudiments of shooting, on their way to fight their former masters, and very glad to do it. They knew when they were well off. Be-

fore, they were slaves, half-clothed, half-fed, half-armed ; good to lose their women at Shendi, and to stay in the trenches of Nakheila when the Baggara ran away. Now they are free soldiers, well paid, well clothed, well fed, with weapons they can trust, and officers who charge ahead, and would rather die than leave them."

It was the close of August, 1898, when the Anglo-Egyptian army began to advance up the White Nile, slowly approaching Omdurman and Khartoum for a final struggle with the Khalifa.

As they drew near the immediate vicinity of Omdurman and the Dervishes, they found the villages deserted by their inhabitants. There were two mountain ridges that looked down upon the city, — the Kerreri Heights, upon one side, the Gebel Surgham on the other, — and between lay the plain, in which, according to the Khalifa's vision, a battle should be fought which would strew it with the bodies of the infidel. Alas for the Khalifa ! His men were brave, — none braver ever fought with sword and spear, — but he had little knowledge of artillery, and was unable to estimate the power of modern long-range guns.

The plain was half sand and half pale yellow grass ; on the rim, by the Nile, rose the Mahdi's tomb, a yellow dome clear above everything.

Without the walls of the city of Omdurman were thousands of mud houses, built to shelter the miscellaneous forces of the Khalifa, drawn from every part of his vast empire to meet the foe in one last struggle on this predestined spot. As the Anglo-Egyptian army mounted the ridge that commanded a view of the plain and the city, in front of it stretched the army of the Khalifa, with its banners along a three-mile front in one long line eight or ten men deep. The sun was setting on the evening of the last day of August. On September 1, the battle was begun.

About half-past six in the morning the first shell fired by the British startled the Dervish army into life. The line of flags swung forward ; the Dervishes in their white gibbas pressed forward too. They came straight and fast, then

presently they came no farther. The Anglo-Egyptians formed one firing line.

No white troops would have faced that torrent of death for five minutes, but the Baggara and the Jehadia came on. The bullets hurled them down in whole companies. Line after line pressed forward, then dropped a white line of dead bodies on the ground.

"Sometimes they came near enough to see single figures quite plainly. One old man with a white flag started with five comrades; all dropped, but he alone came bounding forward to within two hundred yards of the Fourteenth Soudanese. Then he folded his arms across his face, and his limbs loosened, and he dropped to earth beside his flag. It was the last day of Mahdism and the greatest. They could never get near, and they refused to hold back. By now the ground before us was all white with dead men's drapery."

At last there were no more Dervishes coming on; in that division of the Khalifa's army there were no more left to die.

The Khalifa had divided his forces into three parts. The first, under Osman Azrak, was the one that we have just seen was utterly destroyed. Their general died with them. The second, with the Green Banner and Abdullahi's eldest son, the Sheik-ed-Din, moved toward Kerreri to envelop the Anglo-Egyptian right. The third, under the Khalifa himself and his brother Yakub, was hidden behind Gebel Surgham, with the Black Banner, ready as need might be to envelop the enemy's left wing, or to bar his road to Omdurman.

Then came the one disaster of the fight. The Twenty-first Lancers, eager to be the first in Omdurman, galloped recklessly forward until they were only about two hundred yards from a waiting line of Dervishes under Wad Helu. Suddenly they saw a deep ravine yawning before them; and out of the ravine sprang a cloud of black heads and swords "like brandished lightning."

The horses were at full speed, and could not be suddenly checked. Down they went into the steep dry water-course,

called a *Khor*. The story of this charge is heart-stirring, but I need not tell it here. Except for its deeds of bravery and self-devotion, when wounded men were borne out of the fight by their comrades, it was mere useless slaughter.

The last struggle was between the Khalifa's division on Gebel Surgham, and the Soudanese and Egyptians, commanded by Lewis Bey, Maxwell, and MacDonald.

They were in presence of the great black standard, flapping in the air like the wings of some fierce raven.

"Whatever we may think of Mahdi rule, of the desolation which it spread, of the hypocrisy, cunning, and cruelty of the Khalifa," the splendid valor, the unexampled fortitude and devotion, the unsurpassed resignation and courage, which "the Dervishes displayed on the field before Omdurman, won for them universal sympathy and respect." It is true they could have expected little mercy from the "friendly," — the riverine tribes whom they had so cruelly massacred and ruined. Their choice was to fall sword in hand, or to be ignominiously slain by those who had been incited to vengeance by their deeds of cruelty. As one of the war correspondents observed, "Such acts of bravery have never been known in history or romance." Right or wrong, the Dervishes believed sincerely they were fighting for their faith, and for the successor of the Prophet.

"Think of two hundred Dervishes gathering round their black flag after the Khalifa and his brother had ridden away from the field, refusing to part with it; but courting death to save it, their last survivor bleeding from unnumbered wounds, shouting the name of Allah and hurling his spear. Then he stood motionless, still waiting. The bullet of a Soudanese took him full in the chest. He quivered, gave way at the knees, and dropped with his head upon his arms and his face toward the legions of his conquerors."

Some wounded were killed that day, but it was unavoidable. While lying apparently dead, the Baggara would spring up and make a last thrust at the nearest white officer. This happened not once, but a hundred times, all over the field.

The official return was eleven thousand killed, sixteen thousand wounded, but how the number of wounded was arrived at, it is hard to say.

The English and Egyptian losses together amounted to little more than five hundred, but among these were some very valuable lives.

The attack on the zariba at Atbara was a fight ; that on Omdurman was a battle.

"The battle of Omdurman was almost a miracle of success. But for that thanks are due first to the Khalifa, whose generalship throughout was a masterpiece of imbecility. . . . He chose the one form of fight which gave him no possibility of even a partial success. We heard he boasted that his men had always broken our squares, and he would see if they could not do it again. They would have broken us if valor could have done it, but he forgot that the squares were bigger than before and better armed," besides being under more experienced generals.

Omdurman had been built by the Mahdi to be at once a citadel and an encampment. The city outside its walls was surrounded by a tangle of streets crowded with mud hovels. As the Sirdar, accompanied by his staff and General Hunter, rode in, he was followed by the English brigade and the guns of a battery. On their entrance there came forward an old man on a donkey holding a white flag. He had been sent by the inhabitants to surrender the city, and to ask if the conquerors were likely to kill them all, if they were let in without resistance. The Sirdar reassured him on that point. The old man's face beamed, as he heard the assurance that there would be no massacre. He communicated it to his fellow-townsmen, and interpreters were sent at once into every side street to proclaim amnesty to all who might surrender without further opposition. Then the army marched into Omdurman. "Omdurman was like a rabbit warren, — a threadless labyrinth of tiny huts or shelters too flimsy for the name of sheds. Oppression, stagnation, degradation, were stamped deep on every yard of miserable Omdurman."

Reassured as to their own safety, the people received their conquerors with shouts of welcome. The men had their gibbas turned inside out. "They had tried to kill the Anglo-Egyptians three hours before, now they salaamed and shouted, 'Peace be with you.'" We must remember that to them what had taken place was a change of masters. They had groaned for years under the cruelty of the Khalifa and his Baggara, who were to them as much foreigners as the Egyptians and the Englishmen who now ruled along their mighty river. Gaining confidence, they even held their hands out and begged for backsheesh. But these people were not Dervishes or Arabs; they were miserable blacks who had been impressed into the bands raised in Kordofan and Equatoria.

At last the army stood before the great wall of Omdurman, the Khalifa's citadel. The wall was strong, but it was indefensible. It had no banquette on the other side.

Along the water-front the gunboats had been at work, and had shattered the defences. As the army advanced, they met crowds of men and women, most of them staggering beneath heavy baskets; they were looting the stores of their late master. Everything was squalid, even in the apartments of the Khalifa in the citadel, except only some modern conveniences arranged in his bathroom. As soon as the Khalifa's body-guard, who were in hiding, found they were not to be murdered if they surrendered, they came forth in swarms. They demurred a little at first about giving up their arms, but soon a great pile of them was collected and placed under guard. Slatin Pasha was nearly pulled off his horse by the welcome of old friends. The army marched to the mosque and to the Mahdi's tomb. As they halted before it, a sad accident occurred. The guns outside the wall had been ordered in a certain contingency to shell the tomb. They mistook the order, or rather the contingency. Four shells fell into the ranks of the exultant conquerors. One of these killed Hubert Howard, a young lawyer of an adventurous spirit who was there as a reporter for the

"Times." He was of the same family as the "gallant Howard," slain at Waterloo.

It was growing dusk when the Sirdar went himself to the prison where Charles Neufeldt, who had been a captive thirteen years, and thirty other shackled prisoners were released. Neufeldt seemed nearly mad with delight and surprise. He talked and gesticulated with great animation. They placed him on a pony, for he could not walk, and about midnight Mr. Winston Churchill found him in the office of Colonel Wingate of the Intelligence Department. This is what he tells us that he saw there:—

"On a native bed, his slumbers secured and protected by a sentry, lay the Sirdar in well-deserved repose. A few yards away Colonel Wingate was stretched on the ground, writing by an uncertain light, the telegram announcing the victory. In the background stood a strange figure,—a pale-faced man with a ragged red beard and whiskers, clad in a blue and white Dervish gibba. He spoke continuously in a weak voice and indifferent English. A native sergeant was busy about his feet with a hammer. There was an occasional clink. The clink explained matters. This was Charles Neufeldt, thirteen years the Khalifa's prisoner, having his fetters knocked off. There were two sets of leg irons. The smaller, with links about an inch each way, he had worn, so he said, since he was captured in 1885. The larger—I could just lift the shackle with one hand—he had worn for a month only. Three enormous iron rings were about each ankle. They could break the coupling-chain, but the rings had to remain till the morning. He talked volubly. The remark that seems most worthy of record was this: 'I have forgotten how to walk.'"

When the Sirdar and his army had entered the suburbs of Omdurman, they believed that the Khalifa was still in his citadel, but he had escaped. Mounting a donkey unarmed, and almost alone, he had left his stronghold by a back way, and hastened into the desert, where several swift camels were awaiting him. Not a soul that belonged to him betrayed him. As soon as his escape was discovered, the Twenty-first Lancers on weary horses were sent after him, but he was beyond pursuit, and had joined the main body of

his routed army, with which he crossed the Nile and made his way to El Obeid, formerly his chief stronghold in Kordofan.

Three days later, September 4 (the anniversary of the foundation of the Third French Republic), detachments of officers and men from every regiment, British and Egyptian, were taken across the river to Khartoum to attend Gordon's Memorial Funeral Service. The Union Jack and the Egyptian flag were hoisted; "God save the Queen" and the Egyptian national anthem were played. Then four chaplains — Anglican, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist — came slowly forward. The Presbyterian Minister read the Fifteenth Psalm, the Anglican Chaplain led the Lord's Prayer, the Catholic Pastor laid his helmet at his feet and read a memorial prayer bareheaded in the sun. The pipes wailed a dirge; Gordon's favorite hymn, "Abide with me," was played. All who were present were deeply affected.

We know not where the bones of Gordon lie, but his rank and ruined garden will now be evermore associated with his memory.

In contrast with this was what we cannot but call in the language of French bulletins "a regrettable incident."

The Mahdi's Tomb had been a conspicuous mark for shells. It had been built over the chamber in which he died. The place had for ten years been held most holy by the Dervishes, but by orders of the Sirdar it was levelled with the ground. The body of the Mahdi was dug up; the limbs and trunk were thrown into the Nile. The head found its way to Cairo, whence Lord Cromer at once ordered it to be taken to Wady Halfa, where the head of King John of Abyssinia had been buried, and where that of Abdullah Ahmed now rests, not far from his birthplace.

The Mahdi was a very different man from the Khalifa. The only humane actions that we read of in connection with Mahdism emanated from himself. Father Ohrwalder speaks of his unruffled smile, pleasant manners, and equable temperament. When Christian priests were in danger

from his soldiers, he ordered them to walk before his camel for protection. When he heard of the sad death of Olivier Pain,¹ in the desert, "he took it to heart," says Slatin, "and read prayers for the dead." To many of his prisoners he showed kindness, gave them food from his table, or sometimes employment, or a little money.

The desecration of his tomb excited a good deal of feeling in England. But there were political reasons for its destruction, and for the removal of the Mahdi's body. The tomb and the "Prophet's" remains might have formed a rallying point for all the remains of Mahdism, and would almost certainly have become a place of pilgrimage.

It can matter nothing to Abdullah Ahmed now whether his bones lie under the waters of the Nile or under the sands of the Soudan. The regret we feel is that civilized and Christian men should have felt themselves compelled by policy to do a deed which we can hardly think Charles Gordon would have approved, especially when taken in connection with the honor which a few hours before had been paid to his own memory.

¹ "Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 103, 104.

CHAPTER IV

FASHODA. END OF THE KHALIFA

THE Fashoda incident, insignificant as it was, might easily have convulsed Europe, and has left a root of bitterness in the French mind. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill says : —

“It is unlikely that the world will ever learn the details of the subtle scheme of which the Marchand Mission was a famous part. We may say with certainty that the French Government did not intend a small expedition, at great peril to themselves, to seize and hold an obscure swamp on the Upper Nile. But it is not possible to define the other arrangements. What part the Abyssinians were expected to play, what services had been rendered them, and what inducements they were offered, is veiled in the mystery of intrigue.”¹

The scheme, whatever it may have been, is thought to have originated with President Faure. Whether Prince Henri of Orleans, who made an expedition to Abyssinia, ostensibly as the correspondent of a newspaper, had anything to do with it, has never been understood; but undoubtedly France had for some time courted the favor of Abyssinia, and the weapons by which the Italians were defeated at Adowa had been mainly supplied through French channels.

The few known facts of the Fashoda incident are briefly, as follows : —

Toward the end of 1896 a small French expedition, consisting of eight French officers and non-commissioned officers, in command of one hundred and twenty black

¹ “The River War.” W. S. Churchill.

soldiers from Senegal, reached the upper waters of the Nile. It had started from the west coast of Africa two years before; and although its destination was secret, enough was discerned by the English Government to cause it to give timely warning to the French Cabinet, that any interference with the former equatorial provinces of Egypt on the Nile would be considered an unfriendly act by Great Britain. At the time of this first warning the English Government was planning the Dongola campaign and an advance to Khartoum, but had not completed its preparations. It had sent, however, early in 1897 an English expedition to Uganda under Colonel MacDonald. This expedition landed at Mombassa and made its way into the interior. But misfortunes befell it. The Soudanese troops in Uganda, which were to have joined the principal force, mutinied; their English officers had to fight for their lives, and every plan formed for the co-operation of this force with the army destined for Khartoum was frustrated.

Five days after the battle of Omdurman, September 7, 1898, a small Dervish steamer, one of those that had formerly belonged to General Gordon, came slowly down the Nile; and as it approached the British encampment and gunboats, its crew perceived what had taken place, and surrendered. They had gone up the White Nile a month earlier, in company with another steamer, to collect grain for the Khalifa; but as they approached Fashoda, they had unexpectedly been fired on by black soldiers commanded by white officers, under a flag that they had never seen before. Repulsed and bewildered, they had retired down stream, the Emir in command had disembarked his troops, and sent his smaller steamer back to Omdurman to report what had taken place and to receive orders.

The Arab crew of the little steamer could give no intelligible account of the flag they had seen at Fashoda, but the bullets that the English officers extracted from the woodwork of the steamer with their pocket knives were French bullets of a recent pattern. Had they been fired by some Belgians from the Congo, or by an Italian expedi-

tion, or had a force of English come down the Nile from Uganda or Unyoro?

All that the Army of the Nile could do was to wait and see. For this purpose the Sirdar went himself up the Nile with five steamers and a considerable force. In three days they found the Dervish Emir in a camp defended by his little steamer. The steamer was blown up and the Emir's troops dispersed. The expedition then proceeded. The landscape upon either bank became mere swamp, in which Father Nile wasted his waters. Its vegetation was coarse grass and tangled jungle. After ten days, on September 18, they approached Fashoda, and the Sirdar sent a message to the mysterious Europeans. A reply was at once returned by Major Marchand, saying that he was in command of a party of French troops sent to take possession of the Equatorial Soudan. It also politely congratulated the Sirdar on his recent victories, and welcomed him to Fashoda in the name of France.

This little force, stranded on a malarious swamp, where in Emin Pasha's time there had been government buildings and a government station, had expended nearly all its ammunition, was cut off from communication with the civilized world, and apparently was without any road of retreat. The French were surprised to see the English, and very much relieved, for confused rumors, brought by the natives, had led them to expect an attack in force from the Dervishes.

Their march across the Deserts of Central Africa had been a wonderful achievement. They had been for two years making their way to the Nile, and for six months, as Mr. Churchill says, "they had been absolutely lost from human ken."

"They had fought with savages; they had struggled with fever; they had climbed mountains, and pierced the most gloomy forests. Five days and five nights they had stood up to their necks in swamp and water. A fifth of their number had perished, yet at last they had carried out their mission, and, arriving at Fashoda on the 10th of July, had planted their tricolor on the Upper Nile."

Their reception of the Englishmen was not only friendly but cordial. The Sirdar, without interfering with the French flag, or with the ruined fort from which it floated, hoisted British and Egyptian colors with all ceremony on another part of the old government fortifications, and leaving a body of Soudanese soldiers and six guns to garrison the place, under Colonel Jackson, he went back with the rest of his force to Omdurman.

The news that eight Frenchmen occupied Fashoda, and claimed a territory twice as large as France, reached England when the public were jubilant over the battle of Omdurman. Was a friendly Power to slip in unawares and rob England of the best fruits of her victory?

For some weeks there was very angry feeling in Europe on both sides; but the position of Major Marchand at Fashoda was so manifestly untenable that at last the French Government gave way. Diplomacy settled the dispute by assenting to an extension of the French sphere of influence in Western and Central Africa; but French irritation on the subject of Fashoda has to this day been kept alive.

While waiting for instructions from France, the brave little French garrison suffered much from fever. The officers kept up friendly relations with Colonel Jackson, between whom and Major Marchand a real friendship sprang up; but notwithstanding their polite social relations each party kept a strict watch upon the other.

In the middle of October, despatches *via* Cairo, addressed to Major Marchand, reached the Sirdar, who forwarded them forthwith to Fashoda. The major at once decided to go to Cairo and place himself in telegraphic communication with his own government. He left his followers under Captain Germain, his second in command, with strict orders to maintain friendly relations with the English garrison. Germain, however, was wanting in the self-control and prudence of his superior officer. He sent reconnoitring parties into the interior, and got into quarrels with the natives, pushing his troops beyond the limits which the Sirdar had prescribed, and which Mar-

chand had agreed to recognize. An angry altercation was the result. Men's tempers were worn by heat, fever, and monotony. But collision was averted by the patience and prudence of Colonel Jackson, who confined his men to their own lines, and kept them ready for any eventuality.

At length Major Marchand returned, reproved his too-zealous subordinate, and expressed his regrets to Colonel Jackson. He brought news that his government had ordered the evacuation of Fashoda. The French, when ready for departure, lowered their flag on the fort, the English officers keeping out of sight during the distressing ceremony. When the tricolor came down, one of the Frenchmen (a non-commissioned officer) rushed up to the flagstaff and hurled it to the ground, shaking his fists and tearing his hair in bitter vexation.

"Nor," says Mr. Churchill, "is it possible to withhold sympathy, in view of what these men had suffered, and what they thought they had gained."

The French garrison then made a safe, though tedious, journey through Abyssinia to Obok, a French colony upon the Indian Ocean, whence they returned to France. Their commander, however, went home by a more speedy route. Landing in England, he was received by Lord Kitchener with the most cordial acknowledgments of his admirable conduct through the whole affair.

In Paris he was welcomed with wild enthusiasm. It was, however, at the time of the Dreyfus trial, and excitement ran so high against the English and the home government of France, that it was deemed advisable he should withdraw himself as much as possible from public view. This, with true patriotic feeling, he was quite willing to do. Repeatedly Lord Kitchener, on his return to England, spoke of him in public with respect, and even with enthusiasm.

In the summer of 1900, he was ordered to join the French force in China; and the Nationalist party in Paris, not yet despairing of converting him into a Boulanger, gave him an

enthusiastic demonstration at the railway station, on his departure.

When Omdurman had been taken, and the Khalifa, with the remnant of his troops, was in full retreat to El Obeid, in Kordofan, the Sirdar turned his attention to ridding the country, east and west of the Nile, of the bands of Dervishes which still remained there. There was a large force under Ahmed Fedil, a cousin of the Khalifa, who had pressed men into his ranks from all the country round Suakim. Osman Digna had at one time been with them, but had been ordered to Metummeh to strengthen the force of Mahmud, defeated at Atbara. He had thence made good his escape with the Baggara, and at the opening of the year 1900 was at El Obeid with the Khalifa.

Kassala, while still Italian, had been relieved, or rather taken from the Dervishes who had got possession of it. This had been accomplished by Colonel Parsons, with a force of invalids and irregulars (Soudanese and Arabs), and the place was made over to the Anglo-Egyptian government. Learning what had happened at Omdurman, and knowing that Ahmed Fedil was on the upper waters of the Atbara with a large force, Colonel Parsons conceived the idea of taking by surprise the strong town of Gedaref, and cutting off the force under Ahmed Fedil, if it attempted to cross the Nile and join the fugitive Khalifa.

Colonel Parsons' expedition against Gedaref was one of the most brilliant actions in the war. Mr. Churchill gives fifteen pages to it, but here we cannot spare it as many lines. Ahmed was forced to leave Gedaref in the hands of the enemy, but came back, and in turn besieged Colonel Parsons. He was in the end obliged to retreat, and Colonel Parsons, together with Lewis Bey, who had joined him with reinforcements, pursued him and his army to the banks of the Blue Nile, where they were endeavoring to cross at a place called Rosares. The Dervishes lost many men in a battle at this spot, but succeeded at last at Dakheila, a place above the Rosares Cataract, in crossing the river. Thence they hurried on to the White Nile, raiding as they went.

They crossed the White Nile into Kordofan, entering it in the country of the Baggara.

In this part of Kordofan the Khalifa Abdullahi had been born and bred. Here, among his own people, he took refuge. At the tomb of his father he knelt long and prayed. Then he assured his followers that the prophecy of the Mahdi, whom he had seen in a vision, had been fulfilled. The plain around Omdurman had been indeed strewn with bodies of the unfaithful, but the unfaithful had been Dervishes not whole-hearted in his cause. Success was to attend those who were left alive.

He had large stores of grain, treasure, and ammunition laid up in El Obeid; with these he proceeded to reorganize his army. The Sirdar followed him, but found his position too strong to make success certain. He therefore recrossed a waterless desert, and for a time gave up the attempt to strike a final blow at the Khalifa.

On the 24th of November, 1899, more than fourteen months after the battle of Omdurman, Colonel Wingate, best known as head of the Intelligence Department in Egypt, but Governor of Khartoum, and in command of a force in pursuit of the fugitive, learned from his scouts that Abdullahi was but a short distance from him. Advancing in the night, he occupied a range of hills which by daylight commanded a view of the encampment of the Dervishes. A fierce little fight ensued. Colonel Wingate made a sudden advance all along his line, sweeping the enemy through their encampment. The Khalifa, when he saw what must be the result of the engagement, did not stir from his camp; he sat there awaiting death, with his brothers and his principal Emirs around him. They were all found dead in one group, their horses lying dead behind them. The black body-guard of the Khalifa was also found dead, lying prone upon the ground, their faces toward the enemy in a straight line, about ten yards before their master's body. The Dervishes, when they knew that their leader was dead, accepted quarter and surrendered. With the Khalifa died, among other Emirs, Ali Wad Halu and Ahmed Fedil.

About six thousand women and children were found in the camp, and about four thousand fighting men were taken prisoners. Such was the end of Mahdism. In March was signed an agreement between France and England, settling the Fashoda affair, though to this day the people and army of France feel bitterness at the thought that French officers were compelled to lower the French flag, set up on a ruined fort in a swamp, far from civilization.

A line of separation was drawn between French and English "spheres of influence;" all to the west was the French sphere, all to the east was the British, or rather Anglo-Egyptian.

"A sphere of influence" means a tract of country which may be conquered, governed, or otherwise disposed of, by some civilized country which has previously obtained from other powers an acknowledgment of it as its "sphere of influence." Thus in the French "sphere of influence" was included, by the agreement of March, 1897, the Hinterland of Algeria, including the great Mussulman Empire of Wadai, with Bagismi, Kanem, and the north and east shores of Lake Tchad, which had for some years been in dispute between England and France. France also claimed territory south of Tripoli, which gave her the command of important caravan routes into the interior, and may hereafter prove a cause of quarrel with Italy. On the south the French "sphere" touches the Congo Free State. France has the right to navigate rivers that flow through the valley of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and empty into the Nile, which river she may use as a highway to the sea, in common with Belgium, Germany, and Italy. In return she acknowledged the Anglo-Egyptian claim *de facto*, if not *de jure*, to all the valley of the Nile. A frightful war was thus averted by the diplomatic skill and prudence of Lord Salisbury and M. Delcassé, each of whom incurred censure for having sacrificed the just pretensions of his country to the interests of peace.

CHAPTER V

THE TRANSVAAL. PRESIDENT KRUGER

LOOKING over the chapters that in 1894 I wrote concerning South Africa in my "Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century," I am inclined to agree with a gentleman whose opinion is of weight in political and literary circles, that they present a good summary of South African history up to the time when they were written; but events have gone rapidly ahead since then in that part of the world, and names that were quite unknown to us in 1894 are now as familiar as household words.

When my summary of South African history ended, in 1894, the Orange Free State was enjoying peace and prosperity. The Transvaal, or South African Republic, was resisting the invasion of modern progress, and at the same time reaping great pecuniary advantage from the influx of Uitlanders.¹ I do not think that the word Uitlander was mentioned in my pages.

In 1877, the Transvaal Republic, which had squatted upon territory within the English sphere of influence, and had never been interfered with, was threatened by the savage tribes upon its borders. It had no money; it had practically no government, for the authority of President Burgers was set at nought by half its citizens. It sought British protection.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who conducted the negotiation, was deeply impressed by the hopelessness of the situation, for the Zulus were on the point of ravaging a large well-

¹ Probably my readers, like myself, may have been puzzled as to the pronunciation of this word. By many persons it is pronounced *Weatlander*; but according to the rules of Dutch pronunciation, it should be pronounced like *Oitlander*.



DR. JAMESON.

settled district in the Republic. Sir Theophilus may be thought to have been "too previous" in accepting the Boers' offer of annexation; for, had he held out longer, the whole country, impressed with its peril, would have acknowledged the imperative necessity of a step which alone could save the Dutch farmers from utter ruin,—perhaps from frightful massacre. As it was, three thousand of these burghers signed a petition praying to be incorporated into British South Africa. The English Government too hastily assumed responsibilities that seemed to be thrust upon it in the name of humanity. Burgers, the Boer President, in a speech to the Raad a few weeks before the annexation, told his people that they had "lost faith in God, reliance on themselves, and trust in each other"—that to take up arms and fight the savages would be their ruin, that their duty was to come to an arrangement with the British Government, and to do so in a bold and manly manner.

Annexation was proclaimed on April 12, 1877, and met with peaceful acquiescence. Even the Boer leaders, the "irreconcilables," took office under the new government, with the exception of General Joubert, who refused to acknowledge himself a British subject, but Paul Kruger took pay as a British official. President Burgers, who had cast all his private fortune into the public treasury, retired to Cape Colony, and died there.

The annexation of the Transvaal cost England £6,000,000, including the cost of the war with Secocoeni, the Kaffir chief, who was threatening to pour his forces over the Transvaal border. The Republic owed £250,000; it had twelve shillings and six pence in its treasury. The Republic had no immediate means of meeting its debts, as the country burghers refused to pay their taxes. The whole country was paralyzed.

By 1879 it was relieved from debt, and peace and order were restored. But no sooner were the burghers freed from apprehension, no sooner were their farms safe from savages, and their land from bankruptcy, than their old race hatred of the English returned. The children of the trekkers had

been brought up in that tradition. It was patriotism to believe the British would oppress them. The editor of a Boer patriotic newspaper, reproaching his people for their change of views, reminded them that "a few months ago we said we would prefer confederation under the British flag, if the state of things then threatening was to continue. We know that a good and stable government is better than anarchy any day."

Unfortunately, Sir Theophilus Shepstone was succeeded by Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, a man severe and arbitrary. The Transvaal required a firm hand, but gentle treatment.

Until the power of the surrounding tribes had been broken and some sort of stability that seemed permanent had been restored, the Transvaal had hardly existed as a state. Its history subsequent to annexation may be said to be the personal history of its President. This being the case, and as in my series of Nineteenth-Century histories I have been always glad of an opportunity to introduce biography, I will offer some account of President Kruger, availing myself largely of an article in "McClure's Magazine" for June, 1900, by Mr. F. Edmund Garrett, a well-known South African editor.

Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger was born a British subject in Cape Colony in 1825. His grandfather, a German, was sent out by the Dutch East India Company to cultivate cabbages and to supply its ships with sauerkraut when they touched at the Cape on their way to the East Indies. He was an *Uitlander*, and as such was coldly received by the Dutch settlers of pure blood in Cape Colony. He married, however, a woman of their race, and by marriage and association he and his sons became completely naturalized. The father of Paul Kruger raised cattle on a farm on the frontier of the Colony. When the great Trek took place in 1837, he was not in one of the first companies; but afterwards he, and the companions with whom he travelled, had again and again to fight for their lives. They saved themselves only by putting up *laagers*. On one occasion they were attacked by five thousand Matabele warriors, and in

the fight that followed, Paul Kruger, still only a boy, took a man's part.

"In a square made by lashing some fifty wagons end to end, as many farmers with their wives and families waited the attack. The Boer wagons, in which the families lived and carried all they had, were massively built, and each was covered with a great tilt. There was good shelter in the square against *assegais*, which, though hurled in clouds, could only fall in the middle, and the interstices were well strengthened against the charge of naked men, by bunches of the thorny mimosa. The Boer men and boys manned the wagons and fired, not as soldiers fire, but as hunters. The women, close behind, kept reloading their guns. Again and again the enveloping mass of black warriors flung itself on the *laager*, only to be choked off by its own dead.

"The Boer marksmanship had been learned in a good, because a hard school. Ammunition had been precious in Cape Colony. Young Kruger, for instance, was accustomed to herd his father's sheep in a land of wild beasts, and had always been expected to bring home game in proportion to the powder he had burned. After terrible loss, the Matabele warriors drew off, and the farmers, who declare that they lost in the *laager* but two men, sang psalms of thanksgiving, as well they might."

In other engagements during the next two years, Paul Kruger took his part, and assisted in driving the Matabele out of the Transvaal into the country which is now known by their name.

The God of the Transvaal settlers was the God of Battles. One wonders sometimes if the great silver-clasped Bibles that we read of in their houses contain any New Testament, or whether between their covers they hold only the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. Certainly the Boers treated the savages in the spirit which animated the children of Israel in their dealings with the idolaters they found in Canaan. We know that daily, rising early, Mr. Kruger reads a chapter in his Bible. Can he ever have opened on that verse which, describing the good man, says: "He sweareth to his neighbor and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance?"

Here is an anecdote told of him by Mr. Fitzpatrick, referring to days when he contended with savages, and not with civilized men.

"Once when out hunting on foot — a young man then — Mr. Kruger, after climbing to the top of a kopje, found that he had been seen by a number of hostile natives who were then running towards him, some to climb the hill, others branching out to surround it. He knew that those on the flat could cut him off before he could descend, and that his only chance lay in 'bluff.' Stepping to the outermost ledge, in full view of the enemy, he calmly laid down his rifle, drew off first one and then the other of his *velschoens* (home-made hide shoes), and after quietly knocking the sand out of them, drew them on again. By this time the natives had stopped to observe him. He then picked up his rifle again, and, turning to an imaginary force behind the kopje, waved to the right, then to the left, as though directing them to charge round each end of the hill. The next instant the Kaffirs were in full retreat."

Could Minerva have inspired "wily Ulysses" with anything more admirable?

At sixteen Paul Kruger was a field cornet, and not many years after he was made a Commandant, or General.

The Boers who had made part of the great Trek, and had settled first in Natal, and then beyond the Vaal, looked on those who came after them as Uitlanders, and did their best to exclude them from any share in the government. This led to disputes, and to the establishment of four Republics, each with its President, though they elected members to one Volksraad. These Republics were Lydenburg, Zoutpansberg, Potchefstroom, and Utrecht, and they raised a flag of four colors, which is still the flag of the Transvaal. The Republic of Potchefstroom was the original Republic. Its President was Pretorius, and Paul Kruger, then thirty years of age, was second in command of its forces. With President Pretorius, he planned to annex Orange Free State to the Potchefstroom Republic, and Kruger made a raid into its territory. He crossed the Vaal, and marched toward Bloemfontein. The expedition,

as it waited on the borders of a river, was attacked by the citizens of one of the rival republics. Peace was made, and Free Staters who had joined the raid were, by the intercession of Paul Kruger, let off with fines. The story of the Jameson Raid seems not unlike this incident, with the parts of the actors reversed.

At one time Paul Kruger fled for his life into the Orange Free State. "For ten years the Transvaal was an administrative chaos, with revolts, arrests, rescues, and rampant factions."

Pretorius was made President of the Transvaal, that is, of the united republics, when they at last consented to federation; but he lost his position in 1860. Kruger was ambitious to succeed him; but his party was not in the ascendant, and the burghers made another choice. A Dutch pastor, T. F. Burgers, accused of heresy by the Cape Colony synod, had found an asylum in the Transvaal. He was elected President, though both Kruger and Joubert seemed to have stronger claims. Burgers was a man of education, and of views far more progressive than those of Kruger, who was head of the Dopper party, that is, of the religionists who abhorred progressive ideas and modern improvements. Burgers desired to promote railroads and education. He courted immigration, and endeavored to bring about national solvency. In vain! His people *would not* pay their taxes, and his enemy Kruger thwarted him at every turn.

Not only did the Boer farmers decline to support their government financially, but at length, in the outbreak of a long war with the Kaffir chief Secocoeni, they refused to fight, and their unhappy President implored some of them to shoot him, after an affair which he thought had covered him and his people with disgrace.

In 1877, there seemed to half the population of the Transvaal no hope but to implore protection from the strong arm of England, which had taken no part in their internal affairs.

Above all things Kruger, with his following of back-

country farmers, desired to get rid of Burgers and his progressive party.

Four years after the annexation in 1877, by which time the Transvaal Boers had reaped all the benefits for which they had bartered what they now call their "independence," they repented of their bargain. We remember the lines by Andrew Marvell, so amusingly quoted by George Canning in a solemn diplomatic despatch —

"In matters of bargain the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much."

This seems to have been exemplified in the conduct of their descendants in South Africa.

In 1881, England made over the Transvaal by deed of gift to its inhabitants; but in consideration of the lives lost and the expense incurred in the defence of its people, and their rescue from financial difficulty, the English Government made some conditions. The Queen was to be acknowledged suzerain of the Transvaal State; and an English resident was to live in Pretoria. He was to have no power to interfere in internal affairs, any more than if he were a consul or an ambassador, but all foreign relations, whether with surrounding tribes, or with civilized nations, were to be in his hands. All white men were to have equal rights with the burghers, and to pay equal taxes. There was to be no slavery in the Transvaal; the blacks were to be well treated. The boundaries of the State should be laid down by commissioners, and no trek or invasion beyond these boundaries should be permitted. There also were some other clauses of less importance in the Convention.

"Meantime, with the revival of trade and the removal of responsibilities and burdens, came time to think and talk. Agitators of the malcontent party, headed by Mr. Kruger, stirred up the country. Kruger had his private grudge against the English Government, for, as one of its officials, he had been repeatedly refused an increase of salary. 'A striking instance,' says a recent writer, 'of the possible expensiveness of a small economy.'"

Moreover, there was a general impression throughout the Transvaal that England would annul the Convention, and deliver the country over to the party of malcontents. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach wrote home in April, 1879, "The idea that we shall somehow be compelled, or induced, to abandon the country has taken great hold on the minds of the more intelligent men in the Transvaal. . . . But there is great practical difficulty in conveying to the minds of this people any idea of the real power of the government."

Anti-annexation delegates were sent to England toward the end of 1883, for the purpose of conferring on the Convention of 1881, and obtaining relief from some of its conditions. The mission was composed of three men, the principal of whom was Paul Kruger. At once they were told that their request for independent sovereignty must be absolutely refused, that is, that the right of the Queen to veto their foreign treaties must be maintained; but modifications were granted in regard to minor points named in the convention; for example, an English resident to superintend the foreign relations of the Boer Government was no longer to reside in Pretoria, and the Transvaal was to be officially recognized as the South African Republic.

A second convention, modifying that of 1881, was signed in London, February 27, 1884.

As an outcome of this negotiation Mr. Kruger, then resident in London in a fashionable hotel, published in the London newspapers a cordial invitation to all Englishmen who cared to settle in the Transvaal, promising them welcome, protection, and equal rights with the Dutch inhabitants.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, speaking of this visit to London, says:

"There occurred an incident which provides the answer to Mr. Kruger's oft — *too* oft — repeated remark that 'the Uitlanders were never asked to settle in the Transvaal, and are not wanted there.' Messrs. Kruger and Smit were staying at the Albemarle Hotel, where they found themselves, after some weeks' delay, in the uncomfortable position of being unable to pay their hotel bill. In their extremity, they applied to one

Baron Grant, at that time a bright particular star in the Stock Exchange firmament. Baron Grant was largely interested in the gold concessions of Lydenburg, so he was willing to assist, but on terms. And the *quid pro quo* which he asked was some public assurance of good will, protection, and encouragement to British settlers in the Transvaal. Mr. Kruger responded, on behalf of the Republic, by publishing in the London press the cordial invitation and welcome, and promise of rights and protection to all who would come, so frequently quoted against him of late."

He also visited Holland and Germany, and invited immigration.

In 1881, the Transvaal had been governed by a triumvirate, three men of different views and mutual jealousies, Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius. But Kruger's was the dominant authority. In 1883, he was elected the first President of the South African Republic, and he has since been re-elected three times, five years being the Presidential term.

His election in 1883, when he was opposed by Joubert, was fraudulently managed. Joubert, who was really the choice of the Volksraad, whose twenty-six members could alone vote for President, lost heart. He and his party were bitterly disappointed, but remembering that once before in the history of the Transvaal similar tampering with the electoral vote had led to civil war, Joubert, two years later, said, speaking of the matter, "It was a wrong, an unrighteousness, but I could not commit another wrong and unrighteousness on my part, by shedding blood."

Mr. Kruger at this crisis not only tampered with the electoral vote for President, but with the vote of the burghers of the first class, who elected the Volksraad; so that he packed that body with men who would vote for whatever might please him. He also forced a judge on the Supreme Bench, in opposition to a general protest from members of the bar.

However justly in late years Mr. Kruger has condemned

the filibustering expedition of Dr. Jameson into his borders, he had no scruple earlier in his term of office in encouraging similar raids into lands that lay within the British sphere of influence, whose boundaries had been laid down by the Convention. In defiance of the stipulation that trade and commerce should be freely carried on between the South African Republic and Cape Colony, he at one time closed the fords by which alone the Vaal River could be crossed, in order to stop all commerce with the British Colony, and oblige all trade with the Transvaal to pass over Portuguese territory, in order to build up the profits of a new railroad in which he was pecuniarily interested.

Unfortunately, after annexation, under the administration of Sir Theophilus Shepstone's successor, the British Government had given the Boers some cause to lay up grievances. Sir Bartle Frere wrote to his wife from Pretoria in April, 1879: "It is clear to me that it is not so much the annexation, as neglect to fulfil the promises and expectations held out by Shepstone when he took over the government, that has stirred up the great mass of Boers, and given a handle to agitators."

Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been looked upon by the Boers as their friend. He was welcomed by thousands when, as the representative of Great Britain, he entered Pretoria, but agitation was carried on unceasingly between the factions. One was for "independence," the other favored annexation; one was for an advance on the lines of modern progress, the other was for isolation, for stiff-necked adherence to old-fashioned ideas, and a misinterpretation of the Old Testament system, which directed the Chosen People to come out, and to be separate from other nationalities.

After the Convention of 1884, the objects kept to the fore by the party of agitation somewhat changed. Complete independence—the independence of a sovereign State, and abrogation of the Queen's suzerainty—was the war cry, though apparently there had been no exercise of

her rights as the Republic's suzerain. The Boers say that the word suzerainty did not appear in the Convention of 1884. But it was a perfectly well understood thing, both by the delegates and their people, that its abrogation had been absolutely and peremptorily refused at the first meeting held by the delegates with members of the English Government.

In 1886, there was so much dissatisfaction in the Republic that the farmers again refused to pay their taxes, and there seemed danger that the Transvaal might relapse into bankruptcy; when suddenly a way was found by which not only might the taxes be paid by other people, but every burgher would find himself possessed of money, at the price of admitting outsiders with modern ideas of money-making into the Republic. Thereupon Mr. Kruger applied himself to the problem, how could these outsiders — Uitlanders, as they were called — be kept under a yoke, and debarred from all participation in the government, while they provided the burghers with the blessings of wealth and prosperity?

"The Boer wanted revenue, personal aid from the state, large salaries and pickings for the most favored class, and arms of the latest pattern. The question was how to give the Uitlander free play enough to get these desirable things out of his exertions, while yet keeping all governing power in Boer hands."

Speaking of the monopoly of power by the Boer farmers, "Its loss," said Mr. Kruger, "would be worse than annexation." In vain Sir Alfred Milner urged him to adopt reforms.

In the election of 1893, it was proved that in politics Boers "not faithful to the country," in other words not faithful to Doppe rule, not followers of Mr. Kruger or in sympathy with his policy, — counted for nothing.

"The land and the people for whom Paul Kruger had worked and lived, mean really a few thousand families of Franco-Dutch

extraction, speaking a Dutch *patois*, all cattle-keepers or officials, sometimes both, connected by ties of marriage, of sectarianism, and political patronage."

But a change was coming which altered these conditions, and roused a real feeling of patriotism among the Boers.

CHAPTER VI

THE JAMESON RAID

WHEN, in 1894, in "Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century," I wrote about South Africa, I told of the Diamond Mines at Kimberley (beyond the borders of the South African Republic), and of the gold fields of Johannesburg discovered in 1885, four years after the first London Convention restored independence to the Transvaal State, subject only to the suzerainty of the Queen in its foreign relations. In 1884, the Transvaal obtained some concessions in the line of independence, and assumed the name of the South African Republic, instead of the Republic of the Transvaal.

When we speak of independence we must not forget that the word conveys to the Boer a meaning unlike what it does to the rest of the world. *We* mean by independence, a condition in which a state continues forever self-governing and prosperous — a true Republic. To a Boer, it means the domination of the high-class burghers in the state, — the Boer party being composed of the rude farmers of the veldt, and an oligarchy of office-holders at Pretoria. "Until European people realize how very divergent are their interpretations of 'independence,'" says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "they will not have begun to understand the Transvaal questions."

The adult male Uitlanders in 1896 largely outnumbered the same class among the Boers. All sorts of small exactions were made on foreigners after the establishment of the South African Republic. Every four-pound loaf paid a tax of fourpence, every half pound of butter paid sixpence, every four pounds of meat or potatoes paid a shilling. In

addition to these lesser taxes, were the immense sums extracted from the pockets of the miners by monopolies in dynamite and mining machinery.

The Transvaal State, in 1881, was re-established ; its trade was restored ; its enemies were crushed, for Secocoeni and Cetewayo were defeated and their power was broken. The debts of the Transvaal were paid, or made a debt to England to be paid when possible. But, ignoring these obligations, the oligarchy representing the Boer Government was resolved to keep all power in its own hands. The franchise was granted only to male descendants of eight thousand Boers who had trekked into the country before annexation in 1877. In 1896, these voters, supposed to represent a population of more than seven hundred thousand whites, were only twenty-two thousand.

Among the stipulations of the Convention of 1881 was one that the people of the Transvaal should not trek beyond their own borders, should not endeavor to annex neighboring native States, which were all in the British "sphere of influence." Not many months elapsed after the Convention was signed before Boers raided the territory of native chiefs in British Bechuanaland and attacked Mafeking. President Kruger even put forth a proclamation placing this territory under his own rule. This open defiance of the agreement, signed and sealed by the Boer President and his Volksraad, was too much even for Mr. Gladstone, who demanded that the Transvaal Republic should withdraw its proclamation and evacuate the country it had attempted to annex. An expedition under Sir Charles Warren was sent to hold Bechuanaland "at a cost," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "of over a million and a half to the British tax-payer."

In Zululand and other neighboring States, the Boer Government tried to do the same thing ; but all their attempts to annex territory which would give them an outlet to the Indian Ocean proved unsuccessful.

Again and again the Uitlanders petitioned for a redress of grievances, and for recognition of their rights according

to the Convention of 1884. They were met by the stern words of President Kruger, "Never — never — never."

At last they began to form what was called the National Union, at Johannesburg. For a long time capitalists in the country refused to take part in it; in the event of disturbances they dreaded to incur losses. Not all who joined this league were Uitlanders; many were Boers who disapproved the policy of the President and of his Volksraad; the latter consisted of two chambers, each composed of twenty-seven men. The members of the upper chamber, called the Executive Council, were entirely dependent upon President Kruger's will.

While the sums raised by taxes, concessions, and other means were enormous, the Government was constantly complaining of poverty. Even its extravagance did not seem to account for the disappearance of vast sums. The truth, as we know it now, was that from and after 1884 President Kruger, anticipating a struggle to abrogate the suzerainty of the Queen, and cherishing an ambitious project of becoming himself the suzerain of the Federated States of South Africa, had been making secret purchases in Europe of enormous quantities of modern warlike material, cannon of the latest pattern, quick firing, and of great force, besides rifles of the most recent make. These things, secretly imported through Lorenzo Marquez, were stored with great secrecy when they reached the Transvaal. If Englishmen showed any disposition to view the armament of the Republic, they were taken unhesitatingly to one or two arsenals where were stored all sorts of out-of-date arms and rusty, antiquated cannon. These they were encouraged to look over and examine. Consequently when Sir William Buller, Military Commander in Cape Colony, learned something of the truth, and informed his government that great stores of warlike material had been imported from Europe, and were hidden away in the Transvaal, he was reproved for being an alarmist, and the authorities assured him that they had very different reports from their own confidential agents, who had been

freely permitted to examine and explore the arsenals in the Transvaal.

Up to the autumn of 1895, a constitutional agitation for the rights of the unenfranchised portion of the population was persistently carried on by the Transvaal National Union. I have said this body did not contain many of the Johannesburg capitalists; they abstained from joining an association looked on with suspicion by the Government and by a large party of the Boers. Yet the majority of the Boers would not have taken any active steps to oppose the Uitlanders, had it not been for Dr. Jameson's unfortunate invasion of the Transvaal, at the head of a body of armed men.

The small body of voters supposed to represent public opinion in the Transvaal jealously guarded their right to vote, which was their patent of nobility, their engine of power, and it may not unfairly be added, the source of their wealth.

To bestow the franchise upon settlers from foreign lands, whether from South African States or distant countries, was to them a proportionate loss of what they called "independence," the right of the party in power to do whatever it might please. But although, up to 1895, capitalists and wealthy land-owners refused to contemplate any ultimate resort to violent measures, they began to adopt the views of the Reform party after the Volksraad had announced its fixed intention to grant no redress of grievances, — no measure of reform. To attempt to obtain relief by any method of petition, deputation, or appeal to the Convention of 1884 was, for the Uitlanders, who paid nine-tenths of the taxes of the Republic, kicking against the pricks. President Kruger recognized this as early as 1892, when he dismissed an Uitlander deputation which waited on him, with the words: "Go back and tell your people that I shall never give them anything. I shall never change my policy. And now let the storm burst."

Subsequently, in 1894, when the Raad received a petition for the redress of grievances signed by thirty-two thousand

Uitlanders, it replied that if the signers wanted the franchise they must fight for it.

Up to the time of the Jameson Raid, the most dissatisfied settlers in the South African Republic were the South African Uitlanders.

"These men, born in South Africa or having spent the best years of their lives there, felt extremely bitter against the Boer Government, and were moved by feelings that were not in any way connected with material gain. With them were closely associated men of all nationalities who had determined to make their homes in the Transvaal, and who there formed the class which has been disparagingly referred to as the 'political element.' . . . They were the men who meant to have a hand in the future of South Africa; after them came a much larger class whose interest in the reforms was based mainly on the fact that they suffered from the abuses and over-taxation of the government."

To these we may add another class, mere mineworkers, whose interest in the Transvaal was temporary, who had no intention of dwelling there, and who for the short time it might take them to accumulate their "pile" were ready to pay anything the Government pleased for the privilege of protection. These men, during the last two years, have been widely scattered over the United States, England, and other countries. All deprecate the war which has ruined them. All say, "Why could not the Uitlanders have let things alone?"

The capitalists in Johannesburg were looked to by such Boers as were progressive, to aid reform by peaceful means, and to use all their influence against rash and violent measures. They were withheld from these last by a sense that their interests could not but suffer if a revolutionary frenzy took possession of Johannesburg; but there was nothing to debar them from endeavoring to promote reforms which would benefit them equally with every honest man in the community. Proprietors of mines resident in Cape Colony and in England had many millions invested in the Transvaal, and were of course heavy sufferers in the

existing state of things which affected the mining industry. As business men, they were anxious for reforms, but not for revolution. But as hopes of reform grew less, revolutionary instincts grew stronger. Arrangements were made with Dr. Jameson, the military commandant in Rhodesia, who was to muster a force of fifteen hundred men with Maxims and field artillery on the frontier of the Transvaal, while Johannesburg was to smuggle in five thousand rifles, three Maxims, and a million rounds of ammunition. This, with one thousand rifles already in the hands of the men of Johannesburg, would, it was thought, be a sufficient armament.

The original plan, concerted with Dr. Jameson during a visit he paid his brother, was that the men of Johannesburg should first seize Fort Pretoria, which dominated the city. It chanced that the surrounding wall of the fort had been thrown down on one side to make certain alterations. The garrison was only one hundred men. A great store of rifles was known to be laid up in the arsenal.

No one now attempts to justify the invasion of the Transvaal by an armed force under Dr. Jameson.¹ So long as the dispute was confined to Uitlanders resident in the Transvaal, the sympathy of every one was with the oppressed. It was the alliance with foreign invaders that forfeited their sympathy. The plan of the Reformers was to call in Dr. Jameson in case they found themselves hard pressed by the burghers; but when Dr. Jameson visited Johannesburg in September, 1895, a scheme for simultaneous action had been drawn out.

In November of the same year, the Doctor again visited Johannesburg, where his brother was a member of the Reform Committee, and there a letter signed by Messrs. Lionel Phillips, Francis Rhodes, John Hay Hammond, and George Farrar was handed to him. It asked him to participate in a revolutionary movement to be organized in

¹ Friends resident in England at the time of Jameson's Raid have assured me it was universally condemned. They had not heard one word said in sympathy with it.

Johannesburg. The letter was not dated until it was published in the "Times" in London, when it purported to have been written on Dec. 20, 1895.

The first arrangement was that Jameson should leave Mafeking two days before the intended outbreak in Johannesburg. But finally it was settled that he must not move until he received the signal from the Reform Committee. There was no question in men's minds about assisting Dr. Jameson,—he was coming to assist the Johannesburgers, not they him. But things during the closing weeks of 1895 were not what had been expected. The Johannesburg men failed to smuggle many rifles into their city, and Jameson's fifteen hundred men shrank to a bare five hundred. The first movement was to have been to take Fort Pretoria; but an important preliminary remained to be adjusted, and two leading members of the Reform Committee were sent to Mr. Cecil Rhodes at Cape-town to settle it. If the object of the expedition was "not to deprive the Boer of his independence, or the State of its autonomy," then the Union Jack was not its proper flag. The Union Jack was the flag of annexation, hauled down with shame and pain by the British in 1881.

Mr. Rhodes returned the Reform Committee a vague answer. He said, that it was "all right about the flag;" but those who had joined the movement with the understanding that the Transvaal flag¹ was to be maintained did not consider the assurance of Mr. Rhodes, that it was all right about the flag, as satisfactory.

"Among the Reformers there had always been a considerable section who regarded the alliance or arrangement with Dr. Jameson as a very doubtful advantage. It was this section that strongly and successfully opposed the suggestion that he should start before an actual outbreak. The difference of opinion was not such as to cause division in the ranks, but

¹ A reminiscence of the period in which four Republics existed in the Transvaal is found in the "Vierkleur," or four-colored Transvaal flag.

just sufficient to keep alive discussion as to how the common aim could be achieved without risk of the complications which external aid in the initial stages would be sure to cause. To this feeling of doubt was added a sense of distrust when Dr. Jameson's impatience and importunity became known, and when the question of the flag was raised, there were few among those concerned in the movement who did not feel that the tail was trying to wag the dog."

There was much jealousy felt by the Afrikaner settlers in the South African Republic, who were Dutch from Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, against the favor shown by the Boer Government to Hollanders and Germans. The truth was, that it was through Hollanders and Germans that Mr. Kruger was negotiating for more war material, — Long Toms, Maxims, and rifles of the newest pattern. These men were not willing to fight except as revolutionary reformers under the Transvaal flag.

In the last week of December, 1895, letters, messages, and telegrams poured in on Dr. Jameson, all urging him to wait at Mafeking, and at his camp at Pitsani, until he should be called upon to advance by the people at Johannesburg; and counter-communications were received from him daily revealing impatience, and a desire, if not an intention, to act in opposition to the wishes and warnings of the Reform Committee.

On Sunday morning, 29th December, 1895, Mr. Jameson, brother of the Doctor, received a telegram couched in such secret terms, and so mutilated in transmission, that its meaning was not clear. However, it seemed to say, "I shall start without fail to-night." Immediately two messengers, Major Heany and Captain Holden, were despatched to tell him by no means to carry out this intention. The Johannesburg people made no doubt he would receive this message before starting, and would not dare to invade the Transvaal in defiance of their wishes.

Meantime, it became generally known at Pretoria and Johannesburg that something was on foot. President Kruger is said to have suspected it for some time, but his

policy, as he often said, was to let the tortoise put out his head if you want to cut it off.

A young girl who had a lover in the Bechuanaland police is said to have received a letter telling her to expect a visit from him soon, together with many comrades, on their way to Johannesburg. How true this may be, it is not easy to say, for other accounts tell us that the Bechuanaland police had no knowledge of where they were to be led, and thought it was against some native chief who was interfering with the railroad.

However, Jameson began his march from his camp at Pitsani and from Mafeking, on Sunday evening, Dec. 29, 1895.

An old burgher, a few days before this, had spoken to the President, telling him that rumors were afloat as to a possible invasion. Mr. Kruger answered that he had heard of the threatened rising, but did not believe it, adding his favorite metaphor about the tortoise and its shell. Meantime, however, he had sent hurried riders to all villages on the road between Johannesburg and Mafeking, calling on the burghers to hold themselves in readiness, each man on his horse, with his rifle at his back, ready for what might happen.

Deputation after deputation, in the last weeks before the storm burst, urged the President to give way and grant the reforms, which were everywhere acknowledged to be just and necessary. All met with rebuffs; some were scornfully treated. A second deputation of Americans, undismayed by the rough treatment of the first, waited on Mr. Kruger. On seeing them, he was in a state of great irritation. He told them it was impossible to grant the franchise to Uitlanders, American, British, or others. He would lose his power if he did so. The Government would no longer be in his hands. A member of the deputation said: "Surely if we take the oath of allegiance, you will trust us?" The President hesitated a moment, then said: "This is no time to talk about these things: I can promise you nothing."

On Monday, December 30, mysterious telegrams were received by leaders in the Reform movement, and at last, —

“Between four and half-past four Monday afternoon, Mr. A. L. Lawley came hurriedly into the room where several of the leaders were met, saying, ‘It is all up, boys. He has started in spite of everything. Read this!’ . . . The Reformers realized that by taking the initiative Jameson seriously impaired the justice of the Uitlanders’ cause. . . . He had plunged them into a crisis for which, as he knew, they were insufficiently provided and prepared, and at the same time destroyed the one chance, — the one certainty on which they had always counted for arms and ammunition, — he made the taking of the Pretoria Arsenal impossible.”

Nor did Jameson bring with him fifteen hundred men ; he had between five and six hundred.

Taken by surprise as the men of Johannesburg were at this outbreak of a revolutionary war and a foreign invasion, they at once bestirred themselves to defend and hold their town. They never expected that a well-equipped force of (as they thought) seven hundred men, provided with artillery, would fail, at least, to reach them.

Many men who had held aloof from the Reform movement came forward to take part in Johannesburg’s defence and to assist in police work, for danger of disorder was increased by the influx of natives, thrown out of employment by the closing of the mines. By the exertions of this improvised police, perfect order was maintained in Johannesburg as long as the troubles lasted. The committee had only three thousand rifles, and twenty thousand men clamored for guns. The drinking places where liquor was sold by Kaffir canteen-keepers to Kaffirs, in defiance of the law, were closed, and their stocks confiscated, the Reform leaders taking all responsibility, and agreeing to pay the owners for any loss.

Meantime, while doubt and perplexity were agitating the inhabitants of Johannesburg, Dr. Jameson read to his men the letter he had had undated in his hands for two months.

This letter summoned him to the assistance of the Johannesburgers; his men supposed that it had just been received. He told them he expected to enter Johannesburg without bloodshed, before his movements were suspected by the Boers. Some of them asked him if they were to fight under the English flag and by the Queen's orders. They were assured that they were going to fight for the supremacy of the British flag in South Africa.

Captain Holden, the man who bore a peremptory message from the Reform committee, warning Dr. Jameson that he must not start, reached Mafeking on Saturday night, December 28, delivered his message, and remained with the column. Major Heany came by a roundabout way by special train to Mafeking, and thence hurried to the camp Jameson had established at Pitsani. He too remained with the column, and was taken prisoner. His message, which he delivered accurately, made little impression on Dr. Jameson, who had already completed his plans.

The Doctor's own explanation of his movement was, "We are simply going to protect everybody, while they change the present dishonest government, and take vote from the whole country as to form of government required by the whole."

The great military fault of the leaders of this most regrettable expedition was that they hurried forward their men without giving them time for rest or food. It was not until they had covered one hundred and thirty miles, that they came in contact with the Boers; but on the march the men became so weary that, the moment a halt was called, they dropped from their saddles, and lay asleep upon the ground.

A trooper from Johannesburg, sent with letters to Jameson and his officers, was taken prisoner by the Boers, but after a detention of some hours he was sent on with his letters under escort. Uninfluenced by the messages that this man brought, the bugles sounded, and the column moved on. Shortly after this it captured Lieutenant Eloff, a grandson of President Kruger, who had been sent with nine men to make a reconnaissance. He was released



LORD KITCHENER.

after a short detention, and soon after found himself with a considerable Boer force that was moving on Krugersdorp.

Next came a despatch from Sir Jacobus de Wet, British Agent at Pretoria, warning Dr. Jameson to return to Mafeking, to which was sent this reply: "My men and horses are without food. We could not possibly retire the way we came, but must press forward."

Dr. Jameson appears not to have expected help from Johannesburg, and at first seems to have discouraged it. At last, however, he said, "Two hundred men to escort us into Johannesburg would make us look less like pirates, and would encourage my men, who are in great heart, though a bit tired."

So they went forward to Krugersdorp, which they reached at 3 P.M., on Wednesday, the first day of the year 1896. Had they made their way through a small Boer force posted at Krugersdorp, and pushed on all night along the straight road to Johannesburg, they might have reached it safe. Unfortunately they had picked up two Boers to act as guides. These men betrayed them. They led them by a long detour—to avoid, as they said, the force posted at Krugersdorp—to Doornskop, where a strong force of Boers was waiting, posted on a cluster of kopjes.

Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby, who commanded the troops, pursued the plan which has since been found so disadvantageous to European troops when fighting Boers. They made a front attack, never doubting that they could carry the position. But, in order to attack, the men had to advance over perfectly open, gently-sloping grassy ground, while the Boers lay hid behind rocks, and fired with rifles, Maxims, and artillery upon their assailants. Dr. Jameson, after making a desperate effort to get through, surrendered; and, says Captain Younghusband, the correspondent of the "Times" who came up from Johannesburg, —

"We saw his brave little band riding dejectedly back again to Krugersdorp without arms and surrounded by a Boer escort. . . . It was evident that probably no one had ever started on a more desperate venture than had this daring little force, and

they gained by their gallantry the admiration not only of the Boer burghers who spoke to me, but of the whole town of Johannesburg. These Boers—rough, simple men dressed in ordinary civilian clothes, with merely a rifle slung over the shoulder to show they were soldiers—spoke in feeling terms of the splendid bravery shown by their assailants. They were perfectly calm, and spoke without any boastfulness, in a self-reliant way. They said, pointing to the ground, that the thing was impossible, and hence the result.”

The total loss of Dr. Jameson’s little force was about twenty. The Boer commandant on this occasion was P. A. Cronjé, who wrote to Sir John Willoughby, the military commander of the invading force, —

“If you will undertake to pay the expense which you have caused the South African Republic, and if you will surrender with your arms, then I shall spare the lives of you and yours.”

The answer was, —

“I accept the terms, on the guarantee that the lives of all will be spared. I now await your instructions as to how and where we are to lay down our arms. At the same time I would ask you to remember that my men have been without food for the last twenty-four hours.”

No sooner was this arranged, and the arms surrendered, than another officer, Commandant Malan, came up and reproached Cronjé for his promise to spare his prisoners’ lives, saying that they ought to be handed over to General Joubert, the Commander-in-chief, and the War Council, who would know how to deal with them.

“There was much ill-feeling about this ; and a sharp altercation among the Boers took place in the presence of the officers who had surrendered ; many disapproved of Cronjé’s action, and threats were uttered against Jameson and his men. The Doctor declined to be present at the discussion, but bowed and walked away.”

Cronjé had had a bad reputation among the British before that time, for acts he had committed in the war of 1881. Now that twenty years later he is a prisoner at St. Helena,

we are rather inclined to look upon him as a hero. However, under the threats and disapproval of Commandant Malan, he increased the severity of his terms of surrender, saying that he only meant to guarantee the lives of Dr. Jameson and his men so long as they were in his hands.

The rank and file had been marched before this into Krugersdorp, where they were treated kindly. Provisions were given them, which they ate like starving men; in many cases on the march the Boers had given them from their own scant stores food to stay their hunger; while all expressed for them great respect, and admiration of their bravery.

Here we see what has been further exemplified during the late war, that, in general, individual Boers have shown to their opponents a kindly spirit, but that the Boer Government has paid no respect to promises, and its high officials who held office under Mr. Kruger are not only treacherous but cruel.

We cannot but say in connection with the Jameson incident that the prisoners were treated with every consideration by their captors, until they were delivered into the hands of the authorities in Pretoria. Dr. Jameson indeed was threatened by some unruly persons in the streets of Pretoria, but he was protected by the officers in charge of him. "It must be said of the Boers that they acted with admirable self-restraint and dignity in a position such as very few are called upon to face."¹

President Kruger, however, was furious, bursting out into almost insane exclamations whenever the word *Uitlander* was pronounced in his presence. He was not likely to pay much respect to Cronjé's promises, when he habitually showed disregard for his own; but knowing that the Raid might be expected, and making preparations to meet it, "he showed great presence of mind, skill, and courage; and in quiet moments, when recalling all that happened at this period (if human at all), his Honor must indulge in a chuckle now and then to think how he jockeyed everybody."

At first the people in Johannesburg refused to believe in

¹ "The Transvaal from Within," by J. P. Fitzpatrick.

Dr. Jameson's surrender; no one had doubted his ability to force his way into their city. The populace was ready to march out, armed or unarmed, to rescue him, and blamed the Reform Committee for not having despatched men to his assistance.

When news reached Johannesburg that the Government of the Transvaal considered the surrender of Dr. Jameson and his men as unconditional, there was a frenzy of horror and indignation in the town. The first—and for a time the only consideration—was what could be done to secure the safety of the Doctor and his comrades.

It is unnecessary here to report the telegrams that passed between Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony, Mr. Chamberlain in London, and Sir Jacobus de Wet, the British Agent at Pretoria. The object of President Kruger and his government was to bargain for the surrender of all arms in Johannesburg, as a condition for keeping the promise made by Cronjé to spare the lives of the prisoners, whom he held as common convicts in Pretoria jail. The British Agent was advised that if all arms in Johannesburg issued under the authority of the Reform Committee were given up, Dr. Jameson and his men would be turned over to the British Government to stand their trial under English laws and receive due punishment. It was understood that no proceedings would be taken against leaders in the Reform movement, and that the grievances they complained of would be discussed. Believing that these promises, made to them through the English agent in Pretoria, could be relied on, members of the Reform Committee at once set themselves to collect the arms. The same evening, however, the principal leaders of the Reform movement were arrested, and the next morning all men belonging to the Reform Committee, sixty-four in number, were in custody. Nothing more, of course, was heard of the redress of grievances. The arms in Johannesburg had been honestly surrendered. The Reform leaders, misled by what was known as Mr. Kruger's *Forgive and Forget* proclamation, had been captured unawares, and were in the jail in Pretoria.

Nor was the fate of Dr. Jameson and his comrades by any means decided. Under all sorts of pretexts they were still detained. The English Government saw no reason for sending the whole five hundred men who had simply obeyed orders, to stand trial in England. The President replied that in that case they should have their trial in Pretoria. If so, it was to be apprehended that their fate would be deplorable. After much negotiation, telegraphic communication, and tergiversation, England was permitted to remove the prisoners to Durban, whence they were sent to England.

Dr. Jameson and his officers, on arriving in London (where, to say truth, they were received with a noisy demonstration of sympathy from the populace), were indicted under the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870. The soldiers and non-commissioned officers were acquitted. In July, Dr. Jameson and his officers were brought to trial, and, a verdict of guilty having been pronounced, they were sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, Dr. Jameson's sentence being for fifteen months. Their imprisonment was not very severe, and most of them were pardoned before their sentences expired.

Dr. Leyds, then on a roving mission in Europe, probably in a great measure to arrange for large purchases of arms, was extremely desirous to induce the English Government to indict Mr. Cecil Rhodes for conspiracy, and to take from him the managership of the Chartered South African Company. Dr. Leyds so far succeeded as to bring about a Parliamentary inquiry into the methods and management of the Chartered Company; but the public were not disposed to stir in the matter, and it went no further.

Sir Jacobus de Wet, who was a very old man, was succeeded by Mr. Greene, a younger Englishman; he, it was hoped, might prove a better match for the astute President, who had achieved a complete triumph, and still held sixty-four men, all of mark and social standing, in his hands.

I have not space to dwell upon the sufferings of these

gentlemen in Pretoria jail. A howling mob surrounded them as they were escorted to the prison. One man, nearly sixty years of age, was thrown down by an excited patriot, and kicked and trampled on before he could be rescued by his comrades. On arriving at the jail, the prisoners were treated like ordinary convicts, four or five men being incarcerated in single cells 9 feet long, 5 feet 6 inches wide, without ventilation or accommodation of any kind. In one instance, one of them, who was suffering from fever and dysentery, was locked up twelve hours in one of these cells with four others. Their jailer was a man named Du Plessis, a relation of Mrs. Kruger, and in constant confidential communication with the President. Of his brutalities I will not trust myself to speak. He was subsequently removed when his evil deeds had become notorious; but he was at once made, by Mr. Kruger, Inspector of Prisons.

It is not here necessary to go into an account of the trial of the Reformers, which began April 27, 1896, and lasted for some days. It was as unlike judicial proceedings in England and America as those of the late trial of Zola or the court-martial at Rennes. The judges of the Supreme Court in Pretoria were either unavailable or could not be relied on, and President Kruger had to import a judge from Orange Free State. His name was Gregorowski. He prepared himself beforehand with a black cap, in anticipation of his sentence. He conducted the case, not according to the laws in use in the South African Republic, but according to Dutch-Roman law, by which he could pass sentence of death upon the principal prisoners, if they were convicted. These were four in number, Lionel Phillips, Colonel Francis Rhodes, George Farrar, and John Hay Hammond.

Of the sixty-three prisoners, members of the Reform Committee at Johannesburg (originally 64, but one died in prison), 23 were Englishmen, 16 South Africans, 9 Scotchmen, 6 Americans, 2 Welshmen, 1 Irishman, 1 Hollander, 1 Bavarian, 1 German, 1 Canadian, 1 Swiss, and 1 Turk.

When Judge Gregorowski summed up, he stated that he

held the five men who had signed the letter of invitation to Dr. Jameson (kept in the Doctor's pocket for two months) responsible for the shedding of the blood of Boer burghers at Doornskop, and should therefore pass on the four before him the only punishment possible under the Roman-Dutch law, — namely, sentence of death, — and that whatever hope there might be for them lay in the merciful hearts of the Executive Council, and in the President's great magnanimity.

The sentence took every one in the court-house by surprise. The men who signed the letter had been advised to plead guilty, under the idea that by so doing they would escape with only nominal punishment. There was dead silence in the court-room.

“ It was only disturbed by the breaking down of persons in various parts of the hall, — officials, burghers, and the general public, — as sentence of death was passed, first, on Mr. Lionel Phillips, next, on Colonel Rhodes, then, on Mr. George Farrar, and lastly, on Mr. Hammond [the American]. The bearing of the four men won for them universal sympathy and approval, especially under the conditions immediately following the death sentence, when a most painful scene took place in court. Evidences of feeling came from all parts of the room, and from all classes of people, from those who conducted the defence, and from the Boers who were to have constituted the jury. The interpreter translating the sentence broke down. Many of the minor officials lost control of themselves, and feelings were further strained by the incident of one man falling insensible. Sentence was next passed upon the other prisoners: they were condemned to suffer two years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of £2000 each, or, as an alternative, suffer another year's imprisonment, and thereafter to be banished from the State for a period of three years. It was added that the question of the confiscation of their property would be one for the Executive to deal with.”

The manner of the judge when passing sentence drew from a sergeant of police the remark in the peculiar Dutch idiom: “ My God! he is like a dog; he has bitten, and chewed, and guzzled!”

The Reformers, without regard to the nature of their offence, their habits, race, age, or condition, were handed over to Du Plessis, to be treated like other criminals, for in a Boer prison no distinction is made.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was one of the sufferers, devotes a chapter to their life in jail. One man went mad, and though his fellow-prisoners took it in turns to keep a watch over him, he contrived to kill himself. Others were suffering from fever, diabetes, dysentery, and other maladies, but nothing was done to ameliorate their condition.

Persistent efforts were made to induce them — especially the four men sentenced to death — to petition for mercy. This was made a great point of by President Kruger, partly because he thought that such an appeal would imply a confession of guilt, and partly because he wished the world clearly to understand his magnanimity.

The first petition, drawn up under his own eye, was one in which they were made to admit the justice of their sentence, to express regret for what they had done, and to make promises to behave better in future. It closed with an obsequious and humiliating appeal to "the proved magnanimity of the Government." This petition all the prisoners refused to sign.

Mr. Kruger asserted that he must receive an appeal before he could even take notice of the existence of the prisoners. But his own law-officers told their counsel that no petition was necessary.

Day after day, the unfortunate men were harassed by importunities to reconsider their decision, and to put into the hands of the Government a document which would be a confession of guilt, and an acquiescence in the justice of their trial. Some poor fellows, for the sake of their wives and families, at last consented to sign a modified form of petition; but the four sentenced to death, and eleven others, absolutely refused. They even told those who signed, under a promise of immediate release, that promises made by Mr. Kruger were not to be relied on. They were right. The men who signed the document required of

them obtained only a commutation of their sentences of imprisonment; while the clemency of the Government toward the four men sentenced to death was shown only by a change of sentence to imprisonment for fifteen years.

Fifteen years of imprisonment in the Pretoria jail was tantamount to a slow death. Du Plessis himself told one of them that if all the rules of the prison were rigidly enforced, not one would be alive a month, for no white man could stand them.

Meantime sympathy for the prisoners throughout South Africa began to take a practical form. A petition for clemency with twenty thousand signatures had been summarily rejected. It was resolved to get up another petition to be carried in person to Pretoria, by the mayors of two hundred towns in South Africa, including some towns in Orange Free State. The mayors were on their way to Pretoria, an arduous journey to many of them, when President Kruger determined to checkmate them. He released the prisoners, except the four sentenced to death, and two others who to the last refused to sign any form of appeal. When the mayors reached Pretoria, there was nothing for them to do but to go home. No courteous recognition of their mission was accorded them; but they were admitted to an informal interview with the President "in the course of which he managed to insult and outrage the feelings of a good many of them, by lecturing them and giving utterance to very candid opinions as to their personal action and duties."

Each prisoner when released was required to pay his £2000 fine on the spot. He was also required to bind himself for the term of three years, reckoned from the day of his release, May 30, 1896, neither directly nor indirectly to meddle in the internal or external politics of the South African Republic.

One gentleman who had made this engagement was afterwards supposed to have broken it, by writing an article in the "Nineteenth Century Magazine," which was purely historical and narrative, designed only to correct some mis-

statements, published by Sir John Willoughby on the subject of the Raid. For this the Executive Council issued a decree of banishment against him; but as he was already domiciled in Europe, exile from the South African Republic did him no harm.

President Kruger was very desirous that the whole body of the released prisoners should wait on him, and thank him for his magnanimity. But most of the men were dead against taking any such action. They said that as they had been arrested by treachery, and condemned by arrangement, they recognized no obligation toward the President.

"They could see no magnanimity in a policy which had secured their arrest under the circumstances described, which inveigled them into pleading guilty to a nominal offence, and which imposed upon them a sentence such as that passed. They considered the enormous fine they were called upon to pay, to say nothing of the imprisonment which they had already suffered, wholly disproportionate to the offence, and their natural impulse was to avoid the man who was directly responsible for it all, or at least not to meet him, under circumstances so unequal, when they would be sure to be insulted, and would be obliged to suffer the insult in silence."

This opinion was well founded. A few of the released prisoners, urged by their friends, waited on Mr. Kruger, and had with him what has been since called "the dog interview," — for he said to them, "I sometimes have occasion to punish my dogs, and I find there are dogs of two kinds among them. Some of them who are good come back and lick my boots, others get away at a distance and snarl at me. I see that some are still snarling; I am glad you are not like them."

The interpreter hesitated to turn this into English, and the President, perceiving something was wrong, exclaimed, "Oh! that's only my joke. Don't interpret that to them." But those present who understood Boer Dutch saw by his expression as he spoke that he was in earnest.

Great pressure was brought on the four men condemned to death to induce them to "make a petition." It was

even a matter of dollars and cents with those who importuned them.

At length the four prisoners, having obtained permission to send a messenger of their own to the President, to ascertain whether he really required a written appeal for revision of their sentence, and receiving for answer that it was so, addressed a letter to the Executive Council in which, without using humiliating language, they suggested the imposition of a monetary penalty in place of fifteen years' imprisonment; and if the Executive Council saw fit to adopt this suggestion, they would return to their business in good faith.

But here a pious scruple suggested itself. To take money to set aside a death-sentence was, like Judas, to accept blood-money. However, the Boers and their President reasoned it out, and agreed that there would be no harm in *accepting a present*, if the prisoners would make their offer in those terms.

The Reformers were led to believe that £10,000 apiece, that is, £40,000 for the four (about \$194,000), would secure their release. But again there was a difficulty. The President was sure they must have meant to offer £40,000 apiece and not £10,000. When this was made known to them, they steadily refused to increase their offer.

The Executive Council then said that they must consult Judge Gregorowski as to the amount of money they ought to accept, that money to be used for objects of charity. Judge Gregorowski thought the Executive Council ought not to take less than £25,000 a head.

It was then suggested to the prisoners that they should increase their offer of £10,000 apiece to £40,000 apiece; that the President would then refuse to take for charity so large a sum, but would be glad to accept £100,000, being £25,000 apiece. Thus the matter was arranged, the fines were paid, and on June 11, 1896, the four leaders were released. They declined, however, to be grateful to the President, saying that they had paid their way out of prison, and looked on the arrangement as a bargain. It is

not known that any charities were benefited by the transaction.

Messrs. Phillips, Farrar, and Hammond went back to Johannesburg, making a promise to abstain from any interference, external or internal, in the politics of the Transvaal. But Colonel Rhodes preferred banishment, and was sent across the border under escort. A few weeks later he came near being shot in a skirmish with Matabeles near Bulawayo. He has since been with Kitchener in his march to Khartoum, and is now, I think, with Lord Roberts as a correspondent for a London newspaper.

Two men were left behind in prison, — Messrs. Sampson and Davies. They refused to make any appeal, and, concerning them, Du Plessis said openly, "Wait until the others have gone, and if the Government will leave them in my hands, I'll make them ready to sign anything."

They were released, however, a year later, in June, 1897. Such representations were made by Colonel Rhodes to the British High Commissioner for South Africa at Capetown that not long after the release of the other prisoners, the conduct of Du Plessis was brought by the English Government to the notice of the Executive Council. He was removed from Pretoria jail, and, as I have said he was shortly after made Inspector of Prisons.

CHAPTER VII

THE BOER WAR. LADYSMITH

FOR three years the Transvaal remained practically quiet ; but Johannesburg, under the Government's municipal regulations, became very unwholesome, — the police were inefficient, or were active only when an Uitlander was to be assailed, or even murdered. Mr. Edgar, for example, was shot down by a policeman in his own house, and the murderer received but a light punishment. The free sale of liquor to the natives, which, though illegal, was connived at by the authorities, produced great disorder at the mines and in the city ; but the Reformers had taken an oath to take no part in politics for three years, and therefore were powerless to interfere with the municipality of their own city.

President Kruger employed this time, and his large means, in accumulating munitions of war, until, besides his purchases of modern cannon, he is said to have had rifles enough to arm every Dutch-Afrikander, not only in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, but throughout Cape Colony. He had begun this system of laying up arms some time before the Jameson Raid ; but the Uitlanders were forbidden by law to import arms, and considered that prohibition one of their grievances.

President Kruger and Mr. Cecil Rhodes nourished rival schemes of ambition ; each would have liked to see a Federation of South African States, or a United States of South Africa. Mr. Kruger desired to be himself head of such a great Republic ; Mr. Rhodes wished a Federated South Africa to be an Imperial Federation, with his Cape to Cairo Railroad running through its midst. Neither

was very likely to get what he aspired to, but President Kruger's hopes were high. The Emperor William had sent him a telegram of congratulation on his victory over the Raiders at Doornskop, but soon becoming convinced that it was the aim of the Boer President to establish a Dutch Empire under the name of a republic in South Africa, he realized that Kruger's ambition would not stop short of annexing German West Africa, with its fine harbor on the Atlantic at Walvis Bay. He then discerned that his true policy would be to open up his colonies in Africa by cordial relations with the projector of the Cape to Cairo Railroad. He therefore received Mr. Cecil Rhodes at Berlin most graciously, discussed African problems with him in a private interview, and changed his views about the Boers.

After the Jameson Raid, Mr. Kruger missed his opportunity of consolidating his republic in the Transvaal. He might have conciliated the Uitlanders by a partial reduction of their grievances, for they were by no means anxious for any disturbances that would bring on war.

"We repudiated," says Mr. Hammond, the American leader on the Reform Committee, "any subversion of Boer sovereignty. It would have been impossible to have foisted the British flag or any other flag upon the inhabitants of the Transvaal; the Anglo-Saxon members of the community themselves would have forcibly resisted any such attempt."

There is little doubt that Mr. Kruger in his heart shared in the views that a Boer pastor at Burgheersdorp, professor in a school of Dopper Theology, expressed to Mr. Steevens on his way to the front in the beginning of the war.

"I do not think the Transvaal Government have been wise. I have many times told them so. They made great mistakes to let people into the mines. I told them, this gold will be your ruin to remain independent. But when that was done, what could they do? If they gave franchise, the Republic is governed by three, four men from Johannesburg, and they will govern it for their own pocket. The Transvaal burghers would rather be English Colony than Johannesburg Republic."

Mr. Kruger, more worldly-wise and practical than the Doppe pastor, governed also "for his own pocket." In 1886, the revenue of the South African Republic was less than a million; in 1899, it was twenty millions. Nor was he going to miss the opportunity offered him by the unhappy Raid. He had much to say of his own magnanimity in turning over Jameson and his men to be tried in England; but he made the most of his advantage in having the Reformers of Johannesburg in his hands. He brought in against the owners of the mines a bill of £677,938 3s. 3d. for actual damages caused by the Raid, besides one million pounds sterling for what he itemized as moral and intellectual damages. He did not set down as *per contra* the quarter million he extracted from his prisoners as fines.

If he desired to be chief of a Federation of Republics in South Africa, it surely showed want of statesmanship that he did nothing to conciliate the business inhabitants of Cape Colony or of the Free State. He addressed himself solely to the racial prejudices of the farmers on the veldt.

"In his dealings with Cape Colony he has taxed the products of their land and industry; he went to the verge of war to destroy their trade in the case of the closing of the Vaal River drifts; he has permitted the Netherlands Railway to so arrange its tariffs as to divert traffic from there to other parts; he has refused to these people (his own flesh and blood, among whom he was born) the most elementary rights when they settle in his country! . . . His treatment of the Orange Free State has been exactly the same. . . . But President Kruger is above all things practical. Everything is gauged by the measure of the advantage which it can bring to him; and within the borders of the Transvaal the policy is just the same."

"Nevertheless it is difficult to overestimate the influence of race feeling in moments of excitement," said a man in Cape Colony to Mr. Steevens. "It does not as a rule exist between man and man in our social relations, but the moment men are banded together it becomes intense."

Englishmen will stand by Englishmen, Americans by Americans, when in foreign lands. Blood is thicker than water, and the descendants of Dutchmen range themselves together.

The day will come, doubtless, when it will not be forgotten that Mr. Kruger has mishandled his tried friends, as well as his suspected foes. During the three years that succeeded the Raid, men who stood by him (possibly against their consciences) in the trial of the Reformers, fell out of his favor, and were insulted and discarded by him.

I have said nothing of his Hollanders, who were very unpopular in his Republic. To them were given the richest concessions and the best offices. Finding that his Boer cattle-raisers were for the most part incapable of strengthening his hands for the task of government, he imported from Holland and Germany (principally from the former) a class of adventurers whom he enriched and patronized.

As an illustration of the want of appreciation of the condition of the world beyond the frontiers of the Transvaal among the farmers of the veldt, we are told that in a remote part of the Republic, not long before the war began, a resolution was unanimously passed, and forwarded to the Government, urging an immediate invasion of England.

But indeed how should these people have gained knowledge? Their language cuts them off from the literature of other nations. They cannot even read Dutch; they have no literature of their own. They are neither led nor misled by the press, for very few newspapers are read among them. Their only book is the Bible, and the part of the Bible that most appeals to them chronicles the wars of God's chosen people, the Jews.

"A number of worthy people are still disposed to excuse many things in the Transvaal because of the extreme provocation given by the Jameson Raid. The restrictions upon English education are considered to be 'not unnatural when one remembers the violent attempt to swamp the Dutch.' The

excessive armaments are held to be 'entirely justifiable, considering what has happened.' The building of forts is 'an ordinary precaution.' The prohibiting of public meetings is 'quite wrong, of course, but can you wonder at it?' Many of these worthy people will no doubt learn, with pained surprise, that all these things were among the causes which led to the Reform Movement of 1895-6, and are not the consequences of that movement, as they erroneously suppose."¹

But although there were few newspapers or periodicals in the veldt, there were plenty of travelling agents, sent out to stir up sympathy, and spread misinformation among families who dwelt remote from towns or villages.

There is no evidence that the English Government had any intention of interfering with the internal affairs — the independence, so-called — of the South African Republic, any further than that it was endeavoring to negotiate for such legislation as would protect its citizens, just as it might have done with the government of any friendly power.²

Naturally the English Government was irritated by the evident intention of President Kruger to seek alliance (in spite of the Conventions) with the German Emperor; and also by the denial of all rights, social or political, to men who represented in the Transvaal the interests of Englishmen who had invested millions in what, but for their enterprise, would have been rocky, hilly, unproductive lands, and lastly by persistent attempts to excite restlessness in Natal and Cape Colony. The policy of obstructing highroads between the Transvaal and Cape Colony to promote the interest of railways that had obtained "concessions" from the Transvaal Government, was also very irritating, to say nothing of the opposition, easy to be foreseen, when

¹ "The Transvaal from Within," by J. P. Fitzpatrick.

² I remember when the English Government remonstrated with that of the United States about the treatment of colored sailors, natives of English West Indian islands, who when their ships put into South Carolina ports were imprisoned until the ship sailed. A difficulty arose because the English Government had no diplomatic relations with the Governor of South Carolina, and the President of the United States had no power to interfere with its local laws. The matter was somehow amicably adjusted.

the project of a Cape to Cairo Railroad should be put in operation.

For the consideration of these matters of dispute, a conference was held in March, 1899, at Bloemfontein between Sir Alfred Milner, the English High Commissioner for South Africa, and President Kruger.

After some pressure, the President consented to this meeting, in the hope, it is hardly uncharitable to think, of getting something for nothing. He gave nothing. He got nothing, however.

All through the summer of 1899, when the relations of England with the Transvaal seemed to be growing more and more strained, the English Government was urged to send troops to Cape Colony and Natal, to keep the Dutch Afrikaner population quiet, and to reassure the loyalists who looked to England for protection, as well as to be prepared for any eventuality. But the Government would not send any large number of troops to South Africa; it still had faith in the resources of diplomacy. It feared to excite war feeling in the Transvaal by premature military preparations, and, as loyalists in South Africa have since bitterly complained, it was not the first time that the English record in their land told of loyalists abandoned, rights ignored, duties neglected, and pledges forgotten. It was not the first time that England, in that part of her empire, had, in a frenzy of philanthropic feeling, abandoned her own.

The investigation by the English Parliament into the Jameson Raid was very much resented by inhabitants of the South African Republic and by their sympathizers; but it supplied Mr. Kruger with a hint that Parliamentary investigations might be so managed as to produce no results. He therefore yielded to pressure, and consented that the Volksraad should appoint an Industrial Commission, to inquire into the grievances of the Johannesburgers, whose existence he before that had repeatedly ignored.

The result of the investigation by the Industrial Com-

mission was wholly unsatisfactory to Mr. Kruger. The commission did its work most carefully. Its proceedings were conducted in a liberal spirit, but when the Report was sent into the Raad, there was a violent scene in the Chamber. The President openly and vehemently accused one of his supporters, Mr. Schalk Burger, of being a traitor, for signing such a report. The work of the Industrial Commission was set aside, and another more pliant commission was appointed.

Could the war have been postponed a year or two, it is probable that there must have been a reaction, for the President and his home policy were growing unpopular. But Mr. Chamberlain's reiteration of the word "suzerainty" was like a lighted match applied to dry wood piled to make a fire.

I have said nothing about the grievance of the monopolies, especially the monopoly of dynamite, by which the price to the mining companies was raised nearly two hundred per cent.

We talk of opposing trusts in this country, but we can show nothing like the multiplicity of trusts in the Transvaal. By the official list in 1899, there were trusts or monopolies on dynamite, railroads, spirits, iron, sugar, wool, bricks, crockery, paper, candles, soap, calcium carbide, oil, matches, cocoa, bottles, jam, etc.

But enough of these particulars. We will turn to matters relating to the war.

President Kruger, who thoroughly understood the art "of how not to do it," and also, as we may have seen in his dealings with his prisoners of the Reform Committee, how to pose as very magnanimous, assumed, in his conference with Sir Alfred Milner, the rôle of one who desires to maintain peace by offering concessions. He made repeated propositions regarding an enlargement of the franchise so as to include the Uitlanders, each proposition being accompanied by conditions that he knew would not be acceptable to or accepted by the English Government: for instance, that the Queen should resign her suze-

rainty; or that any Uitlander who desired the franchise must, after announcing his intention to be naturalized, also renounce allegiance to his own government, and wait seven years, — or five years, — as the citizen of no country, for the naturalization which, still under conditions, would enable him to vote in the Republic, — never for President, but only for a member of the lower house of the Volksraad.

Great complaints were made both by President Steyn, in the Orange Free State, and by President Kruger, about the movement of British troops to South Africa. Alas! the number of troops forwarded was inadequate, and their movement far too slow. The loyalists in Natal and Cape Colony were disheartened by what they thought showed little zeal for their protection. They fathomed Mr. Kruger's plans, and knew that they might expect invasion. On September 25, three weeks before the ultimatum had been put forth, — though it was already written, — the mobilization and concentration of the Boer forces on the Natal frontier had been ordered, Mauser rifles had been distributed to all the men and lads able to bear arms in the Transvaal, and all, even the youngest, were experienced marksmen.

On October 9, the ultimatum was sent by cable from Mr. Kruger to the Colonial Secretary in London, threatening to declare war if the terms he had proposed (already rejected in Great Britain as impossible and humiliating) were not accepted in forty-eight hours. In case of war, the Orange Free State, which had no cause of dispute with England, would side with the Transvaal, its race-interests being identical with those of the burghers in the South African Republic.

When the forty-eight hours had expired, a burgher force of eight thousand men, with Creuzot and Krupp guns of the newest patterns, which had been held in readiness on the Natal frontier, marched over the border and invaded British territory.

When your house is entered forcibly, what can be expected but that you should do your best to turn out the

burglar? Unfortunately for England, too much attention had been paid to the conscientious scruples of people at home, about provoking war by hostile demonstrations.

The Boer plan was to rush two armies into Natal, and, before England could be prepared to resist them, to gain possession of the coast and of its fine seaport, Durban. The design was very nearly accomplished.

All those Uitlanders in the Transvaal who would not serve in the commando of the district in which they lived were turned out of the country. Capetown, early in October, was full of them. "They were the miners of the Rand, — men who floated no companies, held no shares, made no fortunes, who had only wanted to make a hundred pounds, furnish a cottage, and marry a girl. They had been turned out of work, packed in cattle-trucks, and had come down in the sun by day, and in icy winds by night, with empty stomachs." Natives, too, who had worked in the mines were driven like cattle, with *sjamboks* (the hide whips of the country) into cattle trucks, more densely packed in them than the white men, and sent over the border into Cape Colony.

Strange to say, while negotiations with the English Government were in progress, many leading Boers sent their families to Capetown, that they might be in safety.

Offers of regiments came in to the English Government from the Colonies, and from Indian princes; Australia, Canada, and New Zealand offered contingents. At first these offers were not welcomed with enthusiasm. It was different after a little time. Volunteer corps were raised in South Africa and in Bechuanaland; preparations were made for defending the railroad to Kimberley and Mafeking. In Natal the Imperial Mounted Infantry and the Imperial Light Horse were recruited, many of their men being refugees from Johannesburg. There were twenty-five thousand reservists in Great Britain, men who had served their time in the army, and had received pensions on condition of rejoining their colors when wanted. Eighty per cent of these men at once flocked to their regiments. All

England was wild with enthusiasm. Every little village had its personal interest in the Boer war.

Happily before the war broke out India had despatched to Durban twelve thousand of her English troops. The Government decided not to employ black soldiers, either from Egypt, India, or the West Indies, and refused all offers of service from the Basutos or the Zulus. It was a war of white men; and savages or even disciplined colored troops were not to be employed.

Every one in England believed that of course the war would be a short one. It stood to reason that the resources of the British Empire would enable it to crush in a few months, if not in a few weeks, a little land-locked state that had no more population than a London suburb, or the city of Brighton. But the tiny state had much money to spend, and made large demands on foreign sympathy. Its little armies contained so many foreigners that its force amounted, according to the calculation of an American miner who took service among the Boers, to one hundred thousand fighting men. It had a large corps of German volunteers under Colonel Schiel (who, before long, was made a prisoner), and these men supplemented by modern methods of warfare the native tactics of the Boers, which were so well adapted to the country, and were so little understood by their English foes when the campaign opened.

The war in Natal was conducted by the Boers under General Joubert. The Transvaal people had always felt very bitterly the way in which their settlement of Natal, after hard fighting with the natives, had been taken out of their hands.

On October 12, the Free Staters entered Natal on the southeast, and the Transvaal commandos on its northern border, while Cronjé marched into Bechuanaland, threatening Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking. The Boer policy was to envelop the whole British force in Natal, while it was weak, to cut off railroad communications in its rear, and at the same time to separate the troops under General Sir W. Penn



MAJOR MARCHAND.

Symons, who guarded Glencoe and Dundee, from the main body at Ladysmith under General Sir George White.

Ladysmith is not a very defensible military position, for it is surrounded by hills which command the town; but it had been chosen as a depot for stores of food, clothing, and ammunition, because it was a railroad junction.

Its name was given to it out of respect for the wife of Sir Harry Smith, who was at one time a most popular administrator of the affairs of Natal as Governor of Cape Colony. Sir Harry, when a young subaltern, had been at the storming of Badajos, and had there succored two Spanish ladies, mother and daughter, who put themselves under his protection. He found means to send them to England, and subsequently the young girl became Lady Smith. It is a name that will long live in history.

On Oct. 20, 1899, four thousand men under General Sir W. Penn Symons, an officer who had distinguished himself in India in the Tirah campaign, were confronted in northern Natal by the Boer forces. The British, following the tactics they were accustomed to pursue, charged up a rugged hill and gained an advantage; but they thought they were engaged with the whole body of the enemy; they did not suspect they were defeating a detachment. General Kock, with the main body, coming suddenly up, drove back the British column, took a squadron of hussars prisoners, and General Symons was wounded mortally.

Then came the battle of Elandslaagte, in which General Kock was mortally wounded, and Colonel Schiel, the German chief officer of artillery, was taken prisoner. French and Hamilton, well known to us by their distinguished services in the Egyptian campaign, commanded in this battle. It was intended to be a reconnaissance, and to protect the railroad. Elandslaagte is a little village and railway station seventeen miles northeast of Ladysmith, where some days before, the Boers had blown up a culvert and captured a train, thus cutting off direct communication between Ladysmith and Dundee. Reinforcements were sent by Sir George White, and soon the reconnoitring party

numbered three thousand with eighteen guns. Conspicuous among them were the Gordon Highlanders. The British, as usual, charged up hill, and found the hill was a succession of ridges. The Boer guns were admirably served, but their shells were very defective. Immense boulders lay about everywhere, and behind every boulder hid a marksman with his rifle. The Imperial Light Horse and the Highlanders did admirable service; the men advanced to the last attack in a downpour of rain which soaked even through mackintoshes, and made the artillery horses unmanageable. Officers began to fall, but still their men pushed on. Ridge after ridge was gained. "The air was full of bullets; they beat on the boulders like a million hammers, they tore the turf up like a harrow." Finally the top of the last ridge was reached, and below it lay the Boer camp which the Boers were abandoning.

"It was over, — twelve hours of march, of reconnaissance, of waiting, of preparation, and half an hour of attack!"

Over the slippery ground among the rocks, men who had fought all day now struggled back and forth bearing the wounded into the Boer camp by the misty and uncertain light of one or two rain-blurred lanterns.

The picture of the "Cruel Side of War" on that night, as drawn for us by Steevens, is very pathetic. I should like to quote it out of "From Capetown to Ladysmith," but it is too long for these pages.

"The doctor," he says — "our one British doctor — toiled on buoyantly. Cutting up the clothes of wounded men with scissors, feeling with light firm fingers over torn chest or thigh, cunningly slipping round the bandage, tenderly covering up the crimsoned ruin of strong men. Hour by hour, man by man, he toiled on."

And there is a page following this, which it does the heart good to think was written.

"Mark, and remember for the rest of your lives, that Tommy Atkins made no distinction between the wounded enemy and his dearest friends. To the men who in the afternoon were lying down behind rocks with rifles pointed to kill him, who

had shot maybe the comrade of his heart, he gave the last drop of his water, the last drop of his melting strength, the last drop of comfort he could wring out of his gallant soul. . . . A few men had made a fire in the gnawing damp and cold, and round it they sat, with them the unwounded Boer prisoners. For themselves, they took the outer ring, and not a word did any man say that could mortify the wound of defeat. In the afternoon Tommy was a hero, in the evening he was a gentleman. . . . Do not forget too, the doctors of the enemy. We found and brought to camp their wounded with our own. We found Mr. Kock, father of the Boer general, and a member of the Transvaal Executive, lying high up on the hill, a massive, white-bearded patriarch, in a black frock coat and trousers. With simple dignity, and with the right of a dying man to command, he said, in his strong voice, 'Take me down the hill and lay me in a tent: I am wounded by three bullets.' They found, too, Commandant Schiel, the German free-lance, lying with a bullet through his thigh, near the two guns that he had served so well. There were three field cornets out of four, members of the Volksraad, two public prosecutors — Heaven only knows who besides! But their own doctors were among them almost as soon as were ours."

Hardly had the troops from Elandslaagte got back to Ladysmith, before the division that had fought at Glencoe began to arrive from Dundee. Reinforcements had reached the Boers, and Colonel Yule, who had succeeded to the command when General Symons was wounded, fearing that he might be cut off from the main body at Ladysmith, retreated so hastily that he left at Dundee his baggage, ammunition, and the wounded, among whom was the dying general. The troops marched thirty-two miles without rest, in heavy rain and mud, before reaching Ladysmith.

It was said that President Kruger had prolonged his negotiations with Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain that the wet season might begin before he declared war. Certainly all accounts tell us that every march marched, and every fight fought at the opening of the campaign, was in a heavy downpour.

But on the morning of October 31, there was news in the camps around Ladysmith of a great disaster. Only

two officers, besides a subaltern who had just joined his regiment, the doctor, and the quartermaster — five officers out of twenty-five — assembled in the mess tent for breakfast; they were all that were left of six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. And what goes most to a woman's heart was, that in the middle of the tent, "tied up in a waterproof sheet, were the officers' letters, — the letters of wives and mothers that had arrived that morning, seven thousand miles from home. The men they had been written to were on their way to the prisoners' camp on Pretoria race-course."

I am quoting largely from poor Steevens's last letters, in "From Capetown to Ladysmith." They were letters he never was able to revise, or to collect for publication, for six weeks later he died of enteric fever, in Ladysmith, with the roar of the bombardment round his deathbed.

About a thousand men had on Sunday morning, October 29, been sent to seize Nicholson's Nek — in other words, a mountain pass, through hills seven miles northwest of Ladysmith. On their way thither, passing through a defile, they perceived Boers posted on a cliff a thousand feet above them. It was not the Boer rifles that disordered their ranks, though these were held ready to shoot at the right moment, but some large stones slipping down the steep side of the cliff upon the line of march, startled the ammunition mules, which stampeded. "They dashed back on to the battery mules; there was alarm, confusion, shots flying, and the battery mules stampeded also."

Then the officer in command of the detachment, finding himself without guns, and with only the ammunition that the men carried about them, would not turn back to Ladysmith, but took refuge on a kopje, where he entrenched himself as best he might, and waited for reinforcements. To defend the position would have needed ten thousand men. The thousand on the kopje were attacked at dawn by a force of two thousand burghers. Careless of life, and seeing their hill surrounded, the Irish, and the few English who fought with them, continued to fight till they had

exhausted their ammunition. Some would have fought on with bayonets, but the officer in charge, unwilling to sacrifice brave lives to attain no object, waved a white handkerchief.

"The best part of a thousand men with all their arms and equipments, and four mountain guns, were captured by the enemy. The Boers thus had their revenge for Dundee and Elandslaagte in war; now they emulated their enemy in kindness. As Atkins had tended their wounded, and succored their prisoners there, so they tended and succored him here. . . . They gave the whole men water out of their own bottles; they gave the wounded the blankets off their own saddles, and slept themselves on the veldt. . . . Then they set to singing doleful psalms of thanksgiving under the trees, but apparently they were not especially elated."

One of the most notable things in this war, and one that made a deep impression upon foreign nations, especially on the French, was Sir George White's manly telegram to the Home Government on this occasion, in which, after praising the conduct of the Fusiliers and the Worcester Regiment, he took all blame for the disaster on himself, saying that he alone had ordered the advance on Nicholson's Nek, having been misled by false information, and that he alone was responsible for the defeat.

The consideration and kindness shown by the Boers to their prisoners is the more remarkable because agents paid to circulate calumnies had visited distant farms, and taught the people to believe that the English would poison every wounded prisoner who fell into their hands.¹ This impression strongly prevailed among the Transvaal Boers who fought the British on the Modder River. Many of these men, when taken prisoners, would not at first eat or drink anything that was offered them. On one occasion a nurse having approached a wounded prisoner to offer him some gruel, was received with a brutal kick, and the word, "Poisoner!"

¹ It actually made its way to the United States, and was repeated to me, claiming authority from Winston Spencer Churchill, by somebody who ought to have known better.

The distrust of the English thus created among the ignorant was very great. On one occasion, two war correspondents, one of them an American, found themselves in a valley near Johannesburg, shortly before Lord Roberts took possession of that city. They there found an elderly Scotch woman, wife of a Boer who was away with his commando. She was persuaded that the intention of the English was to take all land in the Transvaal, her farm included, and give it to the Kaffirs. The war correspondent had before heard the same thing said in Cronjé's laager. "Will they burn all our houses?" asked one of the women who were present. "Not unless you fire from the windows on their soldiers; who told you that?" said the American's companion. "We read it in the papers," said one. Said another, "Our commandant told us so."

But to return to Ladysmith. The investment and bombardment began on Nov. 7, 1899, and lasted until Feb. 28, 1900.

The Boers had mounted guns on all the neighboring hills. The most famous of these guns was Long Tom. Nobody knew what his brand was. He was supposed to be old, for he used black powder. The besieged were not much afraid of him; they stationed an out-look who was to give notice, as soon as he saw Tom's smoke, that they were to expect a shell, and there was then always time for men in the street to flee into hiding.

Then there was Fiddling Jimmy, and Puffing Billy, and Silent Susan. Some of the lighter guns had been taken from the English at Nicholson's Nek. The range of the larger ones was six thousand yards. The garrison at Ladysmith had no cannon which could throw a shell so far, except two naval guns brought up from Durban, which were served by marines of the Royal Navy.

The Boers were not very enterprising. I think that throughout the whole war there was only one instance of their having made a rush, or attacked their enemies in the open. Their mobility was wonderful. They would tie their horses at the foot of a kopje, climb up it, hide them-

selves behind some boulder, or in a trench, build round their hiding-place a rampart of loose stones, and then, peering round the edge, would aim their rifles at men, as they would have done at antelopes or deer. Their system of fighting was the same as hunting. English soldiers were not used to it. They had never before been stalked by their enemies. "But," said Steevens, "we are getting to know the Boer's game, and are learning to play it ourselves. Our infantry are already nearly as patient and cunning as he. Nothing but being shot at will ever teach men the use of cover, but they get plenty of that now."

It was very desirable for the English that a large Boer force should be employed in besieging Ladysmith. Had they evacuated it, as Colonel Yule's force had evacuated Dundee, a very large supply of stores would have fallen into the enemy's hands. The Dundee force had strengthened the Ladysmith garrison; but after the disaster at Nicholson's Nek, the English made only one or two brilliant sorties. They simply endured and held on.

Life in the besieged town became very dull and dreary. Steevens started a newspaper, and filled its columns, in default of news, with anecdotes and witticisms. Even the fall of the shells caused little excitement, for many of them did not explode. The casualties during the first fortnight of the bombardment were one white civilian, two natives, a horse, two mules, a wagon, and half a dozen houses. Few people were injured by the fall of shattered buildings. They were living for the most part in sheltered corners, or in holes and cellars underground.

"To do them justice, the Boers did not at first try to do wanton damage in the town. They fired almost exclusively on the batteries, the camps, the balloon, and moving bodies of troops. In a day or two these last were snugly protected behind *schanzes* and reverse slopes, and had grown far too cunning to expose themselves to much loss."

The garrison was not entirely shut up in the town; there was some open country round Ladysmith at the foot of the hills, which the Boers did not venture to cross, but only

shelled. There camps were established (Cæsar's camp was one of them), and there the cattle and the horses for a while found pasture. There was also a hospital camp formed at Intombi Spruit, under the shadow of a great hill. It was protected by red flags, which the Boers respected. Alas ! in this hospital many, cured of their wounds, or recovering from fever, died simply because there was no nourishing food to restore their strength. At one time such deaths averaged fifteen a day.

Meantime, when the English Government had begun to realize the magnitude of the task before them, and the alarming inadequacy of their preparations, they made Sir Redvers Buller commander-in-chief of their armies in South Africa. He sailed at once for Capetown, where he landed early in November, 1899. He was received, on his landing, one account tells us, with enthusiasm ; another account (in a French newspaper) says with jeers.

It was not the first time that Sir Redvers had served in Africa ; he had held an important command in the war with the Zulus. He had distinguished himself in India, in the Tirah campaign. He was known as a hard fighter, a good leader of men ; and the country, discouraged by news of the fights at Glencoe and Elandslaagte, battles bravely contested, but with no results, — for one terminated in a hurried retreat, and both ended by shutting up in Ladysmith the whole British force intended to defend Natal, — hailed the appointment with confidence and expectation.

Sir Redvers Buller is the son of a country gentleman in Devonshire. He has had seven brothers and six sisters. He is the second son. One of his brothers, a young man of literary and scientific promise, was half eaten up by a tiger in India, and died in consequence.

Sir Redvers Buller came out to South Africa with a plan of campaign which, as soon as he landed, he found it would be impossible to carry out for want of sufficient forces. The plan was to concentrate all his armies on the Orange Free State border, and with overwhelming numbers march on Bloemfontein and Pretoria. The plan was

subsequently taken up by Lord Roberts, and has proved successful.

General Buller, before his arrival, calculated that the division already in Natal would be amply sufficient for its defence. But Natal had a wholly undefended frontier of six hundred miles, with the best commandos and their best General pouring into it from the Transvaal and the Free State, while the force that should have opposed them was shut up in Ladysmith. Northern Natal was all in the hands of the enemy, and loyalists throughout the colony were filled with dismay. They had been promised protection by the British Government, "even if it should require the whole strength of the Empire." Pietermaritzburg, their capital, and Durban, their seaport, were defended only by volunteers, men zealous indeed and brave, but without military experience; so that Natal, which had been considered sufficiently provided with troops, was, by the time the commander-in-chief arrived, the part of South Africa that most needed to be reinforced and first claimed his attention.

"The first thing to be done," says Winston Spencer Churchill, "was to grapple with the immediate emergencies, and await the arrival of the necessary troops to carry on the war on an altogether larger scale. Natal was the most acute situation. But there were others scarcely less serious and critical. The Cape Colony was quivering with rebellion. The forces of the Republics were everywhere advancing. Kimberley and Mafeking were isolated. A small British garrison held a dangerous position at Orange River bridge. Nearly all the other bridges had been seized or destroyed by rebels or invaders. From every quarter came clamorings for troops, but most they were wanted in Natal."

Sir Redvers Buller knew the nature of that country. He could estimate the advantage that the Boers would possess in fighting, among its mountain ranges and its rocky kopjes. He at once resolved to go himself to Natal. He said:—

"It was the most difficult business of all. I knew what it meant, and that it was doubtful whether we should get through to Ladysmith. I had not the nerve to order a subordinate to do it. I was the big man. I had to go myself."

"Before the war opened, every one was wrong about the Boers, and the more they thought they knew, the more they erred."

Sir W. Penn Symons, who had been commanding in the colony and was presumably best qualified to form an opinion, extravagantly underestimated the Boer fighting power. But in spite of his confidence and enthusiasm, Sir George White and Sir Archibald Hunter, his chief of staff, hated to leave an isolated force in Dundee. They took counsel in this matter, and were assured that to retire from the position would dishearten the colonists in Natal, and create great disaffection toward the Government.

This decision was accepted ; but Sir George White had divided his forces with General Symons, retaining half at Ladysmith, and sending the other half to Dundee. In the end, an orderly evacuation of Dundee would have proved far better than a hasty retreat.

Leaving General Gatacre and Lord Paul Methuen to conduct operations on the Orange River, Sir Redvers Buller hastened to Natal, as to the point of danger. There is not room in these pages to give an account of the four months' siege of Ladysmith. I will tell only what was done by General Buller for its relief. The splendid resistance of Ladysmith spoiled General Joubert's plan of campaign. It detained his army round that little town four months, when in that time it had been his intention to overrun all Natal. It kept eighteen thousand men comparatively inactive on one spot, when they might have joined the Boers on the Orange or Modder River. It was not time lost for the cause of the British, though it was full of disappointments, nay, even of reverses, while many brave men died upon mountain sides, or in hospital from bullets, bombs, and shrapnel, more too, from want of nourishment.

Colenso, on the railroad that connects Ladysmith with

Durban and Pretoria, was taken by the Boers. The last armored train that went toward it from Estcourt, was derailed and attacked, one hundred and thirty soldiers who were on it were killed or taken prisoners, with the exception of twenty-six wounded men piled in the cab, or on the tender of the engine, which, by the immense exertions of those who cleared the track, escaped and went back to Estcourt, to tell the story.

The account of this incident is most excitingly told by Mr. Churchill in his book, "London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria," so also is the narrative of his captivity in Pretoria; but I can only commend the book to the perusal of my readers, and deny myself the pleasure of here quoting what I feel would have increased their interest in these pages.

Matters had grown daily worse and worse in Natal, up to the time of General Buller's arrival. A large force of Boers entered the colony through Zululand. The Natal farmers were dismayed by the ruin that threatened them, and the apparent inability of the British Government to protect them. Many followed their racial instincts, and took service with the Boers.

At last, regiments from England and the Colonies arrived to strengthen the British forces, and to revive the spirits of the disheartened loyalists. Soon after Sir Redvers reached Natal, he gave battle at Colenso, where he and his main army first learned what it was to fight with Boers. His previous African experience had been with savages. He made a rash frontal attack, and his troops had to retire with considerable loss.

"It was early on Saturday, December 15th, that General Buller began the attack. The enemy had been for several weeks patiently employed in dragging their guns to advantageous positions and in digging extensive intrenchments for their troops. The British seem to have been unaware, even when the battle began, of the position of some of these intrenchments. On the north side of the Tugela the main Boer positions were established on the face of the hills which were crowned by their guns. East and west their lines extended in a semi-circle eight miles long, not following the windings of the river very closely,

but on the east coming pretty close to the British right. General Barton, with a brigade consisting of four battalions of English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, respectively, was placed here. On the extreme left General Hart's brigade, composed mainly of Irish regiments, moved westwards for the purpose of reaching a certain ford known as Bridle Drift. If he could carry that, he would turn the enemy's right flank, as General Barton on the other wing was intended to turn their left. The entire British front measured about six miles. Each wing was supported by heavy guns, and in the centre on a little hill where stood General Buller and his staff, there were placed the naval guns. The battle began about six o'clock in the morning. For some time the enemy made no reply to the heavy guns, and few of them showed themselves anywhere along the hillsides. At last, however, when the British approached the river, especially near Colenso, both musketry and heavy guns opened fire. The Boers, however, who lined the river banks, remained concealed. Tempted, it is not known yet by what idea, Colonel Long, on the right, rushed his guns forward beyond his infantry supports. He was allowed to approach until within six hundred yards of the river banks, when suddenly the Boers sprang to their feet and opened a terrific fire with their Mauser rifles. The drivers and horses were mowed down, and the guns had to be abandoned. Several thrilling incidents took place in the attempts of the riders and officers to recover some of these fieldpieces. The only son of Lord Roberts, Lieutenant Roberts, volunteered to make the effort; he took with him several companions, and tried to haul one of the big guns away. He was hit, and died of his wounds not long after.

"While this was happening on the right, General Hart's Irish regiments were encountering an opposition as sudden and as terrific on the far left. In spite of the slaughter which took place in their ranks, the Irishmen rushed through the river, a few of them drowning in the attempt, and occupied the north banks. If they could have been effectually supported at this time, they might have held their own, but as it was, they were compelled to withdraw. These two disasters of course made the advance of the centre impossible, and it became evident towards noon that the elaborate attack of General Buller had ended in disaster. The losses were very serious in men and in guns."¹

¹ "South Africa: Its History, Heroes, and Wars," by W. Douglas Mackenzie, D.D., assisted by Alfred Stead.



PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Ladysmith stands at the junction of two railroads, one leading into the Transvaal, the other into Orange Free State. Beyond that, it has no military value ; for it stands in the midst of a broken and tangled country abounding in positions of great military strength. It must be a good deal like Sedan, a town at the bottom of a bowl, as a French general said of it. Round the edges of the Ladysmith bowl, lay the Boers with their long-range artillery.

The problem before Sir Redvers Buller was how to cross the Tugela, a river whose banks are low on the south side, but very steep upon the north.

The Boers, fifteen thousand strong, upon this northern bank, were carefully concealed in trenches and behind boulders. The fords (or drifts) of the river were all defended ; nothing was left to chance ; the Boers had employed all their ingenuity, and were men of " many devices."

The relief of Ladysmith would clearly be a matter of great difficulty, and victory would have to be dearly bought ; but what English heart could consent to the abandonment of Ladysmith, now two months besieged and bombarded? Food and its stores of ammunition were dwindling away. Disease was daily increasing, this much was known by a system of search-light ; and the strain on the garrison, in spite of its pluck and stamina, was a severe one. Something would have to be done speedily.

Preparations were made at last to cross the Tugela at Potgieter's Ferry. The force started from its camp at Chieveley, nineteen thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and sixteen guns. One division was commanded by General Clery, the other by Sir Charles Warren. Dundonald had the cavalry under his command.

The army, as it had to relieve the starving garrison at Ladysmith, was hampered by slow-moving ox-carts carrying supplies. On January eleventh the march began. Dundonald crossed the Tugela River, and secured some heights upon the other side ; but it was five days before all the army crossed the Tugela, the most crooked of streams. It is alternately almost dry, and a racing, roaring torrent.

It had been raining heavily, and the water rose ; but two pontoon bridges were thrown across. At last, after a long wait, which Churchill describes as, "battle to-morrow — never battle to-day," the army was put across the river ; but before it, barring the way to Ladysmith, were formidable kopjes, all in possession of the enemy ; highest among them was Spion Kop or Lookout Mountain, the key to the position.

There were some brilliant little engagements on the eighteenth of January ; the cavalry took one hill and made twenty-four prisoners. When the ground was searched, the victors were moved to pity. "They crowded round the wounded men, covering them up from the rain with blankets and mackintoshes, propping their heads with saddles for pillows, and giving them water and biscuits from their own bottles and haversacks." "Here by the rock under which he had fought," says Mr. Churchill, "lay the Field Cornet, a gray-haired man of over sixty years, with fine aquiline features and a short beard. The stony face was grimly calm ; but it bore the stamp of unalterable resolve, the look of a man who had thought it all out, and was certain that his cause was just, and such as a sober citizen might give his life for. Nor was I surprised when the Boer prisoners told us that he had refused all suggestions of surrender, and that when his left leg was smashed by a bullet, he had continued to load and fire until he bled to death. We found him, pale and bloodless, holding his wife's letter in his hand."

Spion Kop was to be attacked the next morning by Colonel Woodgate in command ; and Colonel Thorneycroft of the Imperial infantry was charged with arrangement of the attack and its direction. About three in the afternoon, the force had made its way successfully up the southern spur of the mountain, over most difficult and dangerous ground, and surprised the Boers guarding the entrenchments on the summit. Ten soldiers were killed or wounded, and six Boers perished by the bayonet. The British then proceeded to strengthen their position, but the formation of

the hill was unfavorable for defence. As soon as morning broke, a tremendous shell fire burst on them from the enemy; Colonel Woodgate was wounded, and Colonel Thorneycroft took the command. That the hill was untenable without cannon, was apparent to all who were up there. Mr. Churchill was sent by Colonel Thorneycroft to General Warren for orders, or, if it were possible, for guns. Military engineers said it would be utterly impracticable to get guns over the rocks to such a height. The naval brigade wanted to attempt it. But it was too late. Thorneycroft, receiving no orders from his chief, had taken on himself the decision. His bravery all day had been conspicuous, but, having heard nothing, and expecting no relief, he had decided to retire. Slowly and carefully his men moved down, and the fight at Spion Kop, which now belongs to history, was over.

I am not qualified to say anything about the great disputes that arose in military circles about this matter, or about General Roberts's despatches to the War Office (for by this time he had superseded Buller as commander-in-chief). I cannot think he intended these despatches to be published. They blamed Buller, Warren, and Thorneycroft. "But," adds Mr. Churchill, speaking of the bitter words said upon the subject by men who sat in their arm-chairs and criticised the men of action, "Englishmen will remember that these same generals were after all brave, capable, noble gentlemen, trying their best to carry through a task which many thought would prove impossible, and which was certainly among the hardest ever set to men."¹

¹ In a speech made at Pietermaritzburg on October 19th, General Buller said: "I found Mafeking and Kimberley beleaguered, and the two main avenues across the Free State, Bethulie Bridge and Norvals Pont, in the hands of the enemy, with Ladysmith nearly surrounded. If I had waited for the army, and then advanced on Bloemfontein, it would have been at least twelve weeks before I could have exerted any influence on the situation. In that time the Boers would have completely overrun and occupied Natal, and what would have been the effect of that on Europe and the British people?"

"General Buller then proceeded to make the interesting announcement that Sir Evelyn Wood had wired, asking to be allowed to come

The army recrossed the Tugela River, and took up its pontoon bridges. After waiting a week, General Buller addressed the troops. He promised them they should soon be in Ladysmith, that he would lead them himself, and that he felt now certain he had found the right key to the position. It was true that sixteen hundred men had been lost in the advance on Spion Kop, but reinforcements were coming that would more than make up that number.

So on February fourteenth, the army again crossed the river, this time at two places, Munger's Drift and Brakfontein. An attempt was made to turn the Boer position on Vaal Krantz; but this also was unsuccessful, and the army, in good order, retired for the third time to their camp on the other side of the river.

The next attempt made was to turn the Boers' position on the left, preliminary to which a high hill, called Monte Cristo, was to be taken. Guns on this hill, it was thought, would command another passage of the river, and place the army on the direct road to Ladysmith.

Monte Cristo and Cingolo, a hill connected with it, were secured without great loss, and the army considered this success a triumph, when they were surprised by a change of plan. General Buller determined to lead back his men again to Potgieter's Ferry and Trichardt's Drift. The abandonment of Monte Cristo was not liked in the army. "We have come down off our high ground," it was said. "We have taken all the big guns off the big hills. We are

out to serve under him. He said he was never so tempted in his life to take a man at his word, for he had begun to look upon Natal as a forlorn hope; but it would have been cowardly to have let Sir Evelyn come to take the risk.

"'I knew that if I failed to relieve Ladysmith,' he exclaimed, 'I should lose the supreme command. I lost it, and rightly, I think. But I had taken on the task, and was bound to see it through to a conclusion.'

"Sir Redvers paid the highest compliments to the loyalty and gallantry of his troops under the tremendous strain,—a strain, he believed, such as no soldiers in the history of the world had ever to undergo before."

getting ourselves cramped up among these kopjes in the valley of the Tugela. It will be like being at the Coliseum, and shot at from every row of seats."

And it was even so. In spite of reckless bravery and perseverance, especially on the part of the three Irish regiments, no road to Ladysmith had been gained. The army went back across the river. "Try, try again," must have been Sir Redvers Buller's motto. The fight on Inniskilling Hill was superb, but the defence also was magnificent. The Irish made their way up the hill, and fought almost face to face with the Boers in their intrenchments; but nothing, with all their loss of life, had been gained. Two colonels, three majors, twenty other officers, and six hundred men had fallen, out of a force of scarcely twelve hundred.

For the fourth time the army returned to camp on the south side of the Tugela, and the plan for occupying Monte Cristo — again crossing the river, and endeavoring to turn the Boer left, where there were fewer kopjes and more open ground — was resumed. In the end it was successful, not, however, without five days' furious fighting in what was called the Battle of Pieters. The dead and wounded were brought off from Inniskilling Hill, the English general, for that purpose, having asked an armistice. "But at last came that which had been hungered and longed for through many weary weeks, which had been thrice foiled and which," says Churchill, "was all the more splendid since it had been so long delayed — *Victory!*"

The road was open to Ladysmith. The Boers were in retreat.

"'Did you think we should get through?' asked Churchill of a Boer prisoner.

"'No; we did not believe it possible.'

"'Did you find our soldiers brave?'

"'They do not care for life.'

"'And Ladysmith?'

"'Ah!' and his eye brightened, 'there's pluck if you like — Wonderful!'"

So at last the often disappointed troops came within six miles of Ladysmith. They had, however, no expectation of entering it without another action. But the Boers had heard of Cronjé's peril, if not of his surrender, on Majuba Day, and were already retiring. Ladysmith, informed by her balloon, already knew that help was near. The men under General Buller could see the great white-tilted wagons of the Boers moving to the north and west, and lastly through their glasses they saw a huge pair of shears over Long Tom upon his eminence. He was lifted up and taken away.

To this day it is a mystery, great as how enormous stones were placed by the Druids upon cromlechs, or twenty-four feet blocks of granite were raised upon the pyramids, how the Boers managed to whisk off their artillery. Some day, when all is peace again, shall we find great guns buried when we are searching for gold mines?

The "Morning Post" correspondent, riding toward Ladysmith with some companions, suddenly received a challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?" "The Ladysmith Relief Column," was the answer. "And at once men, tattered and emaciated, ran out from trenches hidden in bush and scrub. They were ghastly pale and thin, and cheered with feeble voices. Some of them even cried. The strong colonial horsemen stood up in their stirrups, and gave a full-voiced answering cheer, for they then knew that they had reached the Ladysmith picket line."

On March 3, the relieving army made its triumphal entry into Ladysmith.

The streets were lined with the brave men whose defence had extorted praise even from their adversaries. "They had, so far as possible, improved their looks for the occasion; but they were pale and thin and wasp-waisted."

Sir George White and his staff sat before the Town Hall on their skeleton horses, and opposite to them were the pipers of the Gordon Highlanders playing tunes of welcome. All the flags in the town were hung out on the occasion.

Sir Redvers Buller and his staff rode in first, followed by his infantry and artillery, the Irish soldiers, what was left of them, wearing green in their helmets. All was orderly until the Gordon Highlanders began to cheer the Dublin Fusiliers, and then the Devons of the relieving force coming in sight of the Devons of the garrison, they rushed into each other's arms, and cheered and cheered and cheered. The last act of the day was the presentation to Sir George White of an address of congratulation from the civilian inhabitants of Ladysmith, whom he had ruled somewhat rigorously during the hard months of the siege.

And so all was over; the Boers had slipped away, and the land around the town was thickly dotted with fresh-made graves.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BOER WAR. CAPTURE OF PRETORIA

WHEN war broke out there were only three thousand British troops in Cape Colony; and had the Boers invaded it in force, they might have overrun the country. But the Boers are not fond of advancing in the open. They preferred to bombard fortified towns. Their strength was in their rifles, in them and their artillery and their hills. The strength of the English, who had hundreds of miles of frontier to defend, and long lines of communication to keep open, lay in their numbers. We must also remember that the Boers had the advantage of fighting inside a circle. They could move easily from point to point along their frontier; the British had a long semi-circle to defend, and to move through a difficult country to the point of danger.

We are told that what with racial sympathies, and distrust of English help, the Afrikanders in Cape Colony were in a state of unrest and dissatisfaction. Their brothers on the veldt knew nothing of the colonial rule of England. Their fathers had told them what it was once, and what it was then, they argued, that it must be now. That England now dealt liberally with Cape Colony they set down to a sense of her own weakness. "Many fine men, brave men," says an American writing from the Colony, "patriots in all their blindness, are out with their sons and brothers dying for the almost barren land they love. It is sad, and not an Englishman but feels it."¹

¹ Unless it be some of the Cape Loyalists who, waiting on Sir Alfred Milner, called the Boers "cowardly scoundrels," and were reproved by Sir Alfred, who viewed them very differently.

Again: "Most of the Boer farmer soldiers have been told and believe beyond question of a doubt, that should the English triumph, their homes will be taken, and they themselves held prisoners or hanged."

The military plan at first laid down was, as I have said in the previous chapter, as soon as reinforcements should arrive from England, to advance with an overwhelming force on Bloemfontein and Pretoria, leaving Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking for a time to defend themselves; but such strong feeling was excited in England against delay in relieving the besieged garrisons, that this plan was postponed.

We have seen how a cavalry force was detached for operations in Natal, and Lord Methuen moved westward to attempt the relief of Kimberley; while a very small body of men under General Gatacre was left on the frontier of the Orange Free State on Orange River, where the whole British force should have been concentrated.

It is too early to write a military history of this war, and a woman certainly is not competent to do it. Meantime, an account of what was done in October, November, and December, 1899, and January and February of 1900, can be written, as it were, only in patches. No bird's-eye view can be taken of the military operations, the attention is called to so many points at once.

We know what was happening in Natal from November until March. Kimberley had been prepared to stand a siege by the exertions of Colonel Kekewich, its military commander, an officer of engineers who had been sent there before the war broke out to put it into a state of defence. Mr. Cecil Rhodes at the first outbreak of hostilities repaired to the Diamond Mines. He paid and equipped, at his own expense, a body of volunteers for the town's defence; he established a foundry which turned out serviceable guns, and he provided for the wants of a large population of native miners, who repaid him by throwing up round the town embankments of dry earth dug from the mines. But besides all this, he importunately urged

the home government to send immediate relief to Kimberley, and he quarrelled with the military commander.

The force with which Lord Methuen hoped to relieve Kimberley before Lord Roberts joined the army was made up of picked men: part of the Highland Brigade, the Royal Guards, an Irish brigade, a naval brigade with long-range guns, a few experienced colonial scouts, light cavalry, and three field batteries. But first it was needful it should cross the Modder River.

The force did not move until November 23, when it advanced on the Boers at Belmont, and gained a complete victory. The English at Belmont lost many officers, though orders had been given that they should remove all distinctive marks from their uniforms. But as English officers always lead their men, it was easy for the Boers to distinguish them.

When news of the victory at Belmont reached London, people were disposed to blame the War Office for having taken the Boer dispute too seriously. On all sides it was said that with such victories as Belmont, Glencoe, and Elandslaagte, the war would be over in three weeks.

Then came a week of reverses, and the hearts of the people were stirred. Business was suspended in the city. "The very next day the reserve lists of four regiments were filled. Men were wanted, and from everywhere they came. Volunteers pleaded to be taken; the militia received their orders with satisfaction. The heart of the nation was stirred."

On November 25, Lord Methuen again fought the enemy at Gras Pan; both sides suffered severe loss, but the English again won.

The Boers being on the north side of the Modder River, the British began to prepare for crossing it on Friday, December 8. The railroad bridge had been destroyed, and the soldiers had to wade the river at the Drift. A strong reconnaissance was made, but all seemed quiet on the Boer side of the Modder. The naval gun threw a few shells, but failed to meet any response. The impression

was that the Boers had moved off toward Kimberley, which was thirty-two miles away, and its searchlight could be seen signalling after dark to the relieving force.

Full of hope, little knowing what was before them, Lord Methuen's men marched into the river in a heavy down-pour of rain, for the wet weather of the winter had set in. Before dawn, the march began; in the rain and the darkness the main body struggled through the Drift, and there met wounded Highlanders of an advanced party who had crossed before them. They had found the Boers waiting for them on a high ridge, terraced with stone parapets, and furrowed with trenches. "Our whole brigade is destroyed. Our officers are all killed," was the news the wounded Scots gave the advancing column. They were some of the very bravest men in the English army: the Black Watch and the Seaforths. They had been led by Lord Wauchope, the colonel and the clansman whom they loved. He had remonstrated with Lord Methuen on the task that had been assigned his men, telling him that they would simply throw away their lives, for that success would be impossible. Lord Methuen only repeated that he must obey orders. Lord Wauchope led his men to their death and to his own. His dying words were, "Do not blame me, men; the fault is not mine," and so expired.

The brigade had been marching forward, and thought themselves at least a thousand yards from the enemy, when suddenly, on front and flank, came a furious enfilading fire. The Black Watch, which led the van, lost its colonel, lieutenant-colonel, its majors, and two captains. Its men went down in heaps. The Seaforths, who were behind them, suffered almost as severely. "No flesh or blood," says one who was in the battle, "could have stood the effect of such a sudden death-dealing surprise."

What remained of the Highland Brigade was reformed by its surviving officers, and again and again led to the attack; but they fought an invisible enemy; many men present at the fight tell us that that day they never saw a Boer. But the Dutchmen must have suffered terribly from

the British lyddite shells, which fell into their camp behind the kopje. "Never," says the eye-witness I have quoted, "did any trained troops that wore a uniform stand such a terrible bombardment as these motley Dutch farmers did this day; and on the British part, I doubt if any troops ever before had to face such a problem, — fighting an obstinate brave foe, keen-sighted, determined, and invisible."

The Boers had no artillery in this fight, though some guns were brought up at the close of the day. The sky had cleared; the sun was hot; the men who were not killed suffered terribly for want of water. At last the battle ended; the English forces moved back two miles from their former advanced position; it only remained to succor the wounded and bury the dead. One general, fifty-six officers, and eight hundred men had fallen before the steady rifle-fire of some thousands of invisible men concealed in trenches. "It is useless," writes the eye-witness, "to use brave men as if bravery were their only weapon. A half-grown lad filled with the spirit of a fighting ancestry, with his cheek laid close to the butt of a Mauser rifle, lying intrenched and invisible, is as good as five brave Highlanders advancing out of the open. . . . The Boer knows his ground, and his style of fighting suits it. The methods of Quatre Bras and Waterloo belong to a bygone age."

The day before the battle of Magersfontein General Gatacre attacked Colesberg, a town in Cape Colony on the railroad, held by the Boers, and met with a serious repulse.

On December 18, in the midst of Lord Roberts's affliction for the loss of his only son, the English Government asked him to take the chief command in South Africa. It was like their request to Sir Charles Napier in a similar emergency in India in 1848, when the Duke of Wellington said to him, "Either you must go or I."

Lord Roberts consented upon two conditions. His plans were not to be overruled by the War Office, and his chief of staff was to be Lord Kitchener.

On December 27, 1899, after a quick passage, the two generals landed at Capetown. Lord Roberts went at once

to the front. Lord Kitchener remained at Capetown to superintend the transport system, which, it may be said *en passant*, on the authority of an American eye-witness, was throughout this war admirable. But how Lord Kitchener must have wished for the help of Father Nile, instead of that of a railroad continually threatened by the enemy, and inadequate to the demands made on it; for it had but one track most of the way.

During the week from December 10 to December 15, the British had suffered three serious repulses, — General Gatacre's at Colesberg, General Methuen's at Magersfontein, and General Buller's at Colenso. During the rest of the month there was a pause, the Boers continuing to shell General Methuen's camp across the Modder River.

My readers, possibly, if they have not modern maps at hand, may be glad to take advantage of this pause to learn something about South African geography.

On the south is Cape Colony, bounded on the north by the Orange River, which separates it from what was the Orange Free State. To the east is a cluster of native states, under English protection, Basutoland, Pondoland, and Griqualand East. North of these states, and divided from Orange Free State and the Transvaal by the Drakenberg Mountains, is Natal, with its capital Pietermaritzburg, and its seaport Durban. Adjoining Natal on the northeast is Zululand, under British protection, and north of Zululand is Swaziland, which, by persevering importunity, the Boers induced the British Government in 1894 to place under their protection.

Orange Free State (now Orange River Colony) is divided from Cape Colony by the Orange River, the only river of any consequence in Africa south of the Zambezi. On the north, Orange Free State is separated from the Transvaal, or South African Republic, by the river Vaal. The Transvaal on the north is divided from Rhodesia by the river Limpopo.

To the west of the Transvaal and Orange Free State lies a strip of country called a British protectorate. It con-

sists of Griqualand West and Bechuanaland. In Griqualand West, just beyond the border of the Orange Free State, are the Diamond Mines of Kimberley. The railroad from Capetown to Bulawayo, the capital of Rhodesia, runs through Griqualand West and Bechuanaland. On it are Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking. West of Griqualand and Bechuanaland (both British protectorates) lies German West Africa.

Up to the first of January, 1900, the war had not entered the enemy's country. Natal was British; Kimberley, Belmont, Gras Pan were all in British territory; so was Colesberg in Cape Colony, on the south side of the Orange River.

By the twelfth of February this situation was changed. Lord Roberts had come to the front, and crossed into Orange Free State over the Riet River. Buller was making his slow advance to Ladysmith over the Tugela; French, with his cavalry, had been detached from Buller's army, and had driven the Boers out of Colesberg; he then made a wide detour to the west, and on February 16, he and his horsemen entered Kimberley. The Boers under General Cronjé abandoned their entrenchments on the Modder River, and moved towards Bloemfontein, the capital of Orange Free State, having reason to believe that Lord Roberts would move in that direction. He had, indeed, crossed the Riet River, which forms a junction with the Modder and then empties into the Vaal; he then occupied Jacobsdal in the Orange Free State.

Lord Methuen's army had been resting in its camp on the Modder River, the Boers shelling it from time to time, but never daring to attack it, hand to hand fighting not being what suited them. Supplies were brought up daily by railroad from Capetown. The men engaged in football; the bands played in the evening; the searchlight at Kimberley made signals, and the men said: "It is Brother Cecil talking to Brother Frank," for Colonel Francis Rhodes (late of the Reform Committee in Johannesburg) was now head of the signalling department.

Great had been the joy in England over the relief of Kimberley, which took place almost simultaneously with that of Ladysmith. Kimberley was entered by General French on February 16, Ladysmith by Lord Dundonald on February 28, as I have said.

The entrance of French and his horsemen on February 16 was soon followed by that of abundant supplies; but the town showed little or no effect of bombardment, nor did the people appear to have suffered greatly. The horses — those not eaten — were very thin; but horseflesh had become a very favorite food among the Kaffirs, when prepared similarly to what we in America call hogshead cheese. General Roberts had moved on Jacobsdal, where he waited for remounts, and for large bodies of colonial troops who were to join him; while Generals French and Kitchener were in pursuit of Cronjé, who, unable to reach Bloemfontein, had taken refuge at Koodoesrand Drift, thirty-two miles north of Kimberley.

I must pause here a moment to tell how Lord Roberts appeared to Mr. James Barnes, the correspondent of the "Outlook," who will forgive me, I am sure, for extracting this passage from his letters,¹ as well as for having quoted a few other passages.

"Lord Roberts was seated in his tent upon the dusty veldt, on a little chair that folded up like a fishing-rod. *There* was the man of Kandahar! Yet he was so simple, so good to look at, so kindly, so different from what I had expected, that I had to learn him all over again on the spot, as it were. He was not old; he was not young; he was not middle-aged. His firm mouth with its downward lines was neither hard nor soft, but purposeful. Beneath the honest breadth of brow his grey eyes were keen, frank, and youthful, but they suggested that they had seen much. He was small in stature, but he did not suggest lack of inches. He had the well-knit, compact figure of the man who rides across country. Manner he had none. He had the glamour of absolute self-forgetfulness that marks the

¹ The "Outlook" has copyrighted these letters, and I presume they will be published in book form, in which case I earnestly commend them to the perusal of my readers.

truly great. At a glance you trusted him, but when he spoke you loved him. And it is these qualities together that make men lead other men to do big deeds. . . . I knew that every man, from brigadier to private, felt the influence of his mere presence with the army."

Before Lord Roberts arrived to take command, a detachment of Highlanders had gone from Lord Methuen's camp on Modder River to Koodoesburg. They suffered much from thirst and heat, and accomplished nothing. They lost, however, several fine officers, for they fought three days without any very apparent object, the Boers lying behind boulders from which their marksmen picked off officers at twelve hundred yards.

The Transvaal troops, set free from besieging Ladysmith, hurried westward to relieve Cronjé, but were for the most part captured on their way.

About the same time in February that the Boers withdrew from the Tugela River and left General Buller the way open to Ladysmith, Lord Roberts was pushing on to Paardeburg or Koodoesrand Drift, where Cronjé and his men had formed a laager, digging holes in the river bank where they might hide, untouched by lyddite shells. There they waited, vainly hoping that reinforcements from Natal would arrive. These reinforcements, however, were intercepted by detachments from Lord Roberts's army.

Lord Kitchener was in command of the force that surrounded the laager of Cronjé, but Lord Roberts came from Jacobsdal to join him, and, by February 7, the British occupied a kopje within a mile of the besieged laager. Lord Kitchener offered free passes to women and children before he began his bombardment; but this General Cronjé refused. His hope was that reinforcements would reach him before he should be obliged to give in. He had, however, to capitulate unconditionally, and did so on February 27, Majuba Day; the next day, February 28, supplies were poured into Kimberley.

Lord Roberts's intended movement on Bloemfontein had been for a few days interrupted by the cavalry movement of

Generals French and Macdonald of the Highland Brigade. They drove Cronjé's army into the laager, which was defended on one side by the river, on the other by high hills. The Boers had suffered no loss of men during the protracted and continuous artillery fire of the English, who mounted guns upon the captured kopje; but there seemed no chance for them to get away, — no hope in further resistance.

At the end of the first day's battle, when his forces were drawn around Cronjé's camp, Lord Kitchener, who had been in command of the pursuing force, asked the Boer commander if he would not surrender so as to avoid useless bloodshed. Cronjé replied that he still had men and ammunition, and saw no reason for surrendering. But after the next day's bombardment, he asked an armistice to bury his dead. This was refused, and Cronjé then sent word that if the English were so inhuman, no course was open to him but to surrender. Lord Kitchener came out to meet him, but was met instead by a messenger who said that the general had made no proposal to surrender, but would fight until he died. The batteries, therefore, resumed their fire.

Lord Kitchener the next day resigned his command to Lord Roberts, who had come from the main body of his army at Jacobsdal.

On February 26, the Canadian contingent advanced a trench almost up to those held by the enemy.

The next morning General Cronjé sent a letter to Lord Roberts saying that he surrendered unconditionally. He had secured time, during which part of the force he had with him in the laager had, as Tommy Atkins expressed it, "slipped out as usual by the back door."

Lord Roberts thought it best to require the Boer general to come in person to his camp, and make the surrender. In all other respects General Cronjé was treated with courtesy and consideration.

The general, his wife, his son, and his chief of staff were sent to St. Helena. The prisoners, only forty-five hundred in number, — as a large party had effected their escape

northward, — were sent to Capetown, where they were at first confined in a prison camp; but they made such persistent efforts to effect their escape, by burrowing under its enclosure, that they were removed to prison ships, where typhoid fever soon broke out among them. Then some were sent to St. Helena, and some to a prison camp in the Island of Ceylon, “where every prospect pleases,” but which they are not likely to enjoy. General Cronjé, his wife, his son, and General Albrecht were sent to St. Helena in an American passenger-ship. The captain wrote an interesting account about his passage and his passengers, — how he amused them with a phonograph; their first induction into the mysteries of nineteenth-century scientific progress and civilization.

Cronjé’s laager had been for some days indefensible. A small party of civilians, who entered it in advance of the troops, were at once surrounded by Boers asking all sorts of questions. Most of them were eager to shake hands; though some, like General Albrecht, were still defiant.

The men from the Orange Free State, which had had no quarrel with England, professed themselves sick of the war; but what seemed to hurt them most was that the surrender had been made upon Majuba Day.

The laager, on being entered, was foul with the stench of dead horses. The Boers were sheltered in holes made in the river bank.

“Poor people,” said the correspondents who rode into their laager, “they were hungry, dirty, and sick of war.”

Albrecht, the German artillery officer, did not refrain from blaming his commander most bitterly. The Boers, contrary to the laws of war, threw their guns, after surrender, into the river. The English subsequently recovered them.

General Cronjé, some thought, behaved with dignity when he met Field Marshal Roberts, but others thought he was surly and bad-mannered. Albrecht, the German, was rude and unconciliatory to his captors. The majority of the prisoners, however, seemed glad by any means to have got out of that horrible laager. Tommy Atkins divided his

rations with them before any could be issued for their relief, and they crossed the river, for the most part in good spirits.

Here as elsewhere there seems no doubt that the Boers used explosive bullets. Whole cases of them were captured in Natal, and they made frightful wounds; while men hit by Mauser bullets recovered quickly. After the surrender, the English troops regained their confidence. Their general returned to his camp at Jacobsdal, and made ready to take the road to Bloemfontein.

Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein on the 13th of March, 1900. His occupation of the capital of the Free State was unopposed; as soon as he appeared before the city, a deputation met him, headed by Mr. Frazer, a Scotch loyalist, who had not gone into exile. He had been the political opponent of President Steyn, who, on the approach of the British, had moved his capital to Kroonstadt, about one hundred and twenty miles north of Bloemfontein. Pretoria is about two hundred and seventy miles from the Orange Free State capital. Immense quantities of stores and ammunition were laid up there, and it was defended by strong forts, armed with the most modern guns. President Kruger had predicted that the English could not take Pretoria without losing ten thousand men. Most people believed this, for the hilly nature of the country round the city seemed to make it capable of a long defence. There were British forces at all the railroad crossings of the Orange River, and direct communication between Cape-town and Bloemfontein.

When the British forces were on their march to the capital of the Free State, the two Presidents, Steyn and Kruger, sent a cablegram to Lord Salisbury, making peace proposals.

The despatch began by a positive assurance that the two Republics had no intention or design of setting up a claim to rule over all South Africa. They then, in defiance of facts,—ignoring that the Republics had been aggressors and invaders,—went on to say: "This war was undertaken solely as a defensive measure, to maintain the threat-

ened independence of the South African Republic, and is only continued in order to secure and maintain the incontestable independence of both Republics as sovereign, international States, and to obtain the assurance that those of her Majesty's subjects who have taken part with us in this war shall suffer no harm whatever in person or property." Then, after expressing a firm conviction that Heaven was on their side, the Presidents added the considerate assurance that this declaration would have been made sooner, had it not been for the fact that until very recently all the advantages of the war had been on the Boers' side, wherefore they did not wish to "hurt the feelings and honor of the British people," by addressing them as if they considered themselves their conquerors.

Naturally, Lord Salisbury's reply was to lay the whole responsibility for the war on the Boer Government, saying that "suddenly, at two days' notice, the South African Republic, after issuing an insulting ultimatum, declared war upon her Majesty; and the Orange Free State, with whom there had not even been any discussion, took a similar step. Her Majesty's dominions were immediately invaded by the two Republics. Siege was laid to three towns within the British frontier, a large portion of two colonies was overrun, with great destruction of property and life, and the Republics had claimed to treat the inhabitants of extensive portions of her Majesty's dominions as if their country had been annexed to one or the other of them."¹

The reply concluded by saying: "In view of the use to which the Republics have put the position which was given them, and the calamities their unprovoked attack has inflicted on her Majesty's dominions, her Majesty's Government can only answer your Honor's telegram by saying that they are not prepared to assent to the independence either of the South African Republic, or of the Orange Free State."

It is needless to say that the whole British Empire, with

¹ North Natal to the Transvaal; Northern Cape Colony to Orange Free State.



GENERAL JOUBERT.

the exception of a few political factions, was of one mind on this subject with Lord Salisbury and his government.

An American newspaper of wide circulation, and always of moderate views, thus comments on the answer of Lord Salisbury : —

“The Boers having, with more audacity than prudence, appealed to war to arbitrate the difference between the Transvaal and Great Britain, must accept the result. . . . The history of the past half-century, culminating in this campaign, makes it clear that, in the interests of peace, either Great Britain must withdraw from South Africa altogether and recognize the independence of a South African federated Republic, or she must bring all South Africa under her flag, as a colony of the British Empire. It is now scarcely doubtful that the latter will be the result; nor is it doubtful to us that this result will be in the interest of liberty, justice, and civilization throughout South Africa, including the Transvaal itself.”¹

After a considerable rest to bring up reinforcements, largely made up of colonial regiments and remounts, which were greatly needed, the army began to advance toward the Vaal River with its miles of wagons and thousands of mules and oxen under charge of black Kaffir drivers.

And here I may quote a few words from Mr. Barnes, concerning transport service in this war, which service was superintended by Lord Kitchener : —

“There were officers, soldierlike in appearance, of warlike ancestry and instincts, who kept books and signed vouchers, who dealt out sugar and tea, tinned beef and biscuits, to the footsore fighters, and oats and pressed hay to the tired, tuckered-out horses. There is no nation in the world that might not learn from the Army Service Corps of Great Britain how to transport supplies and to feed multitudes.”

It is true that later Mr. Burdett-Coutts found occasion to blame the Transport Service for a lack of medical supplies ; but a committee of investigation acquitted the service of blame. It had no Nile, and no near seaports to assist its transportation ; only hundreds of miles of railroad track,

¹ “The Outlook,” March 24, 1900.

threatened constantly by the enemy, and supplemented by the service of ox-wagons.

Meantime while the British rested in the capital of the Orange Free State, the active General de Wet conducted operations on his own account on the borders of the Orange River south of the British Army. Across Orange Free State the British marched with little opposition, the Boers escaping "through the back door," whenever they were expected to make a stand. Many Free Staters gave up their arms, and returned joyfully to their farms, to be worried and harassed, however, by De Wet, who remained in the rear of the British force to be a thorn in the side of the conquerors for months after. In the towns through which the army passed, the inhabitants displayed everything they possessed that would pass for British colors. All the railroad bridges had been blown up, for the Boers had in their service an Irishman very skilful at that work. There were few ordinary bridges, for the custom of the country was to trust to drifts, when their ox-teams had to cross a river.

At last the army was across the Vaal, and within eight miles of Johannesburg. It was a matter of much discussion whether or not the Boers, if they evacuated that city, would blow up the mines. They had threatened to do so; but probably, on second thoughts, the mines and machinery were spared that they might be productive of wealth to Boers, when they should have got rid of the capitalists.

On the British approach, three trains were sent out of Johannesburg toward Pretoria. Ian Hamilton's cavalry were despatched along the railroad to cut the line, if possible, or to obstruct their passage.

On the morning of July 15 advanced parties of correspondents entered Johannesburg. The city had surrendered, though preparations had not been made for hoisting the Union Jack on the entrance of British troops into the town. A daily paper issued that morning made, however, no mention of the surrender, but had filled its columns

with fictitious accounts of how General French, General Horton, and General Hamilton had been foiled in their attempts to enter the city. The advanced correspondents proved to be a little "too previous," — arrangements with Lord Roberts not having been completed. It was still an enemy's town with the *Vierkleur* flag flying, but everything was quiet. Daily life — even the life of "washing day" — seemed to be going on as usual.

The Boer police commandant, De Krause, had kept excellent order. The Rand Police had faithfully guarded the mines of the various companies since the unenlisted Uitlanders had been packed into trucks and forcibly despatched out of the country.

When Lord Roberts and his staff appeared, there was a shout, accompanied by some groans and hisses; but these last were overpowered when, on the *Vierkleur* coming down from its flag-staff, the Union Jack was raised, and Lord Roberts himself, bare-headed, led the cheering. Then the band struck up, "God save the Queen," and all the soldiers sung the anthem. After that came the march past, when the way-worn soldiers tried to recover their lost swing for the honor of old England, and drop the plodding gait with which, wearily, they had marched over the veldt.

"Johannesburg was English," says Mr. Barnes, "I say English, but its appearance is more American. Almost all African towns have reminded me of those of the Middle West. This was like Omaha or Kansas City. In spite of its boarded-up shops and offices, it had a business-like air."

On July 16 came the entrance into Pretoria, — Pretoria, which had dared the English to come on, received them without a shot, almost without a murmur. The enemy simply walked in. The capital which President Kruger told the world would be defended to the last gasp, acted as if the khaki-clad soldiers were her guests and she had invited them in.

When Lord Roberts raised the Union Jack (the little silken flag that Lady Roberts had made eight months

before, to be floated on the occasion), we are told that there was no sign in the place of conquerors or of conquered.

The British officers who had been prisoners in the State School House were released ; but many of the private soldiers were carried off with the retreating army. We have Mr. Winston Churchill's account of his prison life in Pretoria, and most assuredly the treatment of the officers was not unkindly. It was nothing like that of the Reform prisoners in the jail at Pretoria. But prisoners of war were under charge of the state authorities, whereas the Reform prisoners were entirely under President Kruger and his relative Du Plessis. Later, there were complaints made that the private soldiers in their prison camp had been only half fed ; but supplies among the Boers were running short, and prisoners of war ought not to expect better rations than fighting soldiers. One cruel trick was played, however, on the private soldiers in the prison camp at Watervaal, played by De Kotze, a man who had been prominent in the trial of the Reformers, and had afterwards fallen out of favor with the Autocrat of the Transvaal.

An agreement had been entered into with the captured English officers that if no attempt was made by their men to break out of prison, when the English armies approached Pretoria, they would be left behind to fall into the hands of their countrymen. The men were kept two days without food, until they were willing to agree to anything ; and then De Kotze persuaded nine hundred of them to leave their prison camp, and go, under guard, to the railroad which carried them to Elandspruit, whence they were removed to the northern hills.

Pretoria seemed a relieved city, not a conquered one. But soon complications began to arise. Mr. Kruger had sent away his gold to Europe, and had paid all debts of the Government in paper. There was consequently great dissatisfaction and distress. The English authorities, dreading treachery on the part of railroad officials, refused any longer to employ the Germans, Hollanders, and Irish-

men who had joined the Boer cause and worked their railroads.

General Botha, the best general in the Boer service after the death of General Joubert, was in the hills around Pretoria, constantly skirmishing with detached parties of the English. De Wet was in Orange Free State along the railroad in their rear, so completely stopping communication that for a week after the army was safely in Pretoria, no letters were received, and no despatches sent, except at great expense and with great peril.

The Boers — “tame Boers,” as the men called them — were quite ready to give up their arms, especially the Free Staters, who almost all expressed themselves glad that they should fight no more.

The Municipal Committeemen found in power by Lord Roberts were kept in office; but soon there was an undercurrent of suspicion on both sides, and military rule became more stringent than it had been in the first weeks of the occupation.

There was at last a conspiracy to entrap Lord Roberts and to murder his principal officers. The leader in this plot was an ex-officer of the Portuguese army who had been employed in the mines at Johannesburg. He was executed, dying bravely, though the design he had proposed was treacherous, useless, and contemptible.

The capital of the South African Republic had been removed to Lydenburg, one of the old capitals in the days of the four Republics. But afterwards the seat of government was changed to the parlor car of a railroad train, kept on the track from Pretoria to Lorenzo Marquez ready for a start the moment it seemed necessary. When that moment came, Paul Kruger took refuge with the ex-consul of the Transvaal at Lorenzo Marquez, appointing Schalk Burger as a kind of President *pro tem.* during his absence, and giving out that he was about to make a trip to Europe for his health. Mrs. Kruger, a kindly, worthy lady, who had remained in her own house in Pretoria, and had even come out on her doorstep to see the entrance

of the British troops, joined her husband at Lorenzo Marquez, and the Queen of Holland despatched to Delagoa Bay the "Gelderland," a war-ship, in which he might make the voyage without fear of capture.

As a sample of the feeling among some of the burghers at Pretoria, I venture to borrow another extract from Mr. Barnes's letters :—

"Said a prominent burgher to me, 'For months we have spoken quietly among ourselves saying, "When the English come," and debating what we might do in the future. Our officials were saying, "The English will never reach here; they are starving; they mutiny; they will not face our burghers; their officers drive them to fight with whips;" and our papers, under orders, printed stories of victories that never happened, till we smiled among ourselves. Only the very ignorant were deceived.' . . . He here pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket. It was from the 'Volkstein'¹ of a recent issue. It detailed a number of British reverses which I, who had been with the troops all the time, had not even heard of; but here they were in the form of official despatches, giving them, on paper at least, an air of authenticity. The editor, either in irony or disgust, had added a little paragraph of his own: 'We are also informed,' he wrote, 'that Lord Kitchener and Lord Methuen are wounded; Lord Roberts is a prisoner; and the rest of the British army have committed suicide.'

"'How about Kruger and his advisers?' I asked the burgher. 'What did they hope to gain?' 'I suppose they had their hopes,' he answered. 'Foreign intervention?' 'Yes, most certainly.' 'And the gold?' 'They spent much trying to get that intervention. There was an American, a politician, who could tell you that,' he added. 'And there were Irish and French and Germans and Hollanders; they got most. There was some gold sent to England. And they paid all their debts in paper; that is no good now.' 'But President Kruger?' 'He hoped for miracles. He was already the richest man in the Transvaal; the others had to make it all; they were not so rich.' 'Do you think the people would like them to come back?' 'There are some that had better not come back,' was the reply."

¹ The only Pretoria paper allowed, I think, to circulate.—E. W. L.

And so we may say ended the Boer War, for the Boers had neither a government with which the British could treat, a capital, nor an administration. General de Wet is fighting as a guerilla. His sole hope is to worry the British. The capitals of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State are in British hands; so also is the Delagoa Bay Railroad; fighting on the Boer part is now hopeless, except that it inflicts loss upon the British, and impedes a peaceable settlement.

We may here end our account of South Africa in the nineteenth century. The English still have to achieve pacification in the Transvaal; that is the affair of the military commanders, but reconciliation may be the work of years; it will need great prudence and a Christian spirit, and it will be the task, less of the government than of individuals. Orange River Colony will be more easily reconciled than the Transvaal. It was led into the war partly by racial feeling, partly by the ambition of its President and his officials. The Free State has suffered a most cruel reverse, and one which has fallen with bewildering suddenness. "They would," says a correspondent of the London "Spectator," "be unworthy of their own most honorable past, were they insensible enough to escape from the penalty. We can do little to compensate them for their wounded feelings. We cannot improve their orderly and thrifty administration. We cannot greatly better their admirable system of laws." They have long had a British population residing among them, English churches, even an English bishop of Bloemfontein. They do not hate the British like their brothers of the Transvaal; they have not had a mining population to stir up irritation; it is to be hoped that before the present generation passes away, the war will be forgotten, and that there will be complete reconciliation.

And here we must leave the subject. The future is in the hands of the British Government, and while we are very sure that there will be no third restoration of "independence" to Republics which have made so bad a use of

former generosity, we have every reason to hope that so brave an enemy will be treated with all justice and consideration.

In the minds of the British people, there is a great distinction between President Kruger and his officials, and the Boers who fought under his orders. For many months past I have regretted that in the American Episcopal Book of Common Prayer one prayer in the Daily Service of the Church of England has been omitted: "Give peace in our time, O Lord;—because there is none that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O Lord."

And here perhaps I may say a word about the pathetic confidence of the Boers that their cause was just and would be upheld by Providence. No Christian can read of the prayers they offered, of the rifles inscribed with texts, and of their confidence in the help of the Almighty, without emotion. And yet if all prayers were to be literally granted, they would transfer the government of the world to the caprices of the ignorant. All prayers from the heart, I do not doubt, receive an answer; but they must be offered in the spirit of that model of all prayer, "Thy will be done."

The cause of the Boers is lost. And although General de Wet and others may keep up for some time raids and guerilla fighting, such warfare is wicked, and can produce no satisfactory results.

The Boers in the past year have lost some of their best leaders, Cronjé and Joubert among their generals, and some of their best foreign advisers, Schiel and Albrecht, Germans, and the French director who made their artillery so effective.

A few words in conclusion should be said about General Joubert, nor must I omit some account of the siege and relief of Mafeking.

The point of deepest interest to all of us in the Boer war was what concerned the long siege and the ultimate relief of Mafeking. The town is situated on the railroad running from Capetown to Bulawayo. It is considerably

north of Kimberley. Between them lies Vryburg, which was surrendered early in the war to General Cronjé, on his approach with a large force of Boers. Mafeking is about a thousand miles by rail from Capetown, and a hundred and fifty miles west of Pretoria. Before the war began, Colonel Baden-Powell received orders to collect troops in Rhodesia, and to take them to Mafeking. Accordingly, with about twelve hundred men, he reached the post assigned him only a few days before the war began. The siege lasted two hundred and fourteen days, and the place was closely invested by about six thousand Boers under General Cronjé. When he was called away to oppose the relieving force destined for Kimberley, the siege of Mafeking was carried on by Suyman, another Boer general.

Mafeking is a small city, and the force in it was small. It had few guns, and those were of an old pattern. It could not therefore make much defence. It could only hold out, and endure.

Gradually the strength of the garrison grew less; ammunition and provisions ran low; the stock of food was reduced to minced mule and locust curry. In February, the first attempt was made to relieve the place by Colonel Plumer, who, with a force raised in Rhodesia, got on the last day of March within sight of the beleaguered city. But the Boers drove back Colonel Plumer's little force, and the gallant garrison in Mafeking had to wait with hope deferred for six weeks longer. Women and children had been sent away from Ladysmith and Kimberley before those cities were surrounded by the enemy; but there was no time for this precaution at Mafeking. As promptly as General Joubert, on October 12, crossed the border into Natal, so promptly did Cronjé cross the frontier to the westward, and invest Mafeking.

At last in the first weeks of May, Colonel Mahon, one of Lord Kitchener's most trusted officers, with twenty-three hundred men, made his way secretly by forced marches, chiefly at night, and approached Mafeking on the west side of the railroad. When Colonel Mahon was within twenty

miles of the place, he effected a junction with Colonel Plumer's Rhodesians. After two days of severe fighting, the united force, under its two commanders, made its way into the city, having captured several hundred prisoners.

When news of this reached London, all business was suspended, crowds thronged the streets cheering and waving flags. Foreigners in London expressed astonishment at such demonstrations of joy from those they had been taught to consider an undemonstrative people. All night long and the next day, crowds surrounded the residence of the Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace, and the private residence of Colonel Powell, cheering and serenading. Even the Charterhouse School, where Colonel Powell had been educated, was cheered. For of all the heroes of the Transvaal war, none had called forth so much feeling on the part of the public as Colonel Baden-Powell. "It may even be claimed," says a writer in the "Outlook," "that he is the man whom, next to the veteran 'Bobs,' Englishmen will delight to honor. Indeed, it may be claimed that no soldier in the history of the British army has shown himself more resourceful, more magnetically cheerful and valorous."

He has been in the army since he was nineteen, and served with the Hussars through wars in India, and in the Zulu, Ashanti, and Matabele campaigns.¹ During the seven months that the siege of Mafeking lasted, the brilliant exhibition of his military powers, his genius for strategy and for resource in difficulty touched the hearts, and flattered the national pride of his countrymen, and the garrison was

¹ "General Baden-Powell—and here lies his especial claim to fame—was an ideal 'Barracks officer.' He spent his whole time and interest among his men. He would take parties into the country; he would lecture to them, play games with them, and when nothing else was to be done, give instruction in 'flag-wagging' in the squares." — *The Story of Baden-Powell*, by Harold Begbie, chapter on "The Regimental Officer."

Compare this with what was written by Lionel Dècle (now an explorer in East Africa under the English Government) concerning the relations of French officers in barracks with their men in "Trooper 3809."

imbued with its commander's own spirit of ingenuity, cheerfulness, readiness, and intelligent intrepidity.

The siege was much longer than those of Kimberley and Ladysmith, and the town was more closely invested. The display of enthusiasm in London when word of its relief was received, was even greater than that which greeted the good news from Ladysmith ; the scenes were unprecedented in the annals of the metropolis. Unfortunately, the unchecked joy of the populace degenerated at last into rudeness. A solemn *Te Deum* was offered in St. Paul's Cathedral, and on Sunday, "God save the Queen" and psalms of thanksgiving were sung in all the churches.

Here is an account of how Mr. Barnes, whom my readers will not think I have quoted too often, saw Colonel Baden-Powell when he came into Pretoria on a visit to Lord Roberts, three weeks after the end of the siege.

"I shall never forget my first glimpse of the man who had refused to be downed or daunted, and who had jumped from a clever colonel with ambitions, to be a major-general by the sheer force of dogged determination and a cheerful heart.

"He came into Pretoria almost unheralded. In fact, until he had met the guard sent out to meet him, he had ridden almost alone, only five or six men accompanying him.

"He wore no straps or ribbons. In appearance he looked the Western cavalry leader who might have fought in our own American frontier wars. Here was the man that the real Boer admired and feared more than any that the English army had produced.

"Had his approach been universally known, there would have been a large crowd to greet him. As it was, but few knew of his coming, but there was a cheer as soon as he was recognized. A citizen of English appearance dismounted from a bicycle, and, pressing through the crowd, shook him by the hand. I was close enough to hear the conversation.

"'We've waited for you here a long time, colonel,' he said. 'May I shake hands with you?'

"'Certainly,' said the general, laughing, 'I thought I'd get here some time.'

"With that he and his escort galloped off on their way to meet the field-marshal. There were hearty greetings when they met. When they dismounted, they had to submit to a volley of

kodak photography. Baden-Powell's personality is such that it is safe to wager if he should make no mistakes, and meet with no misfortunes, his popularity will never wane."

Among the Boers there was one man whose popularity was world-wide, and whose death was sincerely lamented by friend and foe. When news of General Joubert's death in March, 1900, reached England, Queen Victoria cabled to Lord Roberts, asking him to convey to Mrs. Joubert her sympathy for her in the loss of her husband, and to tell her that the British people always regarded the dead general as a brave soldier and an honorable foe.

The men who were most bitter in their attacks on President Kruger and others, had nothing to say against General Joubert, except that he was severe in his dealings with the enemies of his country, and even in this he was without the rancor of other Boer leaders. He loved peace, and labored to maintain it, so that in his later years some of the Boers thought him more conciliatory and less aggressive than he should have been.

His full name was Pietrus Jacobus Joubert. He was born in Cape Colony in 1832. His father, when England had aroused great indignation among the Dutch colonists by her policy of emancipation, and her way of conducting it, moved to Orange Free State, and subsequently into the Transvaal. The family were descended from a Huguenot settler, whose descendants intermarried with the Dutch. General Joubert's early life was spent upon his father's cattle farm. He never saw a newspaper till he was nineteen years old. But he took advantage of the few opportunities that presented themselves of gaining knowledge, and very early he was known to be a splendid fighter. He and Kruger were always rivals. Their characters were different; their religious views were different; yet in their personal intercourse they appeared friends; most frequently Kruger would not listen to Joubert's advice. "Had he taken it," said one of Joubert's friends, "he would have had much less trouble with the Uitlanders, and might have prevented the war by diplomacy."

"Kruger is an Old Testament Christian; Joubert is a New Testament Christian," said some one who knew them both. We all have heard much of the bitter opposition of the Boers to any attempt made to Christianize the Kaffirs, but lately I met with an account of how Joubert, being in a remote part of the country, was taken by a lady to see the result of some efforts she had been making to do missionary work among the black people, and he expressed to her his great satisfaction and sympathy.

He loved honor and was true to his word. We have seen how he refused, when the Transvaal was annexed by England in 1877, to take the oath of allegiance or to accept any place under the new government. But seven years later, after the Boers had bound themselves to keep within their own frontier, when Kruger and other leaders planned to annex Bechuanaland, Joubert said: "I positively refuse to hold office under a government that deliberately breaks its covenants. We have made covenants with England." And as he had been selected to lead the Boer army, this broke up the plan.

When some one at the time he was in England asked him about his victory at Majuba Hill, he answered, "Don't talk to me about Majuba Hill. I am positively disgusted with the very name of it. We fought against the British for our rights, and will do so again if necessary. But it will not be necessary, and we are a peace-loving people."

At that very battle of Majuba Hill Joubert went at once to Sir George Colley, who lay dying, and spoke to him with tenderness and sympathy. Sir George insisted upon giving him his sword, and his last words were, "You are a brave man, Joubert. God bless you."

It was the Jameson Raid that broke up his quiet life like an alarm bell. He then foresaw the possibility of war, and accepted the task of organizing the Boer army.

"General Joubert had divided the Transvaal into seventeen military districts, and then subdivided them repeatedly, placing each in the command of an appropriate officer, who saw to it that every competent man was ready to appear completely

equipped at an appointed place upon a short summons. When the war came on, Joubert had only to send seventeen telegrams to set the whole machinery of mobilization in motion, and to bring all the forces to the field in forty-eight hours. He had prepared likewise the artillery, ammunition, and war supplies of every kind." ¹

The Transvaal is a country more completely shut into itself than Paraguay was in the days of Dr. Francia. It has no outlet to the sea; it has been obliged to beg one from the Portuguese, and has had to receive all its supplies from Lorenzo Marquez, the port on Delagoa Bay. Portugal has two seaports in her East African territory, Lorenzo Marquez and Beira. Beira is the more northerly of the two. From Delagoa Bay to Pretoria there is a railroad, built a dozen years ago, largely by the enterprise of an American company. Portugal granted a concession in 1883 to Colonel McMurdo of Kentucky to build a railroad from Delagoa Bay to the Transvaal frontier. When the road was nearly completed, Portugal said suddenly that her frontier line was five miles farther ahead than the terminus at first agreed upon. As Colonel McMurdo could not complete these five miles within the time covenanted by the contract, the Portuguese Government seized the road, and President Kruger declined to guarantee its extension into the Transvaal. The English authorities and those of the United States made strong representations to the Portuguese Government on behalf of their own bond and share holders. The matter, ten years ago, was placed in the hands of the government of the Swiss Republic, which was to appoint three arbitrators to settle the amount of damages Portugal was to pay. The award was not made until the spring of this year (1900), and proved much less than England or the United States had expected. Had it been as large as the aggrieved parties hoped, it was foreseen that Portugal might not be able to pay it, in which case England was disposed to advance the money, taking

¹ "American Monthly Review of Reviews, May, 1900.

security in the possession of Delagoa Bay. Portugal will, however, be able to furnish the \$3,062,800 required of her, together with ten years' interest at five per cent, and Delagoa Bay therefore will not, for the present at least, pass into British hands.

CHAPTER IX

OTHER NOTES ON AFRICA

THIS chapter cannot be called a narrative of events in Eastern, Western, Northern, and Central Africa since September, 1895, when my "Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century" was completed; it is rather a collection of postscripts, to be added to the record of events that have since happened in various lesser African States, semi-civilized or uncivilized, most of which now form part of European protectorates, or are included in their spheres of influence.

ABYSSINIA. The first one on my list is the independent kingdom of Abyssinia ruled over by Menelik II., Lion of the Tribe of Judah, who claims to be descended from Menelik, son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. We speak of his country always as Abyssinia, but its inhabitants repudiate the name, and call it Ethiopia.

The story of King Menelik's struggle with the Italians was not completed when "Europe in Africa" went to press, for it did not end until after the battle of Adowa, about which I told in 1896 in "Italy in the Nineteenth Century." Indeed, peace was not fully established until more than a year later, when all the Italian prisoners were set free.

The good-will of King Menelik has been earnestly sought not only by Italy, but by France, Russia, and England. England desired his non-interference with her efforts to establish Anglo-Egyptian rule over Egypt's lost provinces in the Soudan. While France dreamed of a railroad to cross Africa from her possessions on the west coast to Obok, southeast of Abyssinia, the territory she holds on the Gulf of Aden, she became exceedingly desirous that Eng-

land should not cross her path. She therefore sent Major Marchand's gallant little band across the Dark Continent. Its commander, when he reached Fashoda, expected to be joined by a reinforcement from Abyssinia in the guise of a scientific expedition led by the Marquis de Bonchamps. It had been joined by Prince Henri of Orléans (son of the Duc de Chartres), who had gone out to Abyssinia in the character of a reporter for a Parisian newspaper.

To foil the intrigues of the Marquis and the Prince, England sent a mission to King Menelik, at the head of which was Mr. Rennell Rodd, a man of great ability, a relative of Lord Salisbury, secretary to Lord Cromer, and fully acquainted with African affairs.

I have told already, in my chapter on President Felix Faure, how he is supposed to have been more than privy to the underhand designs of these Frenchmen in Abyssinia, and how he proposed that the expedition under Major Marchand should play into their hands. But King Menelik, influenced by Mr. Rodd, did not do anything to favor the expedition of Bonchamps and Prince Henri, which marched toward the upper waters of the Nile, but found it impossible to navigate rivers obstructed by *sudd*, — that is, by the rank growth of rushes, lilies, water weeds, and other plants. Before they could overcome this obstacle, ammunition and provisions failed them. They retraced their steps, and Major Marchand, with his own supplies run low, vainly awaited them.

Prince Henri, had not the scheme miscarried, might have been a popular hero in France, with the best personal claim among the Pretenders to the French throne.

Since the Anglo-Egyptians have established themselves at Khartoum and on the Upper Nile, Menelik has been engaged chiefly in defining his boundaries and subduing tribal rebels. He has had to settle with the Italians the frontier between his country and Eritrea (the strip of land they have retained bordering on the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden) ; with the French he has had to determine the

boundary between Abyssinia and Obok ; while the English have been very anxious that the fortified towns between Suakim and Berber once held by Italy, but which the Dervishes conquered from the Abyssinians, should, by virtue of the victory at Omdurman, be considered Anglo-Egyptian conquests.

So France, England, and Italy have bidden for the favor of King Menelik ; while Russia, with apparently no very definite views of what she was to gain by the friendship of the Negus, sent him a complete hospital equipment, under members of the Red Cross, and encouraged Count Leon-tieff to escort a large party of Abyssinian princes and prelates on a visit to St. Petersburg.

A recent traveller describes King Menelik as far from being handsome. He is stout and is much pockmarked, nor is he so light in color as many of his subjects. But his features are European, though he shows no traces of the descent he claims from the Jews. His glance is stern, but his smile kindly. He showed Christian feeling when he dismissed an Italian garrison forced by hunger to surrender at Makale, with the words, "I do not wish it said that Christian men died like dogs in my dominions."

MADAGASCAR. Our history of Madagascar terminated in 1895, when poor Queen Ranavalona was apprehending a French invasion. A book written by Mr. Bennett Burleigh (one of the best English newspaper correspondents) tells us how he was sent out to Madagascar in 1895 by the "Daily Telegraph" to report on what was going on there for the information of the English public, which had contradictory reports from French newspapers and the London Missionary Society.

With brave words the poor Queen, though she rarely appeared in public, endeavored at a military *kabary*, or assemblage of her people, to inspirit and encourage them. Her little speech, as Mr. Burleigh reports it, was delivered extempore, and she spoke evidently from her heart ; as such it is a model of military eloquence ; but, alas ! she had no foreign support. England had trafficked away all

right to intervene in the affairs of Madagascar for an understanding with France on those of Zanzibar.

It seems to me that the conduct of the French in reference to Madagascar, whose rulers and whose people had never committed any offence against them, was the most nationally discreditable thing in the last half of the nineteenth century. The Hovas were a rapidly civilizing people. They were Christians for the most part, with an orderly government, and diplomatic relations with the civilized world. The French had absolutely no excuse for invading their island, except, as the Queen said, that they wanted to possess her land. It was international burglary.

The people of Madagascar were wholly unprepared to resist the French. As Mr. Burleigh and their own European officers told them, their army was not disciplined, their rifles and their cannon were of obsolete patterns, and their towns had not been put into a state of defence. There were intrigues going on in the court circle. Frenchmen from the Mauritius had great influence at Antananarivo; they desired that the country should become French, and held out hopes that if such should be the case, there would be a large immigration to it from their island.

The French general in command at the time was General Metzinger; the French minister of war, his chief, was General Mercier. In vain the Queen appealed to him for humanity and justice. At last she assembled an army of thirty thousand men. The old law of Madagascar was that any soldier who deserted in time of war should, if taken, be burned alive; this law was modified by the Queen, who substituted the penalty of becoming an outcast in death and in life, for his bones were never to be buried with those of his people.

The French landed fifteen thousand men at one of the northern ports of the island. A rebellion broke out among the Sakalavas, and their tribe became French allies. Colonel Shervinton and other European officers, finding it impossible to effect anything with undisciplined troops who

would neither obey them nor respect them, all resigned. The Queen, deceived by false news, still put her trust in Taros and Daros (forests and fever), and by one at least of these auxiliaries the French were severely attacked.

The French army made its way over mountains to Suberbeville, a French gold-mining settlement ; but although the position was defensible, the Malagasy soldiers made little stand there. It was their national custom to fight naked ; and now that they had no European officers to enforce civilized discipline, they revived the old custom, and their naked bodies were soon riddled by the bullets of the enemy. They were utterly discouraged, and deserted in great numbers. Indeed, one of their generals said that if one hundred caught sight of two French soldiers, they would run.

General Duchesne, who had now taken command of the French, waited to make due preparations for his advance on the capital. He began his march Sept. 15, 1895. He had made a road over the mountains, and cut down the forests. Two thousand of his men had died of fever, seven thousand were in hospital ; only fifty had died in battle or of wounds. The bravest men in his army, and those best calculated to stand the climate, were the *disciplinaires* from Algeria ; that is, men of punishment regiments, to which soldiers were sent who had committed breaches of discipline, or could not get on with their officers.

Antananarivo, when the French got there, made a brief but spirited resistance. The invading army entered it Sept. 30, 1895, the very day Duchesne had fixed on some months before.

The Queen was deprived of all authority, but was allowed to retain her title. Her Prime Minister and husband was sent to Algeria. Madagascar became a French protectorate ; but within a very few months it was proclaimed to be a French colony. General Gallieni was made Governor of Antananarivo, in place of M. Laroche, a French Protestant, whose administration had been considered too mild. This change took place while the Queen was still nominally the

sovereign of the island ; but General Gallieni began his rule by insulting her, not only as a Queen, but as a woman, by requiring her to make the first call on him.

As soon as the island was proclaimed a French colony, a law, old as the days of the First Revolution, was put in force. This law forbade slavery in any French colony or possession.

On Sept. 27, 1896, one hundred thousand slaves in Madagascar were set free. All kinds of disorders ensued. Tribes in remote parts of the island, held in subjection by the Hovas, rose in rebellion against their new masters. Massacres of white men, missionaries, and Christian converts took place throughout the island, which seemed given over to brigandage. In a few months from three to four hundred churches had been burned, and white missionaries, as well as hundreds of native teachers and native Christians, had been slain. The Norwegian-Lutheran Mission stations were destroyed, and fifty of their churches. In one district sixty white women and children were shut up in a place bravely defended by a French garrison of twenty-seven men, and besieged by fifteen hundred natives. Just as their food and ammunition were giving out, they were relieved by a party of Malagasy soldiers under a Malagasy general.

The French chose to imagine that these disorders had been caused by British sympathizers. Some of the Queen's relations, and some of her high officials, were arrested, and two at least were executed. The Queen herself was exiled to the neighboring island of Réunion, and subsequently was removed to Algiers. The last I heard about her was that she had asked leave from the French Government to visit Paris during the Exposition. I do not know whether that favor was granted her.

Poor lady ! the royal race of the Hovas is as fair as southern races of Europeans. To judge by her portraits, one of which is the frontispiece to Mr. Burleigh's book, and another is in my own "*Europe in Africa*,"¹ she has fine

¹ A friend kindly procured it for me from the London Missionary Society.

aquiline European features and a great deal of personal dignity. The same may be said of her husband and Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony.

There were four hundred and fifty thousand Protestant Christians in Madagascar when the French took possession of the island, and fifty thousand Roman Catholics. It is just to say that when power fell into French hands, there were no attempts made by the civil authorities or by Jesuit missionaries to persecute the Protestants.

The French are doing their best to make good roads through the island, and to set up poles for telegraph wires. This is their method of colonization. But even the prospect of gold mining has failed to tempt Frenchmen to settle on the island; those there at present are almost all soldiers, officials, or Mauritians.

All letters or newspapers allowed to come into the island during the Protectorate, or in the first two years of the French colony, had to be examined by the French authorities. The American Consul at Tamatave, a colored citizen of the United States from Kansas, who had procured from the Queen the grant of some valuable timber land, covered with rubber-trees, was accused by the French of sending and forwarding letters, contrary to this ordinance. He was arrested as a spy, tried by a court-martial, condemned to twenty years' imprisonment and the loss of all his property. This led to much diplomatic correspondence between the Government of France and that in Washington. Waller never obtained justice, but was released from prison and sent home to America, as a courteous concession to the United States Government.

Meantime the French authorities, anxious to exploit their gold mines and to invite colonists, offered to men of all nations the right to stake out claims for twenty-five francs each. Five gold prospectors from South Africa took advantage of this offer; but on their way to the gold region they were arrested as spies, and sent in chains to Tamatave. The authorities there, apprehending that the English Government might intervene in their behalf, shipped them

(still in chains) to the Mauritius, where they were landed without money, and ended by taking service in the local police.

In January 1899, the British Foreign Office was asked to take notice of the way in which France was violating her written engagement that British trade privileges should not be interfered with in Madagascar. A protest having been made upon the subject, the French Government replied that the agreement was made while Madagascar was a French protectorate, and they had made no pledges concerning Madagascar as a French colony. Duties were levied on English goods to the amount of forty-five per cent, while French goods paid only four per cent. In addition to this, French officials attempted to put a boycott on English stores and force the natives to buy French manufactures. The commandant at Tamatave said, addressing the people : "I will not allow you to buy any goods whatever in the shops of So and So" (naming certain Englishmen). "Any one caught making the smallest purchase, or carrying on the slightest business with the houses I have mentioned, will be at once imprisoned, no security being given against heavy penalties."¹

This question came up after the Fashoda affair, when Lord Salisbury and M. Delcassé settled all disputes between France and England. How this matter was arranged, I suppose is recorded in a Parliamentary Blue Book. I presume the arrangement was satisfactory.

UGANDA. Uganda has been a British protectorate since July 19, 1894. My chapter on Uganda, in "Europe in Africa," — which I consider an interesting one, — ended when Major Cunningham and Lieutenant Vandeleur were on their way to Unyoro to conduct operations against Kabba Rega, and to extend the limits of the South African Company along Lake Albert and the Nile. They drove Kabba Rega, not without loss, out of his dominions, but he came back soon after, and renewed hostilities. Again he

¹ "Spectator," London, Jan. 14, 1899. Copied from a Tamatave paper, *Le Madagascar*.

was chased out of Unyoro, but after that Captain Lugard ran a chain of forts through his dominions, cutting off nearly one half, giving it over to a chief hostile to Kabba Rega, and placing in the forts garrisons of the Soudanese soldiers, once under the command of Emin Pasha. Then Kabba Rega felt that he was being driven out of his kingdom altogether. The London "*Spectator*" of Jan. 20, 1898, takes up the story of Uganda where I left it in "Europe in Africa."

"A year ago missionaries and administrators were writing home to say that when the railway reached Uganda it would find a community already far advanced in civilization, — a community in which trade and civilization were taking root, and where the natives had been taught to set up type and to do printing. It was not a year ago when the railway, completed for nearly one hundred miles from the coast, carried up the first contingent of troops to take part in Major MacDonald's expedition to explore the territory between the Blue Nile and the White Nile."

But unhappily a change came over this pleasing prospect. The Soudanese troops had originally been enlisted by Emin Pasha. They were afterwards adopted by the East African Company, which gave them small pay, but assigned them land around the forts they garrisoned. This led to a mutiny. When the Soudanese soldiers were ordered on distant service, they declared that they could not abandon their farms and families, and broke out into rebellion. Endless trouble ensued. King Mwanga left Uganda secretly July 6, 1897, and headed a revolt in the Buddu, a Roman Catholic district, against the English Company.

Mwanga had been angered by a decree forbidding his people to export ivory into German East Africa, and was eager to make common cause with the discontented Catholics in Buddu.

A battle took place, in which Kabba Rega and Mwanga were defeated, after which the English proclaimed the two-year-old son of Mwanga King of Uganda in his father's stead. The boy was the son of a Protestant mother, and

had been baptized as a Protestant. Mwanga escaped into German territory, where he was held a prisoner.

In 1898 came the revolt of the Soudanese Rifles, already mentioned. They had been settled in the line of forts across Unyoro, which they looked on as an enemy's country, so they not only cultivated the land assigned them, but indulged in pillage.

They were Mohammedans, and naturally sympathized, not with the converts of Christian missionaries, but with the Arabs. Each man had a numerous family, and not less than three wives. When not employed in rebellion, pillaging, or active service, they carried on agriculture, but when ordered to long distances from their homes and families, their discipline gave way.

Colonel MacDonald, who had been ordered to bring a force from Uganda to intercept Kabba Rega when he should attempt to reinforce the Dervishes at Khartoum, found it impossible to obey his orders.

The Uganda Rifles were the sixth part of the military force in Uganda, being about sixteen hundred men. They marched part of the way along which their colonel wished to lead them, but, growing weary and discouraged, they refused to go farther, not knowing what provision would be made in their absence for their families. They also complained of their pay and of their rations, and started homeward.

Then ensued a series of fights between loyal troops, assisted by the Protestants of Uganda and the mutineers. Hostilities lasted for about a year, until Mohammedan troops were sent from India to put down their co-religionists.

Mwanga escaped from German territory, and began an irregular war in the western districts of Unyoro.

On the arrival of Indian troops he was so evidently at a disadvantage that his allies, the Roman Catholic chiefs in Buddu, were glad to make peace. At last came an engagement in which Kabba Rega was defeated and wounded, and he and Mwanga, having been taken prisoners, were sent out of the country.

Sir Harry H. Johnston, the able administrator of Nyasaland, was then appointed ruler of Uganda, with more power and authority than had been given to his predecessor, Mr. Berkeley.

The railroad from Mombassa had two hundred and sixty miles completed by Feb. 1, 1899. It will open up a great road for trade; for the inhabitants of Central Africa are natural traders. It will stop slave raids, and may connect eventually with the Cape to Cairo Railroad. Above all, it will put an end to the terrible portage system, by which everything civilization sends to Central Africa has to be brought on men's shoulders from the sea. The railroad has to pass through the country of wild and warlike tribes, the most ferocious of which are the Masai. The laborers on it are chiefly Indian coolies, and the mortality among them, in spite of all care and precaution, has been frightful.

THE CONGO FREE STATE. This portion of Africa extending along the Congo, and first made known by Stanley to the civilized world, was looked upon after the arrangement concluded by the Berlin Congress in 1878 as in some sort the personal and private fief of King Leopold of Belgium. The Belgian Government declined to annex it; it was not even a Crown Colony, but it was an independent State under the rule and management of the King of the Belgians.

When the enterprise was first started, King Leopold gave it forty millions of francs out of his private means, and followed up this gift by a million francs annually from the same source. But this burden proved at length too heavy for his resources. In 1894 he wanted to hand over Congo Free State to the Belgian Government. A bill for its annexation was introduced into the Belgian Legislature Jan. 9, 1895; but the annexation was violently opposed. Thereafter quarrels arose between France and Belgium about their respective frontiers, and about the lease to England of a strip of land west of the Nile, which both France and England had claimed, but which had been

given up to the Free State. Then England obtained it on lease, to complete the continuous route of her proposed Cape to Cairo Railroad. France earnestly opposed this arrangement, having had hopes of appropriating the province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, by means of Major Marchand's expedition, that officer having been instructed to build forts along his route and make agreements with the natives.

The plan of annexing Congo Free State to Belgium was at last given up, and King Leopold retained his African sovereignty. The history of the Congo Free State ever since has been one of great financial difficulty, and of perpetual wars with native tribes and Arabs. Twice the King of the Belgians offered the government of his Congo kingdom to Englishmen of great distinction, — namely, to General Gordon and to Henry Stanley, — but both were compelled by previous engagements to refuse the position.

In spite of wars and financial embarrassment, some progress in the eastern part of the Congo Free State has been made in the civilization of the natives, especially since the trade with them in liquor and in fire-arms has been stopped. Missions have flourished, especially those of the American Baptists, but at a terrible cost of devoted lives.¹

For the past two years, however, horrible accounts have reached us of the treatment of the natives in the Congo Free State. About the middle of 1893 forced labor was imposed on them, and this has been attended by most inhuman practices. Soldiers shoot or mutilate at their own will any native who refuses to gather rubber. In one district on the Upper Congo, forty-eight villages in 1897 were burned by the black soldiers of the State.

¹ In twenty-one years, out of seventy-five men connected with the American Baptist Mission on the Congo, twenty-eight have died either at their posts or at sea; out of forty women, eight. Further examination of the list of men shows that eight died within a year of their arrival, five after one year, only one lived ten years, and two eight years. Mr. Bentley, who has written a book on the mission, lived on the Congo twenty-one years.

It was a common thing to see sentries, after a fight or a raid, carrying baskets of right hands of men, women, and children to the white commissary to prove that they had not wasted their ammunition.

When missionaries complained of outrages among their people, they were threatened, if insistent, with trial and penal servitude, on the charge of inciting natives to refuse to pay their tribute of rubber; which was to the Government (always in pecuniary difficulties) the principal source of revenue.

It has been the policy of the Free State in employing native soldiers to take advantage of the hereditary hostile feeling existing between various tribes, as, for instance, to use Batetela soldiers to maintain order among the Bangelas, and *vice versa*.

In 1898, a serious mutiny broke out among the Batetela soldiers, who refused to leave their own country to take part in an expedition ordered for service on the Nile. Possibly they were encouraged by the similar mutiny of the Uganda Rifles. Many white officers lost their lives, either fighting with the mutineers, or by treachery. The Batetela then disbanded, and for months wandered over the country as brigands, until Baron Dhanis, having collected a sufficient force, marched flying columns through the land.

This state of things continued even into last year, 1899, but Baron Dhanis, with a large force under his command and with the active assistance of Major Lothaire, pursued the enemy along the old slave raiders' route to Lake Tanganyika, and drove them into German territory. Major Lothaire was the Belgian officer who at the instance of the English Government had been tried at Brussels for the murder of Mr. Stokes, an Englishman.¹ It was decided, however, that the killing of Mr. Stokes was a legitimate exercise of authority.

MOROCCO. There is, I think, no history of Morocco to be told since I finished "Europe in Africa" at the close of

¹ I told the story in "Europe in Africa," pp. 207, 211, 443.

1895. I then wrote of the accession of the present Sultan, (or Shereef) Abdul Aziz, June 6, 1894. But though Morocco has since afforded no historical narrative, there has been a great deal of discussion about that country in English and French papers. It has been whispered that there are three sick men — Turkey, China, and Morocco — whose inheritance may become a subject of dispute among the Great Powers; and many people think, as the Emperor Nicholas did in 1854, with respect to Turkey, that it would be well if some international agreement were entered into beforehand. Prince Bismarck once said that the Moorish question would be more difficult to deal with than the Eastern.

There are only three powers who could set up a reasonable claim to divide the spoils of the Emperor of Morocco, in case his dominion fell to pieces. These are England, France, and Spain. Of these, England, it is understood, has no wish for any portion of Morocco, and indeed, to say truth, if she *did* want to recover her old possession Tangier (given up by Charles II. in 1683), the other Powers never could be brought to allow her to possess another fortified post opposite Gibraltar. It would be putting the key of the Mediterranean absolutely into her hands.

The plan proposed and discussed is that France should take the coast line of Morocco on the Atlantic south of Cape Spartel, and also acquire the Hinterland she has been so anxious to possess south of Algeria, — a district that has been hitherto in dispute between her and Morocco. Then that Spain, which has already military posts, and ten thousand Spanish subjects in the country, should take possession of the peninsula on the north, which contains Tetuan, Tangier, and Ceuta. This would be putting these places into the hands of a power no longer strong enough to make a dangerous use of them, and Tangier could be made into a free port which would be of advantage to all the world.

France looks forward to establishing a great northern and western African empire; and why not? It is far better that she should turn her energies to Africa in the West than

be forever trying to "crowd out" England in other parts of the world.

There is at present not only danger of anarchy before many years shall pass, in the Empire of Morocco, but there is great unrest among the many millions of Mohammedans who people Central and Western Africa.

In "Europe in Africa," at pages 282 and 283, I told at some length of Senoussi, the Sheikh of Jerboub. Since then the Senoussi influence has largely increased. His spiritual authority now extends over the great Empire of Wadai, and numerous other powerful Mohammedan States and kingdoms.

Since the fall of Mahdism, there are three Heads of the Church (if I may call them so) left in Africa. First, Sultan Abdul Hamid, who, though not legally a caliph, is acknowledged by all Islam to be the most powerful ruler of the Mohammedan faith, and is looked up to by all as the Protector of the Holy Places. His spiritual influence in Africa, however, hardly extends beyond Tripoli. The next is the Shereef Abdul Aziz, the Emperor of Morocco, who, like the former Popes of Rome, exercises both spiritual and temporal power. His influence extends over the desert tribes that the French desire to subjugate, south of his dominions; the third spiritual chief is Senoussi, whom his followers look on as a Mahdi, though he has never arrogated to himself that title.

In Borku, a Mohammedan military adventurer named Rabah, possessing a large army of fanatical warriors, triumphantly carved his way in twenty years from the Bahr-el-Ghazal to Lake Chad, increasing his fighting strength with every victory. Twice he defeated European expeditions; and while in the full tide of his success he received an embassy from Sultan Abdul Hamid.

Late in the year 1899, the Sultan sent a strong military expedition into the Central Soudan. It was even reported that it had occupied Wadai. The French, too, have sent forces south of Algeria into the country of the Touaregs, who have been generally believed to be the most treacherous,



GENERAL BULIER.

thievish, and intractable of barbarians, but who, on the contrary, have been well spoken of by Lieutenant Hoarst, a young French explorer, who made his way down the Niger from the mysterious city of Timbuctoo to French ports on the Atlantic Ocean.

When disputes with the French Government were settled by Lord Salisbury and M. Delcassé, by a convention signed March 21, 1899, England recognized French pretensions over Tibesti, Borku, Kanem, and the greater part of Wadai,—regions or rather kingdoms in Central Africa about which France had been disputing with England for some years. Sultan Abdul Hamid protested against the convention as an infringement of his shadowy rights over the Tripolitan Hinterland; and recently when the French made a simultaneous advance into the Central Soudan from the northwest and the south, the Sultan's forces moved toward Wadai.

Early in the year 1899, a party of black Senegalese soldiers led by Captain Voulet and Lieutenant Chanoine, son of the French Minister of War at that time, though news of his appointment doubtless had not reached the interior of Africa, were tempted to desert their colors. They had formed a scheme to carve out a kingdom for themselves in Central Africa. Rumors of their disaffection reached the nearest post, and a party was sent to inquire into the matter. On reaching the encampment of the two officers, Colonel Klobb, who was in command of the party, halted his troops and went forward alone to hold a parley. He was at once shot dead by Captain Voulet, and his men (nearly all of whom were natives), being left under command of a sergeant, retired. Some weeks later, while a memorial service was being held in Paris in honor of Colonel Klobb, the troops of Voulet and Chanoine, having been informed of their leaders' scheme to carve out for themselves a kingdom, rose against them and shot both the murderer and Lieutenant Chanoine, who, though not present, had consented to the deed. Two junior lieutenants had already deserted them, and two sergeants had

also slipped away. Captain Voulet made his escape when Chanoine was shot and took refuge in a native hut, whence he was driven forth and slain by his men. All the officers and most of the men returned to duty, hoping that as they had acted under superior orders, they should escape punishment. A rumor of what had taken place and of the death of Klobb reached Paris at a crisis in the Dreyfus affair. It is thought that General Chanoine laid the matter at once before his colleagues, and, finding that they were not disposed to spare or screen his son, rose in the Chamber, made a bitter speech against the Cabinet and its policy, and resigned his post as Minister of War. The incident was considered wonderful when full particulars had been received, because officers were concerned in it, but in old days white men often had turned pirates or bush-rangers.

The story, as it concluded, rather shows the strength of French discipline than its weakness, the subordinate officers and their subordinates, though gravely compromised, feeling irresistibly drawn back to their duty.

WEST COAST OF AFRICA. Though Miss Mary Kingsley has found a great deal that is interesting and picturesque to write about that unhealthy region, I should have little to say about it were it not for the late Ashanti War.

In 1895-96 there was another Ashanti war, in which Queen Victoria's son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, lost his life from fever. Colonel Baden-Powell, now known as the hero of Mafeking, was then chief of staff to Sir Francis Scott, the British commander. Coomassie, the capital, was captured, and the Ashanti king was made prisoner and deported to the British colony of Sierra Leone, where "he no longer orders a human sacrifice before breakfast every morning, and no longer keeps up a harem of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three wives."

During the past year the warriors of Ashanti, taking advantage of rumors that had reached them concerning British reverses in the Boer war, besieged Sir Frederick Hodgson, Governor of the African Gold Coast Colony in

Coomassie. A relief expedition was despatched to him from the coast, but its different divisions made slow progress. The Ashanti warriors adopted Boer tactics, and fired on the English troops from ambuscades as they advanced.

Among those shut up in Coomassie with Sir Frederick Hodgson were members of a missionary band from Switzerland, three men and three women. Among them were the Rev. Mr. Ramseyer and his wife, who in 1893 had been prisoners in Coomassie of the Ashanti king, until they were rescued by Sir Garnet Wolseley. Mrs. Ramseyer had been chained by order of the king in the market-place and there exhibited to the populace for many days to be jeered at and insulted.

News was received in London on July 5 that Sir Frederick Hodgson and some Europeans, men and women, had made their way through the besieging force and were proceeding toward Cape Coast Castle. The news was brought to the relieving force by native messengers, who said that the party had lost lives in the attempt and had left in the place a small garrison.

RHODESIA. At the close of the war with Lobengula the Matabele had not been thoroughly subdued. Some of their most powerful *impis* had hidden their arms instead of surrendering them. The chartered company, in order to punish them severely, took charge of all their cattle. No man might buy cattle from a native without a permit from the magistrate of the district, but after a time this order was relaxed; fifty-five per cent of their cattle were restored to the natives, the Government retaining the remainder. When the late warriors were thus impoverished, the company insisted that they must go to work for the support of their families. They never had worked; manual labor they considered suitable only for women. Especially they dreaded employment underground in the gold mines. Then came a short crop, a plague of locusts, and the rinderpest. Their witch doctors persuaded them that these calamities were brought upon them by the white settlers.

They had arms concealed. They rose in revolt all over Matabeleland, and the local police, recruited from among the bravest warriors in the force of Lobengula, joined the insurgents with their rifles. Farms were raided; white men were massacred. All, with their wives and children, hastened to take refuge in Bulawayo, and other towns. Troops were sent from Cape Colony, Bechuanaland, and Natal. President Kruger offered Mr. Chamberlain a force of Boers. This was not long after the Jameson Raid. Mr. Chamberlain, however, declined the assistance offered him by Mr. Kruger, saying that he thought he had quite force enough to cope with Kaffirs. The insurgents, on the arrival of British troops with Maxims, retreated to the hills. There Burnham, the celebrated American scout, made his way into a cave and shot the most venerated of their witch doctors as he was engaged in incantations. By degrees, as the Matabele found themselves worsted, they went back to their kraals, and warfare ceased.

The Chartered Company at once resolved to push on the building of railroads, the main line to Bulawayo, and a branch line into Bechuanaland to Khama's capital. The opening of the road from Capetown to Bulawayo was a very great occasion. Guests were invited all the world over, among them Sir Henry Stanley, who has written a very interesting little book about what he saw on the occasion, together with his impressions of Johannesburg and South Africa in general. From what he writes, no one would for one moment imagine that Bulawayo and Johannesburg had within twelve months been the scenes of bloody war and tumult. There must be a wonderful recuperative power in these very young cities.

Three hundred white men in Matabeleland were massacred in cold blood during these months, besides those who perished fighting. By April 13, Dr. Jameson had been succeeded, as Administrator of Rhodesia, by Lord Grey, one of the founders of the Chartered Company, and Sir Frederick Carrington was made military commander.

Before entering on his office, Lord Grey disposed of all

his pecuniary interest in the Chartered Company, which adopted an ordinance thenceforth prohibiting any employee of the company from holding stock in its shares.

Mr. Rhodes resigned his presidency of the company in May, 1896, and went to Rhodesia, as a private citizen, where he was active in suppressing the revolt of the Matabele.

BECHUANALAND. This division of South Africa was a crown colony until 1895, when it became a protectorate, and sent deputies to the Federal Parliament at Capetown. Its capital, the residence of its governor, was Vryburg. In Vryburg, in 1885, the Boers had attempted to set up a small republic, which was suppressed by an expedition under Sir Charles Warren. A strip of Bechuanaland, lying along the frontier of Orange Free State and the Transvaal, was cut off by the British Government and placed under more immediate British control and protection, in order to give the Government and its Chartered Company an exclusive right to control the projected railroad from Cape Colony to Rhodesia, and also the diamond fields at Kimberley.

In 1890, it was proposed to annex Bechuanaland to Cape Colony; but Cape Colony was not willing to incur expense and accept responsibility. It was, however, annexed in 1895, the native chiefs retaining jurisdiction over their own tribes. The people of Bechuanaland opposed the policy which converted their country from a crown colony into a protectorate, for they dreaded being made over to the South African Company, which in fact was the design of the English Government.

There has been a great deal said about the treatment of certain natives who, encouraged by the Boers, rose against the English Government, and who, when subdued, were offered their choice, either to be sent to Cape Colony and indentured for five years to farmers, or to be tried for treason. About two thousand preferred to be indentured servants (which means slaves) in Cape Colony.

Mr. de Toit, a distinguished native of Cape Colony, travelling through Bechuanaland a few years since, bestowed

great praise on the people of Khama, the Christian chief. He said that on encountering Khama's people, he was struck at once by the contrast between them and other Kaffirs. He speaks highly of their courtesy, their temperance, their consideration for women, their observance of Sunday, and their honesty as traders. They make the best transport riders, he says, and are more to be depended on than other natives. The black races of Bechuanaland would have willingly fought as allies of the English in the late war, but all offers of such service were declined. The Boers, however, had no scruple in invading their kraals.

CAPE COLONY. This is the southernmost extremity of the African continent. It is governed in the first place by the British High Commissioner for South Africa, who resides at Capetown; in the second place, it has a Governor who is assisted by a Parliament composed of a Legislative Council and a House of Assembly. The Legislative Council, or Upper House, consists of 26 members, chosen for seven years. The House of Assembly has 79 members, chosen for five years. All male citizens, white or black, may vote for members of this Lower House, provided they register their names, occupations, and addresses with their own hands, are householders living in a house worth £75, or have a salary of £50 a year. This law is supposed to exclude the illiterate and vagrants; but any voting of Kaffirs is utterly distasteful to the white inhabitants of Cape Colony descended from the Dutch.

The office of Prime Minister is the most important in the colony. Mr. Rhodes held it up to 1896, but resigned it when accused of complicity in the Jameson Raid; he was succeeded by Sir Gordon Sprigg, and the office was subsequently held by Mr. Schreiner. A few words ought to be said here about what is called the Afrikaner Bond. In plain English, the name means "The League of Native South African People;" but popularly it is supposed to be an anti-loyal association composed of Boer sympathizers. This, however, can hardly be the case. The founder of the Bond, Mr. de Toit, was not by any means disloyal to

the English Government; his son's book describing a journey through Rhodesia says:—

“Let us not ignore the guidance of Providence. God has given England as our guardian,—a more considerate one than Israel found in Pharaoh; and we had need of England, especially of English capital and English enterprise. What would the colony have done with its diamond and gold fields if England had not furnished the millions by which the mines were opened and worked? We have not the money for all this. God has appointed England to educate us as a nation and to open our country for us.”

There has been no disposition on the part of the British Government to deal harshly with those Boer sympathizers in Natal and Cape Colony who are legally rebels, many among them having borne arms against England in the war. Some have been tried for treason, *pour encourager les autres*, but none have been executed. Lord Roberts, finding that extreme leniency resulted in treachery, made a proclamation after the capture of Pretoria, telling those who had taken the oath of allegiance to England, and were found to have violated it, that if taken they would be treated as prisoners of war.

The Boer prisoners, as I have said, were sent to Ceylon and St. Helena. The climate in both is healthy, and they have no reason to complain, though the relatives of certain Americans who had joined the Boers endeavored to excite the sympathy of the English Government in their friends' behalf.

Longwood at St. Helena is no longer what it was like when Napoleon died there; and some other residence must have been assigned to General Cronjé. In 1858, the old house at Longwood, with three acres of land, and also twenty-three acres in the Vale where Napoleon was buried, were purchased by the English Government from the private owners and conveyed to the Emperor of the French and his heirs in perpetuity. Both Longwood and the tomb are looked after by a French gentleman who is a civil servant of the French Government.

Perhaps we may best end this chapter with this record of how England can treat the memory of a vanquished enemy; and we may hope not only for pacification in South Africa, but for reconciliation with the Boers.

Alsace is growing reconciled to German rule; our own Confederate States are becoming reconciled to the Federal Union,—why may not a similar thing occur in South Africa? Up to the present time, the Boers have cherished old traditions of how British rule, more than sixty years ago, roused their grandfathers and fathers to *trek* into the wilderness. But sixty years have, in the world outside the Transvaal, and especially in England, made great changes, as we have seen in the chapter on the Diamond Jubilee. These changes the Boers do not understand, nor have they kept pace with them even in imagination.

Part V

ITALY AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

CHAPTER I. ITALY.

“ II. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Part V

ITALY AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

CHAPTER I

ITALY

MY "Italy in the Nineteenth Century" may be said to have abruptly broken off at the first days of 1897, when an armistice with Abyssinia had been signed, and Victor Emmanuel, the young heir of the kingdom of Italy, had just married the Princess Elena of Montenegro.

In the narrative I had included a brief sketch of the affairs of Austria during the same period, the history of those two countries intersecting and overlapping each other; but since 1897 this is not the case, so in this section of my book — Italy and Austria-Hungary — I have put what little I have to say of the two countries into separate chapters. The reason why I have not complied with the many requests made to me by strangers and by my friends to complete the series by writing "Germany in the Nineteenth Century," I have told in the Prefatory Note to this volume.

The history of Italy and the history of Austria-Hungary during the past four years have been singularly similar in their main features. Each country has had a terrible tragedy; both countries have had rulers anxious to promote the welfare of their people, but these rulers have been hampered and discouraged by the unruly behavior of their respective Parliaments.

In both countries the floors of the legislative assemblies have been used, not for debate on questions of national

importance, but for fierce personal and racial quarrels, finished up sometimes by fisticuffs and howls. In both Parliaments racial animosities display themselves without restraint. In Austria especially, there is hereditary antagonism between Germans, Poles, Slavs, Czechs, and Magyars; in Italy the difference is between the Northern and the Southern races, — the Lombards and the Tuscans on the one part, on the other the Sicilians. This antagonism is constantly displaying itself, to the despair of every Minister who wishes to see legislation promote his country's good.

The population of Italy is about thirty-one millions. The personnel of its effective army and navy in time of peace may be roughly stated as a quarter of a million; but the great strain on the resources of Italy is not the army she can put into the field, but the immense number of men enlisted for home service, — her militia, her military police, etc. The grand total of her enlisted men is the almost incredible number of 3,257,491; in other words, one-tenth of her whole population, including women and children.

It may possibly be said in defence of this system that men who receive government pay are not likely to take part against the Government, are under some discipline, and will not in case of a disturbance join the ranks of the revolutionists.

It is impossible to predict what may any day happen in Italy. Its people are exasperated by small tyrannies, which enter into the daily life of all, but most into that of the humbler classes. Such is the system of *octroi* (money paid for permission to bring food of any kind into a city) which has created more than one dangerous disturbance in Sicily. The municipal system of levying heavy fines for comparatively trifling offences is one of the vexations that incite revolutionary feeling; all the more because the youth and manhood of Italy have been reared to venerate Mazzini, Garibaldi, Ugo Foscolo, and their contemporaries as their national heroes, even as American boys and girls

are brought up to look on Washington — his life and his principles — as the polar star of their Republic. Now whether veneration for these men be well or ill founded, wise or unwise, it has been taught as a creed to Italians of the present day. How can people be blamed, therefore, who find it hard to see why principles and opinions that were heroic in their fathers' days have now become crime and treason?

Certain statistics are brought forward to prove that Italy is rapidly growing rich, faster in proportion than France; but this is due to the industrial activity of the northern part of Italy, especially in Milan. It is also true that there as elsewhere, where the material prosperity of the working class is increased, political restlessness and discontent with the existing conditions of society become more active. This is known to be the case even in America when a time of prosperity sets in for mines or railroads.

The increase of wealth in Italy by manufactures and commerce does not affect the peasantry, the class the most oppressed by unequal, burdensome taxation.

A wise government, a reasonable parliament, a dynasty that deserves and can obtain affection and respect, together with a new system of taxation which should relieve daily life — especially that of the rustic class — from paltry vexations, may in time consolidate United Italy. At present the North is not in heart with the South, though they live under the same government.

It has been said recently by an Italian writing on the politics of his country that "the ultra and law-defying parties flourish on the misgovernment of the law-abiding ones. The worse the administration is, the more recruits it gets, and *vice versa*. As general misery and lack of confidence in the Government increase, the hope declines of finding a remedy in existing institutions."

Party feeling, and not patriotism, controls the debates in Parliament. Within the last twenty-five years the various administrations (for no ministry lasts long), "have opened the way for wild speculations, schemes for building railways,

and rebuilding cities for the multiplication of government offices, and for the expenditure of those milliards which are now transformed into a national debt."

No ministry stays in office long enough to inspire and carry out any real reforms. Those that have attempted it have been speedily upset by a crisis brought about by party feeling, and by the selfish aspirations of ambitious politicians.

The Kingdom of Italy, like all *parvenus*, has been very anxious to be admitted into the best society, and to secure that end has been willing to make sacrifices. Throughout her history in the last thirty years she has constantly shown her desire to be acknowledged one of the Six Great Powers. As such, she figured in the settlement of the affairs of Crete; as such, she is now desirous of having her influence acknowledged in the affairs of China. Happy, I should say, is the country that can keep outside the Concert of the Great Powers, which during the last ten years has been perplexing and obstructive to every one of them. And yet a weak country, not allied with the Great Powers, is liable to have its outlying provinces rent from it, — if anybody wants them, — as has been the case with Spain during the last two years; as it was with Austria-Hungary in the past, and as it probably will be with Turkey and Morocco in the future. The Triple Alliance gives Italy a certain protection in case any Power wishes to do her wrong, or to interfere in her internal administration.

It is said that in the early days of the Triple Alliance, Emperor William suggested to King Humbert to reduce his army by one hundred thousand men. But the King was then ambitious of colonial expansion; he wanted a large army to establish his protectorate over Abyssinia, and it was not until that scheme had failed, and had cost millions, that he was willing to reduce the number of his fighting men.

There have been bread riots and much misery, during the time of which we have to write, among the peasantry in Italy, especially among those of Sicily and the southern part of the Peninsula. One reason given for the failure of

the crops in that part of Italy is the destruction of forests, which diminishes not only the rainfall, but the supply of birds, which are also destroyed wholesale to supply the meat markets and the milliners of northern cities. The birds are no longer sufficient to keep down the swarms of insects destructive to the crops of the country.

In 1896, the Crispi ministry had given place to that of the Marquis di Rudini (also a Sicilian), in consequence of the disasters in Abyssinia. Rudini had been leader of the Conservative party; he was credited with Catholic sympathies; but though he was brought into power by a great majority in Parliament, he soon found that that majority contained only a minority of his own friends. What those who voted for him wanted was not he or his policy, but to get rid of Crispi. It was very hard to form a cabinet out of factions hostile to the Premier, and Rudini had to sacrifice his convictions to expediency at every turn.

On April 22, 1897, as King Humbert was driving on the Roman racecourse, an anarchist named Acciarito, a native of Arteagna, rushed at his carriage, sprang on the step, and with a dagger that he held concealed in a handkerchief aimed at the King. By a quick movement the King struck the man's wrist with his elbow, and the assassin was seized by soldiers of the King's escort. "These are the little perquisites of our profession," remarked Humbert, calmly. Alas that three years later he had to pay a far heavier price for what both he and his father called, half in jest and half in earnest, their "profession"! In Italy, as in Switzerland, murder or an attempt to murder is not a capital crime; the criminal can only be imprisoned for life, but his imprisonment may be made a lifelong torture to him, should his jailers consider the sentence disproportioned to the crime. Acciarito was sent for life to the galleys, and like Bresci, three years after, received his sentence with a shout for anarchy, crying out that a revolutionary government would soon set him free.

The police, though forewarned by the father of the

criminal, had taken no precautions to protect the King; but, roused by popular indignation into sudden energy, it arrested a man on suspicion of being an accomplice, who, a few mornings afterwards, was found dead in his cell. The police said it was a case of suicide, but an investigation proved that he could not have died by his own hand.

In the year 1897, twenty-eight Republicans were elected to Parliament, their Republicanism being vaunted and avowed. The amount of concessions the Prime Minister was obliged to give to the leaders of a party whose views were opposed to his own principles, was very great. His foreign Minister was the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, who, not daring to break openly with the foreign policy of Signor Crispi, only quoted the King's words, "We shall remain faithful to our alliances."

It was in the autumn of 1896 that the treaty with King Menelik was signed by which Italy gave up all claim to establish a protectorate over Abyssinia, and retained only Massowah, a port on the Red Sea, and the strip of coast country called Eritrea, which she did not relinquish, because, as she said, it might lead to international complications.

With five other Powers, in 1897, Italy took part in the naval demonstration on the coast of Crete, and at one time her admiral commanded the allied fleets before Canea. A band of ex-Garibaldian soldiers went with great enthusiasm to Greece, under the command of Ricciotti Garibaldi. Two of their leaders, both socialist deputies in the Italian Parliament, were killed or wounded at Domoko, where the Italians fought bravely, but could not save the fortunes of the day.

Although Catholics took no outward or visible part in Italian politics, they did a good deal in the way of influence on the eve of an election, and allowed public meetings to be held in many of the churches. To these meetings the Marquis di Rudini was compelled to put a stop, though they were held more or less in his interest. Revision of assessment as a basis of taxation (which was already very

oppressive) took place early in the winter of 1898, when twenty thousand persons marched to the residence of the Prime Minister in Rome, as a popular demonstration against any increase in their taxes. They were repulsed by soldiers, and by the police, who fired on them, and the attack was responded to with stones. The affair, however, ended with instructions to the assessors to mitigate the severity of their exactions.

Before the work of Parliament was closed a scandal was brought to light whose discovery gave great satisfaction to almost all the numerous groups in the disunited chamber. Signor Crispi was accused of having received five hundred thousand lire from Signor Favilla, a defaulting director in the Bank of Bologna. The law courts decided that they had no right to try a Minister for acts committed during the time he was in office, and Signor Crispi, having satisfactorily settled that point, himself, demanded a parliamentary investigation. The result of this investigation by a committee was a decision that while Signor Crispi had committed no crime for which he could be prosecuted by common law, his conduct was deserving of the censure of the Chamber. He had received, while in office, five hundred thousand lire from Signor Favilla, which he acknowledged he had spent in the secret service of the state. He had paid the money back, though in a very irregular way, having partly used for that purpose funds that had been voted to suppress brigandage in Sicily.

Early in the year 1898, formidable bread riots broke out all over Italy. The poor in some parts of the country were suffering terribly. They demanded the repeal of the tax on wheat and flour; but the riots were encouraged by disaffected politicians, both clerical and revolutionary. Martial law was proclaimed in nearly all the Italian cities; men were killed in the streets; soldiers were called out, who fired on the mob, and here and there they were driven back with such weapons as came to hand.

The Government was convinced that while want of bread was the ostensible cause of the insurrection, it had been

secretly the work of political parties. The friends of the Pope and of his temporal power were credited with a wish to see the Savoy Government overthrown, and a Federal Republic established in Italy. This, they were supposed to believe, would lead to the restoration of the Pope's sovereignty in Rome, and possibly even the States of the Church might be restored to the Papacy.

When the revolt was subdued, which was not done without great difficulty, the penalties pronounced on the offenders were very severe. Large numbers of rioters had been arrested, tried by courts martial, and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor. Ecclesiastics were condemned to imprisonment for five or six years. Many who dreaded arrest escaped to Switzerland or to the Tyrol, and some apparently sought refuge in Paterson, New Jersey. Among those who fled to Switzerland, where their presence was a great embarrassment to the Government, was the man who became the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

The Prime Minister of Italy at the time of the riots was General Pelloux, who had succeeded the Marquis di Rudini, after that statesman had resigned finally. Several times already he had continued to hold the office of Prime Minister after his resignation, though he started on each occasion with a new Cabinet. General Pelloux was not a politician, but a soldier who had the courage of his convictions. He was determined to restore order in his country, and by his straightforward honesty he effected more than could have been done by many a more experienced statesman. He accompanied the King on a visit to the Island of Sardinia, and while there, by a bold stroke, secured the bands of brigands who had infested the country.

Italy grew anxious not to be left out of the European concert in China, and demanded a naval station on San Mun Bay. This was at once refused, though the request had been backed by England, and Italy withdrew her ambassador and his attachés from Peking, which assuredly they do not regret at the present day.

Thus ended the year 1899, and to all appearance 1900

opened peacefully. The royal family were acquiring popularity. The King had remitted, or shortened, many of the sentences pronounced on the late rioters. When the Government voted one hundred thousand lire for the relief of the poor, he gave one hundred and fifty thousand out of his own funds. The young Montenegrin Princess of Naples was affable and kindly; Queen Margherita was always admired and beloved; the heir to the throne, if the Prince of Naples should have no children, is the Duke d'Aosta, son of the ex-king Amadeo, the second son of Victor Emmanuel, who renounced the crown of Spain. His brother won golden opinions in the Italian army by defending its honor against the attacks made on it by Prince Henri of Orleans. Another brother, the Duke d'Abruzzi, was acquiring renown as an explorer, having ascended the high snow peaks of Alaska. Eight months later he has come back from an interesting and successful expedition in the Arctic Regions.

Says "The Outlook": —

"It will be remembered by readers of Nansen's thrilling record of his Polar expedition, that the point nearest to the North Pole reached by him and his single companion in their over-ice journey after leaving the ice-bound 'Fram,' was latitude $86^{\circ} 14'$. Now an Italian expedition has slightly overpassed this mark on the way to the Pole. There is only a difference of about twenty miles between the two records, as the point reached by the Abruzzi explorers was $86^{\circ} 33'$; but, for the present at least, Italy holds the honor of having penetrated farthest into the great rough ice-pack which occupies the space years ago allotted by geographers to a mythical 'open Polar sea.' . . . The vessel was driven upon the land, and thence a party under Captain Cagni undertook a sledge journey north, reached the point named above, and returned to the ship after one hundred and four days' absence. . . . The Duke himself was severely frostbitten, and was unable to accompany the sledge expedition. In view of this Italian achievement Americans will await with keen interest the reports from Lieutenant Peary's expedition which may soon be here."

But we cannot, alas! deny that the bright hopes entertained for an emancipated Italy in the early years of her

independence have, like those cherished seventy-five years ago for Greece, been greatly disappointed. The Italians themselves are disappointed too.

"Their freedom, so far as material prosperity, moral growth, and political progress are concerned, has seemed to be almost a mockery. As a matter of fact, Italy has been overweighted by adverse conditions. King Humbert, though less forceful than his father, is a brave and honest man, concerning whose patriotic devotion there has never been a question; but King Humbert has never had a chance to rule a united people. . . . The Government is responsible for the fatal policy of trying to make a great military power of Italy, and of so overloading the struggling people that it is said that out of every five dollars a man pays three dollars for taxes of various kinds."¹

"In Italy he pays most who has least, and no less than half of the amount levied by the Government is met by the poor man. For instance, the saddle-horse and the four-in-hand of the wealthy citizen pay nothing at all, the reason given being that these represent expense without profit, while the ass and the mule of the peasant (in substance, instruments of labor) have to pay, the reason given being that, by carrying produce to market and by pulling the plough, they represent expense with profit. Under this system, the Italian peasant is probably the most heavily taxed man in Europe, and yet Italy is certainly the poorest state. . . . Every department of the public service is insufficiently maintained, besides which, Italian hospitals, schools, libraries, and laboratories are more or less in need of essentials. New debts are impossible for Italy, and new taxes even more so. But by reduction of expenses, ten years' efforts have finally succeeded in a balancing of accounts."²

In the summer of the year 1900, the Prince of Naples and his wife set out on a yacht voyage on the Mediterranean ;

¹ "The Outlook," 4 June, 1898.

² "The Outlook," 31 March, 1900. An illustration of the pitifully small economies resorted to by the Italian Government is given by a recent traveller in Italy. He had occasion in a country town to send a package of manuscript by post to England. The postmaster weighed it in his scales for weighing sausage. "Have you no proper scales?" said the traveller. "I had once," replied the postmaster, "but the Government has made me send them back, saying we should not need them much, and they were wanted for another post-office."



GENERAL PELLOUX.

King Humbert and the Queen went as usual to their favorite summer residence, a villa near Monza, a city in Lombardy, not very far from Milan.

On July 30, 1899, King Humbert drove into Monza to be present at a gymnastic exhibition by students in the playground of their gymnasium. The King and the professors had places on a platform that had been erected for their accommodation.

The King expressed himself greatly pleased with the performance, and waited to assist in the distribution of prizes. When this was over, he shook hands with all the professors, and stepped down from the platform to get into his carriage. A great crowd was waiting to see him as he left the gymnasium, and he was received with loud cheers. His last words were in response to these acclamations, "Grazie, amici" (Thank you, friends). They had hardly passed his lips when a sharp sound was heard. The crowd thought it was some foolish fire-cracker. Then another, and the King sank down. The crowd could then see what had happened, and at once there was an indescribable commotion. It was so sudden, so unexpected, so horrible, that people apparently lost their heads. Some, however, seized the murderer, and would have torn him to pieces, but for the carbineers, who felt it to be their duty to protect him. "The crowd wanted to lynch him on the spot," says the Italian paper from which I copy this account, and, greatly to my surprise, it uses our American word italianized, *voleva linciario*.

The murderer's name was Gaetano Bresci. He boasted of his anarchism, and carelessly answered the questions put to him by the public prosecutor. He was born in the little town of Prato in November, 1869, and in his pocket was a passport by which they saw he had recently come from America. There, at Paterson, New Jersey, he had left his wife, telling her he was going back to Italy to see his parents. She seemed, to the Paterson police, an honest, hard-working, inoffensive woman. In Italy there were all sorts of rumors about Gaetano Bresci, and every police

record was searched for anything that might be found against any man who bore that name. One was discovered at Palermo, who had been condemned to imprisonment for anarchism under Crispi, but had been pardoned out by Rudini. There was no reason to think that this was the same man.

The American police and detectives were put on the *qui vive*, and, for a week or ten days, we heard much in the newspapers about the Italian anarchists in New Jersey, plots to assassinate kings and presidents, etc. But with more judicious reserve than our papers generally show in criminal cases, the subject was soon suffered to drop, and anarchists will not be able to learn from the public prints what detectives are doing to countermine them.

The dying King was driven to the Villa di Monza, where his wife awaited him. He had received two wounds; one bullet had passed through his ribs and struck his heart, the other had gone through his throat. Both wounds were fatal.

Under the platform where the King had been standing was found another pistol.

The murderer was tried as soon after the offence as possible. No defence could be made. The man gloried in his crime; he showed no evidence of insanity; nor could the police trace any connection he had had with anarchist societies. He was condemned to imprisonment with hard labor for life, ten years in solitary confinement; but he prophesied he would soon be free, when Italy should make another revolution.¹

But one good thing the hateful crime has done; it has awakened a united feeling throughout Italy. In every town, in every village, on the receipt of one short stupefying telegram from Monza, there was exhibited the most astounding unanimity of sentiment, and, what is perhaps more remarkable, the same phraseology in which to express it.

According to newspaper reports throughout the country,

¹ We read horrible accounts of the severity of his imprisonment. Far better if, like his victim, he had been killed.

the savage indignation expressed among the working class against the murderer was almost frightful.

Especially has deep sympathy been excited for Queen Margherita, who, in response to a letter of condolence addressed to her by the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, signs herself simply *povera donna*. The Pope, too, while he refused to recognize the new King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III., as anything more than King of Sardinia, sent kindly messages to the Queen; and a touching prayer composed by her as she sat by the corpse of her husband was read in all the churches. The conduct of the funeral services at Rome was arranged with the Cardinal Vicar, and the Roman clergy in great numbers were present at the funeral.

Patriotic, honest, generous, and kindly, King Humbert had no personal enemies. When a previous assassin attempted to stab him, he gave as his motive that the King was rich and comfortable, while he himself was miserable and poor.

The crime of regicide has grown frightfully common, and the character of the sovereign seems no protection. The motives that formerly impelled such assassins have changed. Formerly the regicide had some fanatical idea of vengeance, or he was carried out of himself by enthusiasm for some cause which might, in his opinion, be promoted by the removal of his selected victim. But now it is not apparent that the anarchist who commits the outrage, or the person who induces him to commit it, has anything to gain by the crime or much choice as to the victim. Leaving out of the question the impulse for imitation and the desire for notoriety, we still find ourselves confronted by a vague and apparently an attractive belief disseminated among the lowest class in many cities which it is utterly out of our power to understand.

The rulers and royal personages whom these people try to kill are, at the present time, exceptionally respectable. To this there is among the European royalties who of late years have been shot at, but one exception. During the

last ten years of the nineteenth century, President Carnot has been killed in France, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria in Switzerland, Señor Canovas in Spain, and King Humbert in Italy. King Milan of Servia has been shot at, the Prince of Wales, the Shah of Persia, and President Faure. Alexander III. and the present Czar have narrowly escaped railway wrecks, planned for their destruction. Even the young and gentle girl Queen of Holland has been threatened, and (they say) President McKinley. The police of Holland and of the United States are taking extraordinary precautions to protect their rulers.

In almost all of these late incidents, the attempt to assassinate has been made when the intended victim was driving in a carriage. I remember in 1840 how Louis Philippe always rode in a carriage with his back to the horses, because it might be more difficult for an assassin to take good aim at him with a revolver or a rifle. A writer in the "Spectator" has suggested that as the real danger for a sovereign is out of doors, it should be reduced to a minimum by bullet-proof carriages.

"The best carriage for the purpose is the motor car which William II. has just purchased, for as weight matters comparatively little, it can have steel sides. Its speed, too, would bewilder any ordinary marksman."

Here then is, unexpectedly, a new use to which may be put one of the unpleasant inventions of modern progress and civilization.

With regard to the present political position in Italy, and its possible future, a few words may be quoted from the "Nation" of August 30, 1900, written by Mr. W. J. Stillman of Surrey, England, long a resident in Rome. With the highest appreciation of King Humbert, as a man, a patriot, and a gentleman, he thinks the King failed greatly as a ruler, and by his system of *laissez faire* promoted "the growth of socialism and anarchy." Mr. Stillman adds:

"From what I know of the new King, Victor Emmanuel III., I believe he will be a sterner guardian of the prerogatives of the

crown than his father was, and that his ideal of a sovereign is rather his grandfather. And he will do what his father never did, viz., listen to the counsels of Queen Margherita, who had always a higher standard of royal conduct than Humbert. But that any wisdom on the part of the sovereign can stop the decline, I do not believe. Italian politics are rotten, and the Parliament is the derision of the whole country. The legislature, the bench, and the bar are to such a degree corrupt that no instrument of reform remains. The people would rejoice at the abolition of the elective chamber; it has no faith in the justice of the courts or the honesty of the *avvocati*."

And yet the same writer in the same letter insists that the "crushing weight of ever-increasing taxation" is a fable; that the Triple Alliance has *not* been an "oppressive burthen," that "Italy is rapidly growing rich, faster in proportion than France," and he adds, what all other testimony confirms, that the growth of socialism and anarchy is most rapid in the most prosperous section of Italy; that is, in Milan and its surrounding country, where wealth and commercial activity are greatest, and the working classes are well to do.

All the personages whom I regard with special interest as the contemporaries of my girlhood, and who achieved eminence either in statesmanship or literature, seem to me to have passed out of this world. There remain only — last leaves on the bough of the laurel bush — Queen Victoria and Pope Leo XIII. Both are now old, though they seem to retain the power to work; and may they both live long and retain it! Sometimes I think that we may be going back to the days of longevity — though Heaven forbid that we should rival the Patriarchs (if their chronology is correct) who lived before the Flood.

Pope Leo, however, is evidently growing feeble. The world, as well as his own Church, has reason to be thankful that he has lived so long. But the time must come, in the early years of the twentieth century, when the Conclave will meet to appoint his successor.

At present the Sacred College is composed of fifty-nine Cardinals, not seventy, which is the full number. The

Cardinals of the Curia are those who reside permanently in Rome, and take an active part in all the affairs of the Papacy. These Cardinals are said to be divided into three distinct parties. The largest desires the election of a Pope who will continue the policy of Leo XIII; the second wishes a Pope who will take less interest in the affairs of State and be more absorbed in those of religion; the third wishes to introduce reforms into the Church, and lead it back to the most pure sources of inspiration.

The foreign Catholic Cardinals are numerous, and it is thought that they may turn the election, though it is certain that the successor of Leo XIII. must be an Italian. But as a two-thirds vote is necessary to elect a Pope, the number of foreign Cardinals will give them great influence on the election. Out of the thirty-one Italian Cardinals from whom the successor of Leo XIII. will in all probability be chosen, two names have been pointed out as those of prominent candidates, either of whom would be acceptable to the Church and the Powers. One is Cardinal Luigi Oreglia. He is a Piedmontese by birth, — a man now seventy-two years old, and has been a Cardinal over a quarter of a century — longer, indeed, than any other member of the Sacred College. He has held numerous high ecclesiastical and diplomatic offices, and is at present chamberlain of the Church, which would entitle him to manage its affairs during the interregnum between the death of Pope Leo and the consecration of his successor.

The other prominent candidate is Cardinal Vannulelli Serafino, at present Bishop of Frascati, in whose cathedral is a monument to Charles Edward, the Young Pretender. He, too, has filled high offices and conducted diplomatic missions, not only in European courts, but in South America. He is said to possess a large measure of prudence, as well as learning and piety.

The successor of Leo XIII. is certain, by reason of his age, to be a man who was nurtured in the political traditions of old Italy before 1870. At least another generation must pass before the anti-Italian policy of the last twenty-nine

years can be considered by the Pontiff a mistake, though already many Catholics in Italy are considering it so.

Pope Leo has interested himself in the labor question, and during the last three years has addressed an encyclical to workingmen and their employers; but the most important thing that he has done is to oppose what is called "Americanism." This was called forth by a book published by Father Hecker of New York, one of the Paulist Fathers, at one time editor of the "Catholic World." The Pope read the book, it is said, through a bad French translation. Father Hecker, a man of great piety, wished to infuse into Catholics a spirit of progressiveness, that is, of active work for the Church.

Americanism is the spirit of Martha diffused through the American nation. The Pope wishes to point out that we must not disparage the spirit of Mary. The Lord did not reprove Martha; He only assured His disciples that Mary was quite as much worthy of honor. America, in all things, is like Martha, anxious to serve, anxious to progress; and Father Hecker sought to stimulate the Roman Catholics in America to carry this principle into Church work, and so increase the Church's vitality. Possibly he disparaged the silent life of prayer, of contemplation, and the cloister. I have not read his book, and do not know.

But the Pope sent a letter to Cardinal Gibbons, cautioning American Catholics against what he considered an incipient heresy. All the Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops, except two, in the United States, wrote earnest letters to the Pope disclaiming any heresy, or tendency to lapse into heresy, on their own part, or on that of the people under them. The two bishops who accepted the rebuke as just were the Bishop of New York and the Bishop of Milwaukee.

When the Exhibition in Paris opened, and a statue of Lafayette, presented to France by American children, was inscribed, the Government at Washington appointed Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul to make the address,—a Catholic Prelate to republican and anti-clerical France!

But the archbishop's address was admirable, and his reception in Paris was enthusiastic in the extreme. He even received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

He went also to Rome, — 1900 being the year of Jubilee, — and was received by Pope Leo with especial honor. The Holy Father told him that his object in the letter he had addressed to Cardinal Gibbons was not to cast any slur on American Catholics, but rather to caution the Catholics in Germany. Lastly, Bishop Spalding of Peoria, being in Rome on the 21st of March, 1900, was invited, by authority, to preach a *sermon de charité* in one of the principal churches. He took for his text: "It is the spirit that quickeneth." He spoke of the importance of *life* in the Church; he said that the nourishment of all life lies in education, and told his hearers that Our Lord, who came to teach us faith, hope, and charity, never uttered a word which could justify us in thinking that He regarded literature, philosophy, history, or natural science, as obstacles to true religion.

"Monsignor Spalding," said a German newspaper, "is leaving the Eternal City, and it matters little to him how many panes he has broken in the windows of the Pharisees.' But for the rest of us, who have had to wait for an American bishop to say what it was the duty of others to have said long ago, there comes into our minds a reflection saddening to those of the old world, that once more the last is first in the kingdom of God."

The Pope has said emphatically that the death of King Humbert will make no change in the Papal policy with regard to the Kingdom of Italy. And yet a change is thought to be taking place silently, through which both parties, Church and State, may welcome a *modus vivendi* which would enable them to reunite — could such a thing be found.

This year, being the Jubilee year, Rome has been crowded with pilgrims. I think a brief account of what an eyewitness saw there on one April day will, better than anything I can say, conclude this chapter.

"Yesterday I was one of a dense crowd of pilgrims and strangers who filled the hall of St. Peter's and stood, waiting, expectant for the coming of the Holy Father. Pilgrims were there from all countries, come to visit the basilicas and pray at the tombs of the Apostles. Some of them were Belgians, humble worshippers from the towns, and simple country-folk; others were from the neighborhood of Florence, the *contadini*, whom Ruskin loved. Many more had travelled from Hungary and Croatia, lean men with long black hair, clad in bluish jerkins, colored sashes, and high boots, and women in embroidered bodices and short, full skirts, wearing the same high boots, to the great amusement of the Roman women, who pointed at them and laughed aloud. All waited patiently and good-humoredly for two hours, talking among themselves, and to their priests. To all appearance, there was not much devout abstraction in their minds, but there was no levity or irreverence. At last there was a movement of expectation, and the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, pressing inwards toward the barriers. Another interval, filled with a louder hum of voices, and then a storm of clapping of hands and loud cries of *Viva il Papa!* from every part of the church, and a cloud of white handkerchiefs fluttered over the people's heads. Then came what looked more like a vision than a reality, a small spare figure in white, red, and gold, walking (as it seemed) upon the sea of heads. As the vision drew nearer, I recognized the well-known features of Leo XIII. I was prepared to find him emaciated and spiritual-looking, but I had not expected to see extreme old age and immortal youth combined in one person. Pius IX. was benign and fatherly, and the saying reported of him — 'An old man's blessing will not hurt you' — expressed him well. But in Leo XIII. there was no thought of personal dignity or good-humored condescension. Grace and courtesy may seem out of place when applied to a spiritual sovereign, but the gestures of Queen Victoria herself — 'Queen of all queens renowned' — have not more grace and courtesy than those of this ancient Italian gentleman. He stood upright, not sparing himself, during almost the whole of his progress through the nave, resting upon the arm of his chair, continually waving his arm with a long sweeping motion as he turned in blessing to right and left. He gazed with a look of intense and eager interest upon the upturned faces, seeming to see them individually, as if his thoughts were that he had power to confer a true benediction, and wished that every one present should receive it. No one who was there could help feeling that the Pope was acting

as one inspired with the sense of an unique position and the bearer of a sacred mission to the world. . . . Leo XIII. will not recognize the son of King Humbert as King of Italy. But in the times of his successor or his successor's successor, it may be that the Leonine City, the Lateran, and Castel Gandolfo may be restored to the Popes in full sovereignty. Then the houses of the religious Orders will cluster round the Vatican in the Borgo, in that unhappy region to the west of the Tiber, where Cincinnatus lived of yore, and where now huge piles of empty houses mock the speculator. Then the Cardinals will come out again and glorify the sunshine; the Pope's carriage will go about the streets; the dominion of the *Papa Re* will be as independent and as harmless to his bigger neighbors as Monaco or San Marino, whilst his spiritual sovereignty will shine out more triumphantly above the mists of political jealousy and claims, asserted, but not maintained, which now obscure it. This is an Utopian vision, but the event to which, if priests and statesmen act with ordinary common sense, the course of affairs is tending."¹

¹ "The Pilot," June 9, 1900.

CHAPTER II

AUSTRIA—HUNGARY

IN 1896 there was held at Budapest a millennial festival, embracing an exhibition of Hungarian products and manufactures. By that day Hungary had been a nation for one thousand years. The commemoration began on the second of May, and lasted until the third of November. The historical section of the exhibition was filled with treasures illustrating the history of Hungary, and of her various dependencies. The earliest records of the Hungarian nation were there to be seen in a Byzantine and an Arab manuscript. According to their writers, the Magyars were a tribe of Turkish nomads who, driven from their own territory by their more powerful countrymen, wandered westward till they reached Hungary, where they were invited to settle by King Arnulf of Bavaria, who wanted their military assistance. They lived in Hungary as nomadic warriors, making raids into the neighboring countries, whence they brought back prisoners, whom they forced to perform their agricultural labor. Toward the close of the tenth century they became Christians, and, blending together the various races that had settled in the land, formed the Kingdom of Hungary. It was this event that they celebrated one thousand years later, in the spring and summer of 1896.

The great fête was attended by the Emperor-King, who took a heartfelt share with his Hungarian subjects in their national rejoicing. He assisted at the unveiling of statues to men who once refused him their allegiance, and took a foremost part in the rejoicings of a people who had since learned to love and honor him, and who hailed his presence at their national rejoicing with hearts overflowing with thankfulness and enthusiasm.

The occasion was also celebrated by the opening of the Danube for navigation, by the destruction of the Iron Gate, a chain of rocks on the great river between Ossova on the Hungarian bank and Gladova on that of Servia. The work of removing the rocks and widening the channel had taken several years, but on Sept. 27, 1896, Francis Joseph, together with King Charles of Roumania, and King Alexander of Servia, pronounced the whole river navigable from its source to its mouth. Up to that time, for eighty miles, the Danube had been impracticable for anything but the very smallest craft, and even for them it was dangerous. In 1900, steamers pass down without interruption the whole way, from Vienna to the Black Sea.

But the empire, after this great achievement, was not long to be left in peace and joy. A year later, wild disorder broke out in the Reichsrath in opposition to a bill that the premier was desirous to introduce, extending for a year the compact made in 1867 between Austria and Hungary, by which the expenses of the Dual Empire were to be divided between them. Austria was to pay 70 per cent, and Hungary, 30. Hungary had so greatly prospered that this division was pronounced by Austria unfair. For ten days in November, the Reichsrath was a scene of wild disorder. The sittings of the House were virtually suspended. The Hungarian Ministers took part with the Austrian Ministry, and issued from Budapest a proclamation assuring both peoples that the union of the two countries was indissoluble. The factions in the Reichsrath who made the disturbance were groups forming parts of the Austrian Empire, Poles, Ruthenians, Czechs, and Slavs. The Prime Minister, Count Badeni, was threatened with impeachment, and resigned, but in April, 1898, was succeeded by Baron Gautsch, who after three months gave place to Count Thun, one of the foremost men in the Dual Empire.

"The variety of elements of which the Austro-Hungarian Empire is composed is brought out by the nationality of its recent Premiers. Count Taaffe was of Irish descent, Prince Windischgrätz and Count Kielmansegg were Germans, Count

Badeni was a Pole, Baron Gautsch was a German, and Count Thun a Czech."

A Bohemian is called a Czech, much as we call an Irishman a Celt. Count Thun, therefore, represented the Bohemian element, the most restless and dissatisfied in the Austrian dominions. In his early life he had been regarded as a determined antagonist to German (that is, Austrian) influence; he even wanted to see Bohemia declared a separate kingdom like Hungary, and to have the Emperor Francis Joseph crowned its King at Prague. He was so well-known to favor a federation of kingdoms in the Austrian Empire, that when Count Taaffe made him Viceroy of Bohemia, its people were delighted, taking it as a sign that they would triumph over the Germans not only politically but socially. Count Thun, however, had accepted the Viceroyalty as a ruler of the people, not as the leader of a faction. When mob violence broke out, he proclaimed martial law in Prague. When party spirit ran high in the Bohemian Landtag, or Legislative Assembly, on the subject of the use of the Bohemian language, — always a bone of contention between the Germans and the Czechs, — he began to read an official statement in German. A frightful outbreak of Bohemian indignation took place; for a time bedlam reigned in the Chamber, but Count Thun went calmly on reading his speech. No one could hear it; but the next day it was published, and proved so entirely satisfactory to all parties that Count Thun was at once the foremost man in the Empire in the opinion of the Bohemians.

From 1898, however, to the present day, the scenes of disorder in the Reichsrath have been most discreditable, and the only thing to be said in their extenuation is that though such violence is evidence of the people's lack of political training, it may also be taken as a proof that they are going through the apprentice stage of their political education. It would be a dreadful misfortune to all Europe if the Dual Empire were to be dissolved.

The language quarrel raged fiercely in 1899. Count

Badeni had made certain language decrees which demanded that all who were employed in the Imperial Civil Service in Bohemia should be obliged to prove a certain knowledge of the Bohemian language. This provoked the most bitter opposition from the Germans, and when Count Clery became Prime Minister, and repealed these decrees, the tables were turned, and the Czechs became the rioters and obstructors in place of the Germans.

Every few weeks there was a new Premier; but it is no use saying, Peace, peace, where there could be no peace. The distractions in Parliament have gone on sometimes more, sometimes less, to the present time.

One thing ought to be mentioned before this section of our story is closed, and that is the wonderful success Austria has had in the government of her two ex-Turkish provinces, Bosnia and Hertzegovina; no enterprise of the kind has proved so successful in the hands of any nation. One would hope Austria may acquire more Turkish provinces when the "sick man" dies.

We turn now to a far sadder subject, the domestic sorrows of the head of the Austrian Empire.

Francis Joseph was only eighteen when his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, abdicated in the height of a revolution. Being conscientiously unwilling to break the oath that he had made as King of Hungary, when the crown of St. Stephen was placed upon his head, Ferdinand would take no part in reducing Hungary to the rank of an Austrian province. He therefore abdicated in favor of Francis Joseph, his nephew. This young Prince had already become popular with the Hungarians, having on some state occasion addressed them fluently in their own language. But very soon the Hungarians passed a declaration of independence, and marched their forces against Vienna. Lombardy and Venetia were also in revolt. There seemed no help possible for Francis Joseph but to call to his aid the army of two hundred thousand men which the Emperor Nicholas of Russia was only too ready to furnish him.¹

¹ "Italy in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 165-168.

As soon, however, as the rebels were subdued, the young Emperor began trying to efface the memory of his victory.

“He freely granted to his people more than they had asked even with arms in their hands. All was conceded to them which is comprised in the conventional idea of modern ‘freedom,’ and he had, moreover, the good sense to renounce those dreams of unification which had been cherished by some of his ancestors, the certain result of which would have been to perpetuate mutual grudges and intestine divisions. He granted autonomy to Hungary, and showed himself respectful to each and all of the racial traditions and aspirations, widely diverse, and also mutually hostile, which go to make up what has been called the harlequin coat of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.”¹

He lost his Kingdom of Lombardy in 1859, and Venetia seven years later, after the battle of Sadowa, which lost him preponderance in Germany. Almost at the same time a crushing domestic sorrow fell upon him: his beloved brother Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, was captured at Querétaro, and a few weeks after was shot.

The mother of Francis Joseph was the Archduchess Sophia of Bavaria. She had two other sons: Maximilian, whose tragic history I have told in “France in the Nineteenth Century,” and the Archduke Karl Ludwig (or Charles Louis), who never took much part in politics, being of the stuff that monks are made of, rather than kings. The Archduchess Sophia was the sister of Ludovica, wife of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. This lady had four daughters, gifted with extraordinary beauty; three of them will live in history as noble women who seemed marked out for misfortune. These three were Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, the Queen of Naples (Daudet’s heroine in “*Les Rois en Exil*”), and Sophia, Duchess of Alençon. The fourth sister, the eldest, who had been selected by her relatives to be the bride of Francis Joseph,

¹ Article in “*Les Annales*” by a Diplomatist. Translated for the “*Living Age*,” February 4, 1899.

married the Duke of Thun and Taxis, after her cousin had deserted her for her younger sister Elizabeth. The brother of these ladies, Duke Charles Theodore, is known throughout Germany as a wonderful oculist, and has devoted his time and wealth to the establishment of hospitals.

When Francis Joseph went to Bavaria on a wooing expedition, to see his Aunt Ludovica and his cousins, he fell violently in love with the charms of Elizabeth, a girl too young to have been introduced into society, and insisted on having her for his wife. They were married without any interval for reflection. The match was extremely distasteful to the Archduchess Sophia, who was mother of the bridegroom and aunt of the bride. She thought Elizabeth a mere child, incapable of exercising any good influence over her husband, unformed, uneducated, inexperienced, and flighty. She did not foresee that the young girl she so despised would develop into a very noble woman. Sophia was devoted to her son Franz; she exercised great influence over him; and in his perilous imperial career, she gave him much good advice from her observation and experience. I can never forget that to her almost maternal care the poor young Duke de Reichstadt (L'Aiglon) owed comfort and sympathy in his last illness; but she was a harsh, intriguing, and injudicious mother-in-law. Elizabeth, who suffered under her terribly, was quite as bad when she became the mother-in-law of Stéphanie of Belgium; only we do not credit Stéphanie with so noble a nature as that of the Empress Elizabeth, whose married happiness was destroyed by the hostility of *Madame Mère*, as the Court called the Archduchess Sophia, and by breaches of conjugal fidelity on the part of her husband.

I have told something of the interest taken by the Empress Elizabeth in Hungarian affairs in "Italy in the Nineteenth Century."¹

Elizabeth had three children. She was not allowed to exercise any control over her eldest, the Archduchess Gisela; but over the Archduke Rudolph, she insisted on having her

¹ Pages 286-289.

maternal rights respected, and the tenderest love grew up between the mother and the son. Is there a dearer, a more holy tie? The Archduke Rudolph was everything a mother's pride could have desired; everything that the unique empire of Austria-Hungary could have wished for in a ruler; but, alas! he had the hereditary failing common to men of his family, — he could not be kept from immoral connections. In this respect he followed the evil example of his father. But in all else he would have made a noble ruler, — another Henri Quatre, *le vert galant*. In the end retribution fell heavily upon father and son.

I told in "Italy in the Nineteenth Century" of Rudolph's violent and unhappy death. It is now known that he shot himself, but the Emperor peremptorily forbade investigation, and the story is still a mystery. Had the Crown Prince Rudolph followed the advice given by his grandmother, the Duchess Ludovica, to her daughter, when Elizabeth, mad with jealousy, fled away to the Ionian Isles, it would never have happened.

"You have acted," wrote Duchess Ludovica to her daughter, "as if you, and not your husband, were guilty. I do not deny that there is nobility in your refusing to retain the advantages of your position at Court, since you fancy that you no longer possess Franz's heart; but many things which the world need never have known are now public property. The higher we stand on the social ladder, the less right have we to gratify our own private vengeance, or to set ourselves free from painful obligations. Remember the good old saying: *Noblesse oblige*. You are an integrant part of a great nation's honor; you are faithless to your trust and to the traditions of your ancestry, when you thus act on the spur of personal injury and passion."

Had the Archduke Rudolph only acted in the spirit of these last words, "You are an integrant part of a great nation's honor; you must not be faithless to your trust, and to the traditions of your ancestry" — the Crown Prince would not have shot himself by the side of the young girl whom he hopelessly loved.

When the news of this terrible catastrophe reached

Vienna, the absorbing thought of the Empress was how she might help the Emperor to bear the blow, for long before that time they had been reconciled.

When he announced the calamity to the Viennese, it was in these words:—

“Tell my people that it is thanks to the courage and devotion of the Empress that I have not given way to absolute despair.”

The widow of Prince Rudolph was Princess Stéphanie of Belgium. It had never been a congenial marriage; and the bride was wholly distasteful to her husband's mother. All relations had been broken off between the wife and husband, and Rudolph had written earnestly to Pope Leo, imploring him to dissolve the marriage.

The unhappy pair had only one child, the very charming little Archduchess Elizabeth. By her father's will she was to be brought up entirely by her grandparents, and never, till she was of age, be suffered to cross the boundary between Austria and Hungary. Her mother, the Princess Stéphanie, has lately married a Hungarian nobleman.

The Empress Elizabeth, after the death of her son, never took off the deepest mourning. Restless and wretched, she wandered about the earth, almost in the character of an “unprotected female.” She refused to stay in Vienna to take part, in 1898, in the celebration of her husband's Jubilee. He had to remain, and bear the rejoicings with a heavy heart, and it is said that a presentiment hung over them both that something dreadful was to happen in that Jubilee Year.

The Empress was completely broken down in health by a nervous disorder, for which she went to Paris, but obtained no relief. She afterwards consulted a doctor at San Remo, who insisted on a change of diet; for the Empress had been starving herself, having no appetite, and taking little nourishment but milk. She improved greatly under the new treatment; but she longed for perfect quiet, which she found in a villa that she hired in Switzerland.



COUNT BADENI.

She wrote earnestly to the Emperor, begging him to join her there, and share its peace. But the engagements forced on him by his Jubilee Year kept him in Vienna.

Before the Empress left Switzerland, she insisted on going to pass a day or two at Geneva, — Geneva, the very hot bed of anarchists and nihilists. Though no one could imagine that *she* ever could have offended the prejudices of these people, a gentleman, one of her suite, earnestly remonstrated with her. A few years before, she had been insulted, and stones had been thrown at her, by people in a little town on the borders of a lake in northern Italy. But she was self-willed, and insisted. She loved, indeed, to take risks, as when no one could prevent her walking into the stall of a wild stallion, called "Black Devil," where no groom had ventured to go in for weeks, the animal being fed from baskets pushed at him on long poles. Her voice and her touch completely subdued "Black Devil," and afterwards, when he was presented to her, he would follow her about the park like a dog.

So she went to Geneva. On her way she stopped at the villa of the Baroness de Rothschild, on the shore of the lake. The Baroness had shown kindness to the Queen of Naples when in distress, and her sister wanted personally to thank her. While there, she visited the collection of marvellous orchids in the conservatories of the Baroness, and reached her hotel (the Beaurivage) at Geneva loaded with flowers. She had planned to be entirely incognita in Geneva, but the landlord of the Beaurivage could not refrain from letting his people know that the rooms they were preparing were for an Empress.

The next day all her servants and the gentlemen of her suite were sent away by railroad to Territet, leaving her to follow later with her lady-in-waiting, the Countess Sztaray, in a boat on the lake. She did a little shopping in Geneva, then returned to the hotel, and when the time came for the boat to start, she issued forth, attended only by her lady-in-waiting, a woman apparently not to be depended on in an emergency. They were a little late; the crew of the

boat, the "Geneva," were preparing to remove the gang-plank, and Countess Sztaray had her attention distracted by making signals to them to wait, when a young man, sitting on a bench before the hotel, bounded across the street, rushed roughly past the Countess, and threw himself upon the Empress.

Not a cry escaped her as she fell, but almost instantly she rose, while the Countess screamed loudly to men upon the quay to have the thief stopped, for that was what she supposed the man to be.

To her inquiry, "Are you hurt?" the Empress replied calmly, "No, I do not think so — not much at least." Then to a passer-by who was trying to brush some dust off her dress, she said, with her usual sweetness and courtesy, "*Ce n'est pas la peine ; merci bien.*"

She crossed the gang plank, but when on board the steamer, she fell on the deck fainting. Those around her thought she was only suffering from a nervous shock. They carried her to the upper deck, and laid her upon cushions. The steamer went on. As she grew no better, and there was no doctor on board, the Countess became at last alarmed. She undid the Empress's dress, and then gave a loud scream ; for the breast had been pierced by some sharp instrument, and blood was slowly oozing from the wound.

The steamer was put back ; a stretcher was prepared, and the dying Empress was carried to the bedroom she had just quitted at the hotel. She lived a short hour, and then, with a long soft sigh, her soul departed. The only word she said was one courteous "*Merci,*" to those who had assisted her.

She was buried in the Church of the Capuchins in Vienna, where, nine years before, her beloved Rudolph had been laid to rest. She passionately loved flowers, and the whole church was filled with them. A wreath from Queen Victoria was composed of pale pink chrysanthemums, tuberose, violets, and lilies, with the words, "A token of the deepest friendship and veneration from her faithful sister, Victoria R. I."

The Emperor of Russia sent a garland of white blossoms four yards wide, and beside it lay, what the dead Empress would have valued most, a tribute of affection from a peasant in the Tyrol, of forest flowers and branches which he had brought that morning to Vienna.

The Emperor seemed heartbroken. All Austria and Hungary — nay, all the world — mourned the dead Empress, struck down without a hand raised to shield her. The murderer was arrested on the Geneva quay by some bystanders. His name is Luccheni. He was born in Paris, the son of a laundress, with no acknowledged father, and he was abandoned soon after his birth to the care of a charitable institution. He had been a soldier, a laborer, a student, and at one time was servant in Rome to the Prince and Princess of Arazona, to whom he seems to have been much attached. He had read much anarchist trash, and had become affiliated with an anarchist society, where he was accused of being lukewarm. Indignant at this reproach, he resolved to do a deed that should print his name forever on the page of history. His first idea was that he would kill the Duke of Orleans; but the Duke not coming within his reach, he resolved to kill the Empress of Austria. He gloried in his deed, crying out, when arrested, at the top of his voice: "I hit her well, bravo! Long live anarchy! All the other sovereigns will follow, and all the wealthy folks as well. Long live the Social Revolution!"

The law of Switzerland does not allow capital punishment to be inflicted. Luccheni is now alive, suffering in the same manner as an ordinary criminal condemned for life, though for the first six months his imprisonment was exceptionally severe.

The Emperor is still a strong vigorous man, with a power to work that, at his age, is thought wonderful. He begins always at five o'clock, summer and winter, and is steadily engaged in what Victor Emmanuel would have called "the duties of his profession," until midday, when he takes his "second breakfast," having eaten a roll and drunk a cup of coffee before five o'clock.

He is devoted to his grandchildren, who are, unhappily, all girls. Three are the children of his daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, the fourth is the Archduchess Elizabeth, the only child of Rudolph. This little lady, whom the Viennese call *Unsere kleine Frau*, is their pet and their admiration. The present law of the Empire, however (notwithstanding the reign of Maria Theresa), bars female sovereignty.

As soon as the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph was known in Vienna, the heirship to the throne was acknowledged to have fallen on Archduke Karl Ludwig, younger brother of the Emperor; but a general wish was felt that he should renounce the succession.

Maria Theresa, his Portuguese wife, however, opposed his desire to give up his rights, and her husband, contrary to his own wishes, held on. He is the most fervent of Catholics, the most bitter opponent of all that men call progress; constitutional monarchy he abhors.

When only two and twenty he was made Viceroy of the Tyrol, and ruled it admirably. He married Princess Margarethe of Saxony, when she was only sixteen, and he was passionately attached to her. The world seemed bright around him; but suddenly, on one September day in 1858, all changed. His beloved Margarethe died after a few hours' illness, and the handsome, happy, fortunate young Prince seemed suddenly to have grown an old man. His grief was terrible; for a time fears were entertained for his reason. He went to Rome, and passed his days shut up in a convent. But the Italian war of 1859 brought him forth again. The result of this war was to him a terrible blow. He had never doubted that the cause of Austria and of the Church would prevail. He bitterly resented all schemes for limiting the power of the Emperor, saying that people ought to know that a Hapsburg might be trusted to do his best for his own subjects.

Soon after, when the battle for religious toleration was raging, Archduke Karl Ludwig stood on one side, and his brother's government upon the other. Finally, in the sum-

mer of 1861, he resigned his Viceroyalty of the Tyrol, and withdrew to Grätz, where he lived in retirement, shunning all intercourse with his fellow-men.

But heirs to the thrones of Austria and Hungary were scarce. The Emperor had had but one son; Maximilian had no children; the Archduke Victor (of whom the world knows nothing) was resolved never to marry; Karl Ludwig felt the exigencies of his position, and accepted as his wife the Princess Annunciata of Naples. She was a sensible, kind-hearted woman, and adapted herself with admirable tact to her difficult position. She set to work, quietly and unobtrusively, to rouse her husband, and in time she succeeded; children were born to brighten their home-life, the Archduke's love for science revived, and he began to take an interest in the intellectual movements of the day.

He was most bitterly opposed to the liberalism of his brothers, Francis Joseph and Maximilian, and believed that they were leading their country on the road to perdition.

He never permitted politics to be spoken of in his presence, but he put himself at the head of every important philanthropic undertaking in the Empire. Innumerable are the stories told in Vienna of his kind-heartedness and his charity.

In 1871, the Archduchess Annunciata died, to the sincere regret of the husband to whom her life had been devoted. Two years later, to the great astonishment of his own family, Karl Ludwig announced that he was about to take another bride. This time the lady was Maria Theresa, daughter of Don Miguel of Portugal. She was beautiful, very clever, and had charming manners. Into the Austrian court and the social circles of Vienna, she came as a flash of brightness.¹

Her decided opposition to her husband's renunciation of his rights as heir to the thrones of Austria-Hungary yielded at last, and the son of Karl Ludwig, the Archduke

¹ Compiled from an article in "Temple Bar."

Ferdinand, became the acknowledged heir of his uncle, the Emperor. But very recently this young Prince has taken the world by surprise, and distressed his family, by openly and avowedly marrying the Countess Chotek, a Hungarian lady, and renouncing for the heirs of this marriage all claim to the dual throne.

Almost as I write comes news of a great commotion in the Hungarian Parliament when, on Oct. 31, 1900, Francis Kossuth, son of the great leader, made a motion insisting on the right of Countess Chotek to become Queen of Hungary. The Hungarian Premier expressed the greatest respect for the wife of the Archduke Ferdinand, but explained that it was entirely impossible for Hungary, by herself, to alter the law of succession.

Meantime, disturbances in the Reichsrath, principally on the question of languages (there are said to be no less than eleven languages or dialects in the Empire), have become so outrageous and discreditable that the Emperor has threatened to break up the Parliamentary system, and to establish a new constitution by decree.

By the time these pages are in the hands of my readers, we shall have learned the effect of this threat. May I be suffered to employ the language of the nursery, and to trust it may induce the Parliament "to behave better"?

Part IX

SPAIN

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

Part VI

SPAIN

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

MY "Spain in the Nineteenth Century" brought the history of that country up to the close of 1897. The volume ended with a postscript saying that Señor Canovas, the great Spanish statesman, and the fast friend of the dynasty he had so largely helped to place upon the throne, had been assassinated, and the last words of my book were quoted from the "Outlook": —

"After the assassination of Canovas there was a general hope among Spanish liberals that Sagasta might be called to the premiership. It is well known that he has earnestly advocated a policy of conciliation with Cuba, and of home rule for the Cubans. The chief difficulty in making such a policy practicable is that the Cuban insurgents show not the slightest disposition to accept anything but complete and absolute independence. . . . Any form of local autonomy which can be suggested would, they say, be easily perverted by Spain in actual practice, and of Spanish promises Cuba in the past has had too much experience to trust them again."

Nevertheless, near the close of 1897, General Weyler being recalled, General Blanco was sent to Cuba with a scheme of autonomy. The Cuban insurgents refused even to listen to it. They threatened that any man who came to them with any such proposition should be shot, and this savage decree they carried into effect when Colonel Ruiz, a Spanish officer, approached one of their camps for the purpose of explaining to them what the Spanish Government proposed and intended.

The Spanish autonomy scheme, indeed, had it been accepted in Cuba, would seem to have had little

chance of calming the dissensions and disorders in the country. Among the inhabitants of Havana who were still loyal to the Spanish Government there were two parties, — the autonomists and the old Spanish party, or, as they called themselves, "Conservatives." These refused to take any part in organizing a scheme of autonomy.

The autonomy proposed placed, indeed, great power in the hands of the Governor-General and contained no provisions against its being suddenly set aside by the will of the Spanish Cabinet and Cortes.

Riots in opposition to the scheme broke out in Havana in January, 1898, with cries of "Down with autonomy!" "Hurrah for Weyler!" Americans were not threatened or molested, but the United States Consul-General, Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, thought it best to request his government to send a warship to Havana from Key West. This action was agreed to by the Spanish Government, which, accepting the arrival of the warship as an act of civility, proposed to send a Spanish warship to an American port to return the visit. The "*Vizcaya*" was therefore ordered to New York, where her officers were received with hospitality.

The "*Maine*" went to Havana, and anchored in the harbor in a place pointed out to her by government officials. About the same time an unpleasant incident occurred in Washington. Señor de Lome, the Spanish Ambassador, who up to that time had filled a difficult position with ability and discretion, wrote a private letter to a friend in Cuba, in which he spoke of President McKinley as a man of vacillating disposition, and much controlled by politicians. This letter somehow fell into the hands of Cuban insurgents, who forwarded it to the State Department at Washington. The United States at once requested Señor de Lome's recall, but this was anticipated by his resignation. Meantime affairs in Cuba seemed to be going from bad to worse. The army, irritated by slurs cast on it by autonomists, was becoming disaffected; the island was bankrupt, its people starving, its commerce crippled.

On February 15, just after De Lome's departure, oc-



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

curred the appalling disaster of the blowing up of the "Maine."

I may here say, worthless though my opinion may be, that I have never thought the Spanish or Cuban Government had anything to do with that outrage. I believe that the explosion was caused from without by an infernal machine, but I cannot believe it was placed there with the knowledge or connivance of the Spanish Government. What had that Government to gain by precipitating a war with the United States? The Spanish Cabinet and General Blanco were doing all in their power to prevent that war. The party who wanted the United States to be embroiled with Spain was the insurgent party in Cuba. With the two countries at war, Cubans might hope to achieve their independence. The insurgents had no scruple about using infernal machines. To my personal knowledge, one of their agents sailed from New York to the West Indies about that time with several of them in his possession, — not powerful enough to blow up a warship; but unless Cuban insurgents were less clever than anarchists in France, why might they not have abstracted a powerful explosive from the government stores? At any rate, if they designed to provoke a war, the explosion on Feb. 15, 1898, effected their purpose.

Shortly before ten o'clock, on the night of February 15, as the "Maine" lay at her anchorage near Fort Attares in Havana Harbor, her crew being for the most part in bed, the usual inspection of the magazines having taken place, and the keys having been left in the possession of Captain Sigsbee, who was writing letters in his cabin, an explosion took place in the forward part of the ship, so terrific that it was heard miles away. The whole city was shaken; lights were extinguished in the streets; and the bay was illuminated far and wide by the light of the burning vessel. Captain Sigsbee said in his report, "I find it impossible to describe the sound or shock, but the impression remains of something awe-inspiring, terrifying, — of noise rending, vibrating, all-pervading. There is nothing in the former

experience of any one on board to measure the explosion by."

The quarters of the crew, of course, were forward, and the destruction of life among them was most frightful. Of the 354 officers and men on board, only 104 escaped death, and of these many were severely wounded. Two officers were among the lost, Lieutenant Jenkins and Engineer Merritt. The great ship soon sank, bow first, and many of the crew were drowned in their hammocks. The officers contrived to launch three boats. A Spanish warship, anchored near, at once sent her boats to offer assistance, and passenger ships and steamers in the harbor did the same.

The chaplain of the "Maine," Rev. Mr. Chidwick (a Roman Catholic), worked day after day as the dead were brought ashore, identifying their bodies, performing brief funeral rites, and giving attention in the intervals to the wounded in the hospital.

The Spanish authorities in Cuba did all they could to express regret and sympathy, and all Havana joined in funeral services over the American sailors, — a service more imposing, it was said, than Havana had ever seen.

It was agreed that American divers should first go down to make a report as to what had caused the wreck and to save as much portable private property as possible. The Spaniards afterwards performed the same duty.

To the present day it is not precisely known what caused the terrible explosion. A boat was seen to put off from the shore about nightfall, and a woman was said to have made some vague disclosures. Some thought that when the United States had possession of Havana, our detectives would follow up these clues, but nothing seems to have been done in that direction.

Yet, though the good sense and good feeling of the country endeavored to suppress sensational reports in the newspapers, "Remember the 'Maine'" soon became the United States battle-cry.

Meantime Spain was sinking deeper and deeper into

debt, and that with the prospect of war. She had not money to pay arrears due her army and her public servants. She had to pay annually \$65,000,000 interest on her debt, and her Cuban indebtedness was not far from \$500,000,000. She had no means to alleviate the starvation and suffering in Cuba. Sympathizers in the United States confided money to Miss Clara Barton, who on her arrival in Cuba reported that the conditions were far worse than she had expected. Most of the planters and business men were quite ruined. Years of peace, she was told, would be needed to restore industry and commerce to their former state. Both Spaniards and insurgents were represented as treating non-combatants of doubtful devotion to their respective causes with the utmost brutality, and destroying property uselessly and recklessly. In short, the entire condition of the island seemed desperate. But regarding the despatch of supplies to Cuba in American naval vessels, the Spanish Government ventured a remonstrance. It also, in a spirit of reciprocity for the dismissal, I suppose, of De Lome, made an effort to have General Fitzhugh Lee removed from the Consul-Generalship. To this a very dignified reply was made by the United States Government.

"The President will not consider the recall of General Lee. He has borne himself throughout this crisis with judgment, fidelity, and courage, to the President's entire satisfaction. As to the supplies for the relief of the Cuban people, all arrangements have been made to carry a consignment this week from Key West by one of the naval vessels, whichever may be best adapted and most available for the purpose, to Matanzas and Sagua."

Nothing further came of the incident; the request of the Spanish Government was withdrawn. Meantime both Washington and Madrid were, as the London "Spectator" said, "expecting war without desiring it." But it seemed time to be prepared when a war-cloud loomed in the horizon, and Congress voted Mr. McKinley \$50,000,000 to be spent on coast defence. Those were the days in which no

one doubted "the good judgment, patriotism, and firmness of the President."

As soon as Congress had voted \$50,000,000 to be placed in the hands of the President, to be used at his discretion for national defence, the United States was in an excitement of preparation for war.

Military departments were reorganized, war material was purchased, ships were fitted out, men were enlisted, tugs, passenger steamers, and private yachts were put into commission, and two new battleships were purchased abroad. Those who desired peace quieted their consciences by asserting that the best way to insure peace was to be prepared for war.

Meantime negotiations continued at Madrid, conducted by Minister Woodford and the Cabinet of the Queen Regent. One proposition made, but never diplomatically or seriously considered, was that the United States should guarantee Cuban bonds to such an extent that Cuba should be able to carry out a real scheme of autonomy, Spain abandoning all claim to interfere in the government of the island, and retaining only a nominal suzerainty.

President McKinley was credited, not only by his countrymen, but by governments and nations throughout the world, with the most praiseworthy desire to hold back the rash and turbulent among his people, while carrying on negotiations in a spirit of diplomacy. England especially showed sympathy and friendship for the United States in this crisis, this feeling being greatly strengthened by what her people considered the firmness and good judgment of Mr. McKinley.

Meantime the condition of things in Cuba grew worse and worse. General Blanco repealed the order by which General Weyler had prohibited tillage in certain provinces of the island and driven the agricultural population into towns; but as the crops, stocks, and farm implements of these poor creatures had been destroyed, liberty to return to their homes was of little use to them.

Senator Proctor was sent semi-officially to Cuba to bring



GENERAL MILES.

back a report that the Government might depend on, of the condition of things there. "Outside of Havana," he said, "it is not peace, nor is it war; it is desolation and distress, misery and starvation." Of General Blanco's good faith and good intentions Mr. Proctor spoke highly, but his presentation of the facts seemed a curious commentary on an assertion at the same time made by General Blanco at a banquet, that "the Spanish flag represented liberty and civilization!"

Stimulated by the efforts of Miss Clara Barton and the charitable in the United States, to provide relief for the *reconcentrados*, the Spanish ministry placed \$600,000 at the disposal of General Blanco to aid in relieving suffering. But all this came too late. Both countries were busy with their warlike preparations, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, soon after the report of Senator Proctor, prepared a resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba, and recommending armed intervention, if necessary, to secure it.

On Monday, April 11, the President sent a message to Congress asking it to empower him to take measures to secure a full and final termination of the hostilities between the Government of Spain and the people of Cuba. The President speaks of the war as "one of extermination; the only peace it can beget," he says, "is that of the wilderness and the grave."

Influenced by the Pope, Spain appeared willing to make some concessions, but she would not declare Cuba independent, and less than that, or complete subjugation of the island, would not end the war.

After a few days of debate and conference a resolution was passed by both Houses of Congress (in the House of Representatives by a vote 322 to 19) embodying the views set forth in the President's message, and disclaiming any intention "of exercising sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over the island of Cuba, except for its pacification, and when that should be accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The resolution in the Senate, in spite of the reports of the Committee of Investigation, and the testimony of Mr. Proctor, threw responsibility for the loss of the "Maine" on the Spanish Government. Its resolution, as passed, was said to be "more like a prosecuting attorney's speech than an official document."

The Spanish Government drew up a note to the effect that President McKinley's message was incompatible with the sovereignty and rights of the Spanish nation, "as those rights did not admit of interference in Spain's affairs by any other nation."

And then the war broke out. There was no formal declaration of war at first. As soon as the Spanish Legation in Washington was notified of the resolutions passed by Congress, the minister and his attachés set out for Canada. Before General Woodford had had time to receive an answer to a demand, drawn up in accordance with these resolutions and sent to the Queen Regent, he was requested, without further answer, to leave the country.

Spain hoped much from her navy. She had gathered a formidable fleet at Cadiz, and another more numerous, but less powerful, at the Cape de Verde, but we know now that the commanders of these fleets represented them to their government as being in a very unserviceable condition, and that the engineers and firemen, being almost all of Scottish birth, had refused to serve against Americans.

Congress passed a resolution declaring that a state of war had existed since April 21, 1898. The fleet of the United States, waiting orders at Key West, was ordered to blockade the ports of Cuba. Several prizes were captured, but in the end were released, as the captures were considered premature.

The United States, though she had refused to give formal adhesion to the Declaration of Paris concerning Naval Warfare, gave notice that she would adhere to its four cardinal points. First, Privateering should be abolished; secondly, Neutral flags should protect an enemy's goods, if not contraband of war; thirdly, Neutral goods under an

enemy's flag were not to be seized ; fourthly, A blockade, to be binding, must be effective.

Spain also adhered to these rules, except the first. She would not bind herself *never* to issue letters of marque to privateers.

Havana was blockaded, and its forts fired on United States vessels. Admiral Sampson was in command of the blockading fleet ; Commodore Schley (his former superior in naval rank) commanded the fleet at Hampton Roads, which was to defend the long coast line, and be prepared to protect American transatlantic vessels.

Commodore Dewey with his fleet at Hong Kong (which, being a British port, he was obliged to leave, as England was a neutral power) received orders by cable to capture or destroy, if possible, the Spanish fleet in the East Indies.

There had been some talk of Carlist disturbances in Spain ; but when war was declared, all parties seemed for a moment animated by patriotic enthusiasm. The Queen Regent in person addressed the Cortes. She declared the unalterable resolution of the Government to defend Spanish rights, whatever sacrifices might be imposed upon the country, and then added, —

“Thus identifying myself with the nation, I not only fulfil the oath I swore in accepting the Regency, but I follow the dictates of a mother's heart, trusting to the Spanish people to gather behind my son's throne, and to defend it until he is old enough to defend it himself.”

In the United States Congress a War Tax Bill was passed, and 125,000 volunteers were called out to serve for two years, in addition to the regular army.

The first victory of the war was that of Commodore Dewey, who destroyed the entire Spanish fleet in East Indian waters, without the loss of a ship, and almost without the loss of a single man. Commodore Dewey's despatches were brief ; the cable had been cut, and his only means of telegraphing was to send a message by a swift boat to Hong Kong. Before he could do this, the Span-

iards, when about to cut the cable, sent a message to Madrid that the American fleet had been totally annihilated.

Dewey's fleet left Hong Kong on April 27, and reached Subic Bay in the Philippines, where they expected to find the enemy. As the enemy's fleet was not in Subic Bay, the Commodore sailed boldly to Manila. He steamed in the dark up Manila Bay, all lights put out except that a blaze came occasionally from the smokestack of one of his small steamers; and he passed the batteries at Corregidor Island, which command the entrance to the bay, without attracting the notice of the enemy.

Two sunken torpedoes were exploded in advance of the "*Olympia*," the Commodore's flagship, which was leading the attack, and then the Spanish Admiral Montojo took the alarm. He was at great disadvantage. His steamships had not enough steam to manœuvre them properly, and three of them had broken machinery. They were drawn up in line of battle before Cavité, but Commodore Dewey so manœuvred his fleet as to keep an advantageous position in spite of strong currents in the bay, and to avoid giving the Spaniards a steady mark.

The commander led his little fleet five times back and forth before the Spanish firing line, until at last, fearing that the ammunition on board some of his smaller vessels was exhausted, he drew out of range, and the men breakfasted.

When he closed in again, the Spaniards fought gallantly, and the flagship, the "*Maria Cristina*," advanced out of the line to attack the Americans, but in a few minutes she was helpless and a cripple.

The Spanish Admiral's last signal was for the captains of all vessels to scuttle their ships and abandon them. At first, when Dewey's ship returned into the fight, he did not know how completely the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, — how admirably, by his bravery and his seamanship, he had succeeded. A shell struck the magazine in the battery of Cavité, and the ammunition stored in it exploded, killing forty Spanish soldiers. Then the commandant raised a

white flag. Admiral Montojo had been wounded and carried into Manila. The Spanish forts surrendered, and the Americans had complete command of the bay.

It was a brilliant victory due to good seamanship and good gunnery. Dewey's first care after the action was to provide relief for the Spanish wounded. Except eight men struck by an explosion on board the "Baltimore" he had no killed or wounded of his own.

He also despatched at once a message to the authorities in Manila, that one shot fired from the shore would be the signal for a bombardment which would lay the city in ashes.

I think Commodore Dewey's own brief cable despatches speak more eloquently than more elaborate accounts of the action, though these were not wanting, for the correspondent of the New York "Herald" stood on the bridge of the "Olympia" beside the Commodore while the fight went on.

Manila, May 1. Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy, and destroyed the following Spanish vessels [here follow ten names]. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to American Consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him.

DEWEY.

Cavité, May 4. I have taken possession of naval station at Cavité on Philippine Islands. Have destroyed the fortifications at bay entrance, paroling the garrison. I control bay completely, and can take city at any time. The squadron is in excellent health and spirits. Spanish loss not fully known, but very heavy. One hundred and fifty killed, including Captain of "Reina Cristina." I am assisting in protecting Spanish sick and wounded; two hundred and fifty sick and wounded in hospital within our lines. Much excitement at Manila. Will protect foreign residents.

DEWEY.

The commanders of all naval vessels on the eastern coast of Asia hurried at once to Manila — German, English, and the rest — to look after the interests of their countrymen. At first the German Admiral Dietrichs was disposed to make difficulties, but Commodore Dewey was firm, and was supported in all things by the English commander.

Congress on receipt of the news of this victory instantly and unanimously passed a joint resolution thanking Commodore Dewey, his officers, and his men in the name of the American people, and a bill was passed increasing by one the number of admirals, so that Commodore Dewey might be immediately promoted.

Meantime there was great uncertainty felt in the United States concerning the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera at Cadiz. Would it harry the coasts of New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts? Would it try to intercept the crack battleship of the American navy, the "Oregon," on her voyage from Rio Janeiro?

The insurgents in Cuba, inspired by the declaration of war between Spain and the United States, marched under Generals Gomez and Garcia toward the province of Havana. They looked to the American Government, as their ally, for ammunition and supplies. These were sent, but did not always reach them.

The general expectation was that the force intended for the invasion of Cuba, and assembled during the first week of May at Tampa, Florida, under General Shafter, would land somewhere near Havana, according to a plan once laid down by General Grant, and attack that city. But General Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, formed another plan. This was to take the troops assembled at Tampa ostensibly for the invasion of Cuba, to Puerto Rico, seize that island, make it a base of operations, and invade Cuba from the south; then after the rainy season should be over, the Americans, cutting the Spanish forces in two, could sweep across the island and attack Havana. This plan was, however, frustrated before it could be put in operation, by the movements of the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera.

Cervera had sailed from Cadiz, on April 8, for the Cape Verd Islands. When war broke out, neither spies, cables, rumors, nor passing steamers gave the Americans any idea as to where the Spanish squadron was, or what it was about, although fast cruisers were sent toward the Spanish



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

coast to gather information. But on May 11, the enemy's ships were found to be at Martinique, replenishing their coal bunkers. The United States considered this on the part of France a breach of neutrality; but French sympathies and French interests were both on the side of Spain, the Spanish finances being entirely at the mercy of French creditors. From Martinique the fleet went to the Venezuelan coast, and then, undiscovered by Sampson's cruisers on the watch, it managed to slip into the harbor of Santiago, which is, after Havana, the most important town and seaport on the island. The entrance to this harbor is very narrow and was protected by Fort Morro,¹ which was supposed to be a place of great strength; later it was discovered to have been almost denuded of cannon.

When Admiral Cervera was known to be in Santiago Harbor, Admiral Sampson, reinforced by Commodore Schley's flying squadron, which was no longer needed to defend the Atlantic coast, concentrated his fleet to blockade the south coast of Cuba, and to prevent Admiral Cervera's fleet from putting to sea again. Admiral Sampson had, on the morning of May 12, made an attack on San Juan, the northernmost port of Puerto Rico. His shells repeatedly hit the fortifications, but the only serious damage they did was when one of them exploded in an immense store of coal, laid up for the use of Spanish naval steamers.

After this attack, or demonstration, against San Juan, Admiral Sampson, reinforced by Schley's squadron, proceeded, as I have said, to bottle up Admiral Cervera's fleet in Santiago. To do this effectually it was necessary to close the narrow passage, which would have to be done under fire, and the Morro was considered more formidable than it proved to be. The duty was undertaken by Lieutenant Hobson, a young naval engineer officer. He volunteered to take a coal steamer, the "Merrimac," into the mouth of the harbor, lay her across the channel, and sink her there, he and the seven men who volunteered with him

¹ Morro is a name often given to Spanish forts. There is another guarding the harbor of Havana.

escaping as she went down by means of a small flat-bottomed boat, a sort of raft, called a catamaran. Lieutenant Powell on a steam launch was to look out for them.

When Hobson touched the button that was to explode the torpedoes and make holes in the hull, causing the vessel to sink, only three exploded. He and his crew were on the "Merrimac's" deck. The catamaran was expected to float as the ship sank, but until then it had been attached to the boom of the slowly sinking vessel. A brisk cross-fire from either shore was aimed at them. Lieutenant Hobson ordered his men to lie on their faces on the deck until that deck reached the water's edge. Here is his own account of his undertaking.

"'Not a man must move,' I said, and it was owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we were not killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched; but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or other of the men, lying with his face glued to the deck, and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way, would say, 'Had n't we better drop off now, sir?' But I said, 'Wait till daylight.' It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but on to the shore, where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old 'Merrimac' kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed. One man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless. It was splendid the way those men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries, and the 'Vizcaya' was awful. When the water came up to the 'Merrimac's' decks the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but it was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edges and clung on, our heads only being above water. A Spanish launch came toward the 'Merrimac.' We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and half a dozen marines jumped up, and pointed their rifles at our heads, sticking out of the water. 'Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?' I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning, and waved his hand. It was Admiral Cervera. The marines lowered their rifles, and we were helped into the launch."

Admiral Cervera took care that his prisoners were kindly treated ; and they were subsequently exchanged, to the great delight of the army then investing Santiago, especially of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who, wildly cheering, broke their ranks to grasp them by the hand. For before this time General Shafter's army at Tampa, fifteen thousand men, had been embarked and under convoy had sailed for Santiago. They landed at three places. The first was near the Bay of Guantanamo, forty miles east of Santiago. The Spanish infantry were stretched in a line fifty-three miles in length from this place to Cabanas, ready to concentrate at any spot where a landing might be attempted. There was considerably more delay, however, than had been expected, and the men were not all landed till June 22 at Baiquiri. General Garcia with his Cubans kept the Spaniards from attacking the invading force while it was landing.

The main camp was formed at Siboney, a place impregnated with yellow fever. General Shafter was very anxious to advance at once upon the city, fearing that severe storms might drive off shore the ships from which he expected to receive supplies.

When the advance began, General Wheeler, with a party of cavalry, some of them Rough Riders, others colored troopers, pushed forward and found himself at a place where two roads met, both leading to Santiago. He attacked the enemy, who guarded the place and were in a strong position. Here the Americans first encountered the fire of rifles with smokeless powder, but they pushed on, and completely routed the enemy. The story of this first fight is very exciting, and was graphically related by correspondents. I cannot but regret that I have not space here to dwell upon it more at length.

The Spanish generals in command at Santiago — General Linares and General Toral — were hourly expecting reinforcements from Havana, which General Blanco was to send them under command of General Pando. General Shafter deputed General Garcia with his Cubans to inter-

cept this reinforcement ; but already coolness had sprung up between the insurgent army and the Americans ; the one nation was overbearing and scornful, the other was thievish, and, some thought, cowardly.

The army pushed on until it was within three miles of Santiago. But while American soldiers were meeting, during the first days of July, with serious opposition, and though uniformly successful, were losing many gallant officers and brave men, the navy was achieving a victory at Santiago, even more signal and more important than that gained on the Pacific coast by Admiral Dewey two months before.

At nine o'clock on Sunday morning, July 3, the Spanish fleet ventured out of Santiago Harbor. It is said that Cervera foresaw the inevitable surrender of Santiago, that he was short of food, short of ammunition, and short of all other supplies. The wreck of the "Merrimac" had not entirely blocked the channel. Admiral Sampson, most unfortunately for himself, had gone a little way down the coast in his flagship. Commodore Schley, in the "Brooklyn," was in command. The plan of operations had been made by Sampson, though he was not there to superintend them when the time came.

It was broad daylight on a summer morning when four armored Spanish cruisers — the "Almirante Oquendo," the "Cristobal Colon," the "Vizcaya," and the "Infanta Maria Teresa" — were seen steaming in line toward the mouth of Santiago Harbor. With them were two torpedo boat-destroyers, — the "Furor" and the "Pluton."

They passed out of the dangerously narrow passage ; the cruisers steered rapidly westward ; the torpedo boats made straight for Commodore Schley's flagship, the "Brooklyn."

The American fleet lost no time in following the Spanish ships, pouring a quick fire into them. Very shortly the "Maria Teresa" gave up the race, and was run ashore about eight miles west from Santiago. Almost immediately after this the "Almirante Oquendo" was beached, and soon both vessels were in flames. The same fate befell the



ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

"Vizcaya;" the flagship, the "Cristobal Colon," alone remained.

The American sailors were made indignant by seeing insurgent Cubans come down to the shore and fire at Spaniards who had escaped drowning; and threats were made that if they continued such inhuman work the American guns would open upon them.

The "Cristobal Colon," with Captain de Moren on board, led her adversaries a long chase. She was a very fast ship, and trusted to escape by speed, but American shots were too well directed; she was disabled, and, striking her flag, shared the fate of her companions.

Admiral Cervera, his son, and his staff were taken on board the "Gloucester," where Captain Wainwright received them with expressions of admiration for their splendid gallantry. They might have returned the compliment, for the little "Gloucester," formerly the pleasure yacht of Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, had left the line of the American fleet and run up close to the torpedo boats "Furor" and "Pluton," firing on them as she advanced. They turned and fled, and soon lay wrecked upon the beach like all the others.

"It was a famous victory," as the old man said to his grandchild in Southey's poem, but, like him, we must lament for those who lost, while we rejoice with those who won.

"Brave, true-hearted, tender Philip!
Standing with uncovered head,—
'Don't cheer, boys! For those poor fellows,
There, are dying!' quick he said."¹

While the navy was thus employed destroying the whole Spanish fleet, and capturing eighteen hundred prisoners, with the loss of only one man, the army was engaged in a series of bloody and bitterly contested conflicts. A telegraph and telephone station had been established within a short distance of Santiago. The hill village of El Caney on the

¹ Miss Mary F. Nixon.

northeast of Santiago, and the hill of San Juan on the southwest, had been strongly fortified by the Spaniards. The Rough Riders (on foot), under Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, with the First and Tenth regiments of dismounted cavalry, mounted the hill toward a block-house on San Juan in blistering heat and under a terrific fire from concealed sharp-shooters. The correspondent of the *New York "World"* thus tells the story:—

"From the block-house battery shrapnel poured upon the storming party, but only once did the men waver. Roosevelt saw it, and, riding far out in advance, yelled for his men to follow him. They did, and the Tenth and First were right alongside. They went up the hill on the double quick, yelling and shouting. Bullets and shrapnel rained upon them, stretching many a poor fellow dead, with the cheering yell of his comrades ringing in his ears. Every gap was closed up, — and there were many of them. The men had not gone thirty yards in the open when Roosevelt's horse went down. The Colonel landed on his feet, and ran along to keep in the van."

El Caney was captured after five hours of hard fighting, the whole American force, about fifteen thousand men, being engaged; and the Spanish force retreated back to Santiago.

It was in consequence of American success in these two fights that the Spanish fleet attempted to escape out of the harbor. To remain would have been destruction; to put to sea gave them at least some chance, and it was felt to be far better to wreck the vessels than to leave them to become the enemy's prize. Besides, it is said that Cervera had positive orders to put to sea in such an emergency.

A week later General Shafter summoned Santiago to surrender, under a threat of bombardment if surrender were refused. But General Toral, then in command of the city, requested a postponement that he might ask instructions from the authorities at Madrid, and requested at the same time permission to use the cable lines, which were in the Americans' hands.

General Linares, who had been the Spanish commander up to that time, threw the pain and shame and penalty

of the surrender upon General Toral, and resigned his command. General Linares is now in Madrid, a man of political consequence, while Toral had to stand a court-martial and to be hunted and hooted by the rabble on his arrival in Spain.

The situation in Santiago was becoming desperate. Crowds of non-combatants sought refuge at El Caney, where it was estimated that the Americans fed fifteen thousand, though the state of the roads and other difficulties of transportation made it very hard for the United States Commissariat to bring up supplies.

Before the time fixed for surrender (or the bombardment) General Toral sent General Shafter a formal offer to evacuate the city, provided his forces might retire sixty miles to the northwest, in the direction of Havana. This the American general at once refused. Some further negotiations took place; but as the Government in Washington was unwilling to accept any terms but unconditional surrender, the armistice expired without result, and on Sunday, July 10, at a very early hour the Spaniards reopened fire. The Americans were ready to recommence hostilities. Ships of war came up into the harbor, and began to shell the town. General Miles too arrived with his staff and reinforcements. As Commander-in-chief he was entitled to take the command, and to receive the impending surrender of the city, but, to his glory be it spoken, he refused to interfere, or to supersede General Shafter, leaving him all the glory and credit of the successful campaign. If politicians had not interfered, the unhappy discussion as to which had won most credit in the naval fight, Sampson or Schley, need never have marred the glory of their victory. I know naval men well enough to be certain that, left to themselves, the two admirals would have quietly and amicably settled what was due to each other, without calling in the public to take sides in a matter relating to their profession.

On July 16 Santiago surrendered. It was less than four weeks since the first American soldier had set foot on Cuban

soil. Not only the city, but the whole province of Santiago surrendered.

American infantry and cavalry in the Plaza uncovered and presented arms as the Stars and Stripes were raised over the city, and the bands gave forth at once the American national airs.

The surrender of arms and ammunition, the clearing of obstructions in the streets and in the harbor, went on rapidly, and the Red Cross steamer "Texas" came at once up the harbor. In Mr. Keenan's letters — first published in the "Outlook," and I presume to be republished in book form — my readers may find most interesting accounts of what he saw that day in Santiago, and subsequently as he went about the country in the interest of the Red Cross, from town to town.

In the city there was a perfect entanglement of defences, largely of barbed wire, then first used in war. "Fighting as the Spaniards did the first day," said a correspondent, "it would have cost five thousand lives to take the city." General Shafter himself said, "The Spaniards had no alternative but to surrender. We had them hemmed in, and surrounded by a greatly superior force, equipped with ten batteries of artillery. If they had not submitted, they would have been annihilated."

General Toral's feelings were somewhat soothed by the substitution of the word "capitulation" for the word "surrender." I believe, too, his own life depended on it, for by Spanish military law a commander may capitulate, but to surrender is a capital crime. The prisoners were to be paroled and sent home to Spain at the expense of the Americans.

The next thing to be done was to send an expedition to Puerto Rico. This was undertaken by General Miles, who took several thousand troops from Santiago, while more sailed from Tampa. The Spanish force in the island was not large, and no volunteers could be expected to join the Spaniards, for wherever the Americans advanced, they met a highly enthusiastic reception from the natives, especially

at Ponce, their first landing place. The authorities in all the towns put forth proclamations welcoming the Americans in most effusive language, the people loading the soldiers with praises and presents. The principal city, San Juan on the northern coast, which had been ineffectually bombarded two months before, was well fortified, and it held out, awaiting an attack ; but other places either welcomed the Americans, or made little resistance.

There is not often anything amusing in purely military or naval annals, but the story of the Spanish fleet assembled at Cadiz under Admiral Camara may be classed as "a good joke." We lived in dread of that fleet for some time. It might be directed against our own shores. There came rumors at last that its destination was Manila, via the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

This proved true ; but the extraordinary operations of the fleet amazed and bewildered Europe. It sailed to Port Said and then went through the Canal to Suez, paying two hundred and forty thousand dollars in the way of tolls ; then it turned round and came back, at a reduced rate, paying one hundred and seventy dollars for its return. A New York paper suggested that Spain had probably made a special agreement with the Canal Company for "round trip" rates.

At Manila, United States troops arrived from San Francisco, and then the German squadron departed, its presence being no longer necessary to protect the small group of German subjects in the city.

On August 12th, a protocol was signed at Washington by M. Cambon, the French Ambassador who had charge of Spanish affairs, on the part of Spain, and Mr. Day, the United States Secretary of State. It ended the war and formed a basis for a treaty to be afterwards made and signed.

By the protocol Spain renounced all claim to sovereignty, and all her rights over the Island of Cuba. She gave the United States Puerto Rico and an island in the Ladrones (Guam). The United States was to occupy and retain the

city and bay of Manila until the treaty should determine the control and form of government of the Philippines. By three other articles, the Spanish forces were to evacuate Cuba and Puerto Rico within thirty days, Peace Commissioners were to be appointed, and all hostilities suspended.

The prisoners rescued from the wreck of the Spanish warships had been sent to America. Admiral Cervera and his officers were lodged at Annapolis in the Naval Academy, the cadets being all away for their vacation. The sailors were sent to an island off the coast of Maine, to which excursion steamers went almost daily to visit them. It is to be hoped they did not mind being stared at as much as Mr. Winston Churchill did, when taken prisoner to Pretoria by the Boers. Every possible attention was lavished on the Spanish officers. Admiral Cervera's kind protection of Hobson gave him a special claim among us to public regard.

An amusing anecdote was told in Baltimore papers of a gray-bearded captain of a merchantman who, landing from a long voyage, went ashore in a white duck jacket and trousers. To his amazement he was followed and stared at, some people pressing forward to offer him their hands. Embarrassed by these attentions, he entered a restaurant, and called for oysters and some beer. When he wanted to pay for his refreshment, the waiter refused,—"he could not think of it, he had been ordered by the proprietor to take no pay." It was not until the honest captain found himself at last addressed as Admiral Cervera that the truth dawned on him.

So ended the war with Spain. We need not describe the war for the subjugation of the Philippines, for Spain has yielded up her right of sovereignty over those islands. She shifted the burden of empire—the White Man's burden in these days—on to other shoulders, and from a practical point of view she may be glad to have got rid of it.

The paroled Spanish soldiers in Cuba were sent home to Spain, before the conclusion of the war. Strange to say, they were embarked in Spanish vessels, a Spanish company



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having contracted to carry them, under American superintendence, at a cheaper rate than others.

The Spanish Cortes closed its session in September, 1898, after bitter attacks on the Ministry, the dynasty, and the management of the army. The discussion of the bill sanctioning the signing of the peace protocol by the Spanish Government was free from expressions of bitterness toward America, and also from any expression of national humiliation at the Spanish defeats. The Deputies seemed to accept the situation, but vented their wrath on those they held responsible for it. Sagasta, the Liberal Prime Minister, was, of course, the object of the most fierce invective. He told them the truth, unpalatable as it may have been to the national pride. He said:—

“We, an anæmic nation, were attacked at a time when we were acting as honest men would have acted, and we defended ourselves. I have sacrificed my prestige, but I have done so because I believe that the path I am following is the best.”

The Treaty of Peace with the United States was signed in November, and afterwards ratified by the American Congress.

Both in the Cortes and in Congress the Philippine clause led to heated discussion, Spaniards being unwilling to see the United States take possession of the islands, and many far-seeing men in Congress anticipating the many difficulties that might arise from the acquisition.

The most difficult question to be settled in Spain was that connected with the finances. As a colored woman in my neighborhood once said, “It isn’t no disgrace, honey, to be poor; but God knows it’s mighty ill-convenient.” And “mighty ill-convenient” Spain has found and is still finding it. Attempts to increase the taxes, to reduce salaries, to diminish the army and navy, lead to riots and to Carlism. The Carlists from time to time make themselves felt as a great annoyance to the government, even if they fail—as there is every prospect that they will fail—in effecting a revolution. It is political guerilla warfare they

are keeping up, especially in Catalonia, where prosperity has been much impaired by the loss of commerce with the colonies, which drew their supplies chiefly from that part of Spain.

At Burgos, a sort of Church Congress was held some months since, where very bitter speeches were made against the dynasty. The Nuncio, who had been called on to preside, read a letter from Pope Leo urging Spaniards to obey the law and to discountenance Carlism. It was received with hisses, and he broke up the meeting by leaving the chair. At last the Liberal Cabinet of Señor Sagasta resigned, and a Conservative Cabinet was formed, to see what it could do in its place.

The Premier was Señor Silvela, whose opinion of the situation, a few months before he accepted office, was thus given to a Spanish newspaper: —

“Our actual situation is the most calamitous that has been seen since our nationality was constituted, and so badly, by the Catholic monarchs. If those who are in a position to exercise an influence upon public opinion do not unite, it will soon be all up with us. There is no time to lose. If we do not forget all our differences, and put all hands to the pumps, the ship and cargo will be lost.”

Spain has sold the Ladrone Islands (except Guam), the Pelew Islands, and the Caroline Islands to Germany, being glad of the price paid into her empty treasury. Having no longer any colonies, she has no occasion for a colonial Minister, and his office has been abolished.

“Spain suffers from many causes; but one of the great difficulties which she faces to-day, in the attempt to deal with the existing situation, is the impossibility to secure anything like united public action. The Conservative party is divided into five or six small groups, which can very rarely be persuaded into even temporary agreement. There are divisions in the Liberal party; and a revolt which has given Sagasta a great deal of trouble has recently been headed by Señor Gamazo. Then there are the Republicans, the existence of whose organization is a constant menace to the dynasty; and

behind the Republicans are the Carlists, who are always plotting, and who may at any moment, in a sudden crisis, become dangerous. The resources of the country are very largely drained; there is the greatest need of moderation, wisdom, and leadership; and yet, although Spain does not lack public men of high character and of considerable ability, no statesman has appeared on the scene, nor is any likely to appear under existing conditions, which tend to develop party rather than national leaders.”¹

To conclude, I should like to express a feeling which I am sure is in the hearts of all my readers — one of deep sympathy for the Queen Regent of Spain, the guardian of her fatherless son.

Queen Maria Christina is one of the noblest of women, the daughter of a race unendowed with the gift of domestic and personal happiness. My last chapter told the sad history of some members of her family; we may turn back the pages of history and find in the record of the Hapsburgs other blighted lives. Let us earnestly hope that in days to come, “when this tyranny is overpast,” — I mean the tyranny of public anxiety and financial difficulty, which must weigh on her at all hours of the day and night, — she may find peace and joy in the career and character of the son she has so carefully brought up, in the appreciation of her virtues by the Spanish people, who never before have tolerated a foreign ruler, and in the happy marriages of all the children whom she loves.

¹ “Outlook.” Here I should like to acknowledge my obligations to this excellent paper, from which I have quoted freely, especially in this last chapter; for nowhere could I find a rapid summary of the chief events of the war so satisfactorily set forth as in its columns.

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